

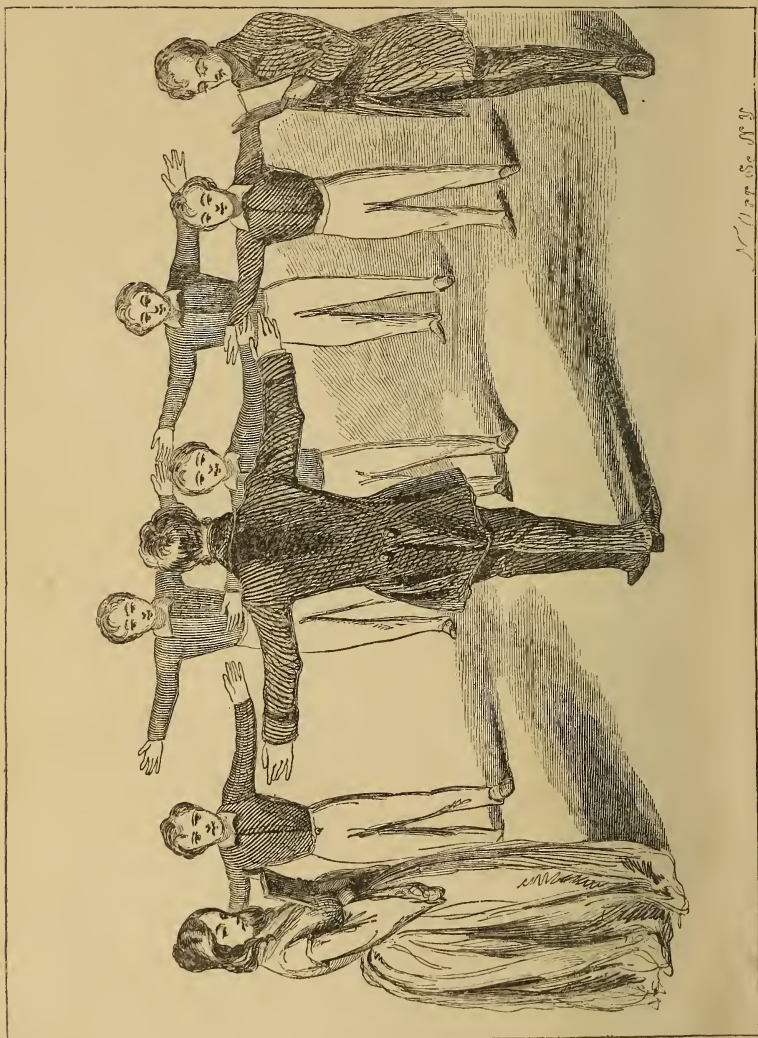


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THE  
SCIENCE AND ART  
OF  
ELOCUTION AND ORATORY:

CONTAINING SPECIMENS OF

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT, THE BAR, THE STAGE, THE  
LEGISLATIVE HALL, AND THE BATTLE-FIELD.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.—THEORETIC AND SCIENTIFIC; PART II.—RHETORICAL, CLASSICAL AND POETICAL; PART III.—COMICAL AND MUSICAL.

BY WORTHY PUTNAM,

PROFESSOR OF THE SCIENCE OF ELOCUTION, AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR IN THE ART.

"There's a charm in Oratory, a magical art,  
That thrills like a kiss from the lips to the heart."—*Mrs. Welby.*

AUBURN AND BUFFALO:  
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## PREFACE.

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THIS book must speak for itself. It has been prepared at the request of many teachers, public speakers, and others interested in the author's entertainments, lectures, and teachings. It is the result of long and patient investigation of the art and science of reading and speaking. The author humbly trusts that his experience as a teacher of Elocution, has enabled him to produce a work, so true to nature and so practical, as to make it the interest and pleasure of teachers and students, readers and speakers, to welcome it as a teacher and friend.

Reading and speaking are arts—great, noble, intricate arts. The mind plays upon nature's organs, but science must *tune them*; and consequently the speaker gives tones and expression to thought, corresponding with the amount and quality of instruction.

My friends, you are charmed with elegant speaking or reading. You devoutly desire such accomplishments. Come, then, arouse your energies; open this book, and acquire a treasure more noble, more enduring, than the wealth of Golconda or California—the treasure of cultivated thought, emotion, and speech. Thought is an immortal action of mind, but confined to the individual being; speaking is thought with a momentum, a noble, philanthropic action, that, like the sun, scatters its beams of light broadcast, to cheer and bless mankind.

By attending with an energy of purpose and action to the scientific part of this work, you can learn the true elements of

speech; discipline your articulation; create a musical and powerful voice; improve your health; regulate your gestures and attitude; fortify yourself with confidence; and gain a clear and definite knowledge of the philosophy of reading and speaking.

In the Rhetorical and Classical department for practical delivery, you are furnished with ample means for regulating your style of expression, as well as with the loftiest aspirations of genius. Your deepest affections and tenderest sensibilities will be reached, while you may continually indulge by the way in the noblest inspirations of thought.

In the Comical and Musical part, many a moral is enforced, many a deep impression is given, and many a lesson of wisdom is imparted through the medium of a hearty laugh, or by the smiles and sparkles of wit and humor.

To the youth whose generous and noble natures aspire to happiness, usefulness, and honor, the author tenders this work. They have so universally met him with kindness and confidence, as their teacher and friend, in the various institutions of learning, in which he has given lessons and lectures, as to enlist in their behalf his best energies, and make the desire to advance them "onward and upward," a part of his being.

To teachers, public speakers, and others of literary and classical taste, the author submits this book, and is cheered with the hope of their kind consideration and generous approval.

THE AUTHOR.

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# ELOCUTION.

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## PART I.

### THEORETIC AND SCIENTIFIC.

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#### SALUTATORY DIALOGUE.

##### TEACHER AND PUPIL.

PUPIL. You have spoken of Putnam's Elocution as a text-book for reading and speaking: will our teacher have the goodness to tell us something of Elocution, as a science and art?

Teacher. I am happy, my young friends, to answer this reasonable and interesting question. Elocution is a noble and sublime science; and I trust my pupils of both sexes, will take a lively interest in it. The work I have recommended will guide you to nature's teachings, make you happy in its study, and greatly aid you in the most important portion of your education—the art of communicating thought and knowledge. To do this with elegance, force and effect, should be the ambition of every reader or speaker. The advantages you may derive from a persevering study and practice of the science and art, are many and important. They may be mostly included in a single paragraph:

*A correct Articulation, a full musical Voice, graceful and appropriate Gestures, self-confidence, a reliable knowledge of*



*the subject, the power to please—to persuade—to convince—and improved Physical Health.*

*Pupil.* I am very thankful for this instruction. I desire to study and practice an art by which I may arrive at usefulness and honor. But can *books alone* give me all the instruction I need in this science?

*Teacher.* They cannot. Elocution can only be written *in part*; and Eloquence can never be placed on paper. They exist mostly in spirit, voice and action. The *spirit* of the science is the *living teacher*, and its *body* is the good *elocutionary book*.

*Pupil.* What qualifications are important that one may become a good reader and speaker?

*Teacher.* First, a good physical organism; second, good common sense; third, a desire to excel; and fourth, perseverance in the cultivation of the powers of the body and mind.

*Pupil.* Can Elocution make the orator? And what powers must he possess?

*Teacher.* The orator can never be made by Elocution; yet it may develop great powers. He must have *great natural endowments, great knowledge, and cultivation*, such as few men in an age possess or attain. But be encouraged, my young friends, you know not the powers you may possess. This science will reveal them. Some of these young ladies before me, may yet hold thousands in breathless silence and admiration, by a cultivated mind and voice, displayed in reading or speaking. And, young gentlemen, yours may be the high honor,

. . . "to stem corruption's course,  
And shake a Senate with a Tully's force."

---



## LECTURE.

1. SPEECH is a faculty peculiar to man. Much of the enjoyment of rational existence is derived from the means it gives us of fully and freely communicating with our fellows. It must be obvious, therefore, that the more thoroughly that faculty be cultivated, the more pleasure it will yield its possessor and the more influence it will enable him to exert upon others.

2. Speaking brings into combined action the natural and artificial manifestations of thought and emotion. The voice, looks, and gesture are natural language; words and characters are artificial. The mind is the active agent and performer; the body is the passive agent and instrument. The mind must be cultivated, the emotions of the heart developed, and the voice and body tuned to the service of the mind in speech and action.

3. "Eloquence may be considered the soul or animating principle of discourse; and is dependent on intellectual energy and intellectual attainments."

4. "Elocution is the outward form or representative power of Eloquence, dependent upon exterior accomplishments, and on the cultivation of the organs."

5. "Oratory is the perfect harmony and combination of Eloquence and Elocution."

6. "Logic ascertains the weight of an argument; Eloquence gives it momentum, life and motion." Elocution is a vehicle in which Eloquence drives his spirit-steeds of action through the Elysian fields of thought and emotion.

---

## ELOCUTION AS A SCIENCE.

1. ELOCUTION is the art of communicating thought, knowledge and emotion, by the use of natural and artificial language.

2. It is both a science and an art. The science includes the *knowledge* of the art; and the art comprises the *practice* of the science. The perfection of the art enables the speaker to manifest his thoughts and feelings, in the most pleasing, perspicuous, and forcible manner, for the high purpose of making others *feel* and *think* as he does.

## THE VOICE.

1. The voice is sound produced by vibration of the air in its passage through the larynx—the vocal organ.

2. Common observation shows, that the speaking or singing voice may be rendered powerful and melodious, by scientific training. The voice is susceptible of great cultivation. It is strong in proportion to the development of the larynx, the capacity of the chest, and strength of muscle concerned in its production. It is a great educational motto, that "Exercise strengthens every faculty of the body and mind;" hence, the practicability of developing and tuning the complicated instruments of voice and speech.

## THE ORGANS OF VOICE.

1. The *larynx*, with its appendages, the *trachea*, *bronchi*, *lungs*, *diaphragm*, *intercostal*, *dorsal*, and *abdominal muscles*, when put in action by the mind, produce that phenomenon of sound called *voice*.

2. The quality of the voice is dependent upon the cultivation of the organs, the purity of the air used in respiration, temperance, the state of the skin, the absence or presence of food in the stomach, and the position of the body.

3. Rest, as well as bathing and friction of the body previous to speaking, are important. The use of tobacco, ardent spirits, or food, (and especially meat,) immediately before a public effort, acts unfavorably to the freedom and spirit of speech.

### THE ORGANS OF SPEECH.

1. The *tongue*, the *palate*, the *fauces*, the *uvula*, the *nasal cavities*, the *lips*, and *teeth* are properly the organs of speech.

2. Speech is voice *modified* by the action of these organs into certain *forms*, called words. Voice is natural, but speech is essentially a creature of education. Hence, the perfection and quality of speech depend almost entirely upon *examples for imitation*, and upon *the amount and kind of training* the organs have received.

### CAN ELOCUTION BE TAUGHT?

1. "This question," says Dr. Rush, in his "Philosophy of the Human Voice," "has heretofore been asked through ignorance: it shall hereafter be asked only through folly."

2. Cicero and Demosthenes, history informs us, paid their thousands to masters in Elocution, and spent whole years in its study and practice. Roscius acquired such a wonderful skill in natural language, that he could express as many passions and sentiments by *looks* and *gesture*, as Cicero could by *words*.

3. Lord Mansfield and Lord Chatham studied Elocution in their boyhood, and the result was, that their melodious voices and graceful action held and charmed their auditors. Dean

Kirwan studied closely the principles of delivery, thus conveying eloquent and devout thought upon the vehicle of a melodious voice, and varied, emphatic action. Whitfield, who warmed the religious heart of the New World as well as the Old, by his glowing eloquence, acknowledged with gratitude the benefit he derived from the lessons he took of Garrick, England's great tragedian.

4. The author listened to the reading of a lady in Philadelphia, who held thousands in breathless silence, or excited their most enthusiastic admiration, by the strangely sweet and eloquent tones of her voice :

"That voice ! O how divinely sweet : 't was like the seraph's note :  
And fairy-like, an angel form seemed in the air to float."

The secret of that lady's success was, that she had cultivated her literary taste, and her voice and expression, by a long and persevering practice of the art of Elocution, under the instruction of a celebrated master of the science. But we will not stop to note the many and memorable examples of the brilliant success of elocutionary science, not only in ancient, but in modern times.

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## EXPRESSION.

1. This is the practical application of the principles of Elocution, in such a manner as to produce a *natural, clear, full, and forcible* expression of thought and emotion, *bringing out the whole sense*, in the style of *good talking*.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF READING AND SPEAKING.

1. There are *sixteen* distinct and peculiar attributes of voice and speech, that exist in the *nature of things*; and without the knowledge and practice of which, no person can ever be a beautiful and truly effective reader or speaker. Hence, the knowledge and proper application of them in vocal delivery, are *important to all*, and *indispensable to the teacher and public speaker*. They are the following, to wit :

- |                        |                       |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. ARTICULATION.       | 9. EMPHASIS.          |
| 2. PITCH.              | 10. QUANTITY.         |
| 3. FORCE.              | 11. MODULATION.       |
| 4. TIME.               | 12. QUALITY.          |
| 5. RISING INFLECTION.  | 13. IRONY.            |
| 6. FALLING INFLECTION. | 14. RHETORICAL PAUSE. |
| 7. CIRCUMFLEX.         | 15. TREMOR.           |
| 8. MONOTONE.           | 16. CLIMAX.           |

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ARTICULATION.

1. Articulation means *distinctness of utterance*; or it is the proper shaping out, by the organs of voice and speech, ev-e-ry el-e-ment, syl-la-ble, and word in a sen-tence.

2. "It is to the ear of the hearer what a beautiful and distinct hand-writing is to the eye." Eloquence of thought and action will fail to secure the attention of an audience, without this attainment. It is indispensable to every good reader and speaker. There will, therefore, be presented in this work, ample means and examples for practice, with a view to the attainment of this important accomplishment.

3. It is a primary duty of the teacher to conduct his pupils (and this may be done in concert) through a series of exercises, calculated *to energize their organs of speech, and improve their articulation.* He will first give them a knowledge of the elements of speech, or, in other words, the *simple sounds of which words are made.* These are forty-one in number, sixteen of which are made almost entirely by the organs of voice; hence, they are called *Vocals*; fifteen are made by the voice, much interrupted by the organs of speech, and are termed *Sub-vocals*; the remaining ten elements are uttered in *whispers*, and hence are called *Aspirates*. They are as follows:

## THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

VOCALS, 16.			SUB-VOCALS, 15.			ASPIRATES, 10.		
1 A	as in	a-le.	B	as in	b-i-b.	F	as in	f-ar.
2 A	"	a-rm.	D	"	d-i-d.	H	"	h-at.
3 A	"	a-ll.	G	"	g-o-g.	K	"	ar-k.
4 A	"	a-t.	J	"	j-ar.	P	"	cu-p.
5 A	"	a-ir.	L	"	l-o.	S	"	s-in.
1 E	"	m-e.	M	"	m-e.	T	"	wi-t.
2 E	"	m-e-t.	N	"	n-o.	TH	"	th-in.
1 I	"	i-ce.	NG	"	so-ng.	SH	"	sh-e.
2 I	"	i-t.	R	"	r-un.	CH	"	ch-ur-ch.
1 O	"	o-ld.	TH	"	th-is.	WH	"	wh-y.
2 O	"	m-o-ve.	V	"	v-ie.	CORRELATIVES.		
3 O	"	n-o-t.	W	"	w-e.	ASPIRATE SUB-VOCALS.		
1 U	"	l-u-te.	Y	"	y-ou.	F	V	TH TH
2 U	"	f-u-ll.	1 Z	"	z-one.	K	G	SH 2 Z
3 U	"	u-p.	2 Z	"	a-z-ure.	P	B	CH J
1 OU	"	ou-t.				S	1 Z	WH W
						T	D	

4. In the above table, every elementary sound must be *singled out* by the teacher, and then uttered by the class



in concert, *distinctly*, and with *increased force and energy*, as the organs become fitted to their enunciation. Spelling by the sounds should then be introduced, and practiced with perseverance and great care; by which means the health of the body will be promoted, the power and melody of the voice secured, and a correct and beautiful articulation attained.

#### EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE IN DIFFICULT ARTICULATION.

1. Let the class utter distinctly the *sound—element—power* of each letter in the following combination :

bl	br	ld	rb	sk	sts	shr	ncts
cl	cr	lk	rd	sp	nst	ngd	blst
dl	dr	lp	rk	st	dst	dld	mdst
gl	fr	md	rl	spl	rdst	sld	thms
pl	gr	nd	rm	spr	pld	rbd	spts
sl	pr	nk	rp	str	ngs	rmd	ngldst

2. After a thorough practice in the foregoing *sounds*, the following should be pronounced as *words*, with great force and distinctness.

helms.	depths.	respects.	particularly.
thrusts.	spheres.	harm'st.	familiarly.
shrieks.	chasms.	call'dst.	specifically.
facts.	dwarfs.	smil'st.	authoritatively.
breadths.	writhes.	thousandth.	unhesitatingly.
fifths.	wasps.	maim'd.	hereditatively.
nymphs.	shrimps.	class'dst.	recitatively.
prompts.	twelfth.	triumph'd.	deteriorately.

3. After the foregoing exercise, let the following sentences, containing the most difficult combinations of elements, be enun

ciated slowly, distinctly, and energetically, taking great care to give *outline* to every element :

1. The wild beasts straggled through the deepest shade.
2. The finest streams through the tangled forests strayed.
3. The heights, depths, and breadths of the subject.
4. Ice cream, not I scream ; an ice-house, not a nice house.
5. Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
6. The strife ceaseth, and the good man rejoiceth.
7. He was most mindful in memory of that mysterious mummery.
8. The rough and rugged rocks rear their hoary heads high on the heath.
9. He had great fear of offending the frightful fugitive in his flight.
10. The vile vagabond ventured to vilify the venerable veteran.
11. We wandered where the whirlpool wends its winding way.
12. The stripling stranger strayed straight through the struggling stream.
13. The swimming swan swiftly swept the swinging sweep.  
(Swim, swam, swum!—well swum swimming swan!)
14. Round and round the rugged rocks, the rugged rascals ran.
15. No sheet nor shroud enshrined those shreds of shrivel'd clay.
16. Sam Slick sawed six slim, sleek saplings for sale.
17. Six brave maids sat on six broad beds, and braided broad braids.
18. Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,  
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,  
He thrusts his fists against the posts,  
And still insists, he sees the ghosts.

4. The importance of a distinct articulation is strongly illustrated by the following examples. They must be read with *great distinctness*, or the sense will not be given :

1. His *cry* moved me. His *crime* moved me.
2. He can *pay* nobody. He can *pain* nobody.
3. The battle *last still* night. The battle *lasts till* night.
4. The culprits *ought* to be punished.
5. The culprit *sought* to be punished.



6. He can debate on *either* side of the question.
7. He can debate on *neither* side of the question.
8. They never imagined such an *ocean* to exist.
9. They never imagined such a *notion* to exist.
10. They discovered nought but *wastes and deserts*.
11. They discovered nought but *waste sand deserts*.
12. When a twister a twisting will twist him a twist,  
For twisting a twist he three times doth intwist;  
But if *one* of the twines of the twist doth untwist,  
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

13. Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly pears from three prickly prangly pear trees; if, then, Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly pears from three prickly prangly pear trees, where are the three pecks of prickly pears that Peter Prickle Prandle picked from three prickly prangly pear trees; success to the successful prickly prangly pear picker.

14. Theophilus Thistle, the *successful* thistle *sifter*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; if then Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of *his* thumb; see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, dost not thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb: success to the successful *thistle* sifter, who doth not get the thistles in his tongue.

15. Thou wreath'd'st and muzzl'd'st the far-fetch'd ox, and imprison'd'st him in the Volcanic Mexican mountain, of Popocatapetl, in Cotapaxi. Thou prob'd'st my wounds and troubl'd'st my rack'd ribs. Thou trifl'd'st with his acts, that thou black'n'd'st and contaminated'st with his filch'd character. Thou lov'd'st the elves when thou heard'st and quick'n'd'st my heart's tuneful harps. Thou wagg'd'st thy propp'd up head, because thou thrust'd'st three hundred and thirty-three thistles through the thick of that thumb, that thou cur'd'st of the barb'd shafts.

#### ALPHABETICAL ALLITERATION AND ARTICULATION.

Alderman Affluent always adjudicated with admirable ability.

Brother Ben boldly beat, battered, and bruised the British with his bludgeon.

Columbus Capricorn was cross, crabbed, crooked, carbuncled, and crusty.

Deborah Diligent danced delightfully with a droll and dexterous drummer.

Elizabeth Edmonson cooked eleven eggs with excellent edibles.

Frederic Firebrand fiercely fought a funny and fidgety fiddler.

Gregory Gobbleum gaped and gabbled like a goose or gander.

Hercules Hardhearted hit a hawk on the head with a hatchet.

Isaac Ingham inhabited an inclement and isolated island in Italy.

Jemima Juniper with joy did jump a jig in jeopardy.

Kate Kirkman kindly kissed her knowing kinsman.

Lem Lawless was a loudly laughing, lounging, long, lean, lank, lazy leafer.

Maximilian Mettlesome magnanimously met a mutinous mountaineer.

Nancy Nimble, with a nice new needle, netted neat nets.

Omar Overall ordered Oliver Ollapod to overawe Owen Oldbuck.

Professor Punch and Paulina Polk performed the Patagonia polka perfectly.

Quintuple Quorum quickly questioned a queer and quizzical quidnunc.

Roderic Random ran a ridiculous race on the Richmond railroad.

Sophonisba Scribblewell was superlatively and surprisingly sentimental.

Theophilus Talkative told tremendous, terrible, terrific, and tragic tales.

Ursula Urgent uninterruptedly and universally used an umbrella.

Valentine Vortex victoriously vanquished a vindictive villager.

Wilhelmina Whirligig warbled with winning and wonderful witchery.

X-crable X-antippe x-hibited x-traordinary and x-cessive x-citability.

Young Yankee, a youthful yeoman, yawned at Yarmouth.

Zedekiah Zigzag was a zealous zoological zoophite in the frozen zone.

5. Let not the student cease to exercise his voice and organs upon the elementary sounds and numerous examples of

difficult articulation, here presented, until his voice shall show a cultivation by its *rich intonations*, nor until his organs of speech have acquired a *precision in articulation* that shall afford, not only a pleasure to himself, but secure the *attention* and *admiration* of his hearers.

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### PITCH.

1. Pitch of the voice in speaking, regards its degree of elevation in reference to a musical scale.

2. Nature has a peculiar pitch of voice for her passions and emotions. Let the attentive observer note the variations of pitch in the voice of the child, when speaking under the influence of strong and varied emotion, and he will realize the truthfulness of this remark.

3. There are three departments of pitch in the human voice, common to both sexes, to wit: the *high*, the *middle*, and the *low*. When under the influence of strong and excited feelings, nature prompts us to use high notes of speech; as in calling, screaming, shrieking, &c. The middle range of pitch is adapted to common, colloquial discourse. The low key or grave tone of voice is used in expressing sentiments of sublimity, awe, and devotion. No very definite rules can be given for its regulation in speaking. The nature of the sentiment, and discriminating taste must determine the appropriate key-note of delivery.

#### EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

##### *High Notes.*

1. Art thou that traitor angel? Art thou he who first broke peace in heaven?

2. Fire! fire!—the boat is on fire!

B

*Middle Range, or Common Common Colloquial Key.*

1. And thou hast walked about!—how strange a story!  
In Thebes' street, three thousand years ago.

*Low Key.*

1. Speak then thou voice of God within, thou of the deep, low tone.
2. Great ocean, too, that rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass in nature's anthem.

## TIME.

1. Time in Elocution is the measure of sounds in regard to their duration, as used in reading and speaking.

2. In this department of the science examples and directions can only *point the pupil to nature that he may learn of her*, for she is the great teacher, guiding and regulating the movements of the voice, as sentiment and feeling may inspire. Devotional and solemn discourse requires slow movement and long quantity in the utterance; unimpassioned conversation and narrative, a medium rate of movement; animated description, comic and lively expression, sudden passion, as joy, anger, &c., produce utterance, more or less rapid, according to the nature and intensity of the emotion. Let the pupil observe the impulses of his own feelings, and study to understand and feel the sentiment he is to deliver, and nature will serve as a kind regulator of the movements of his voice.

## EXAMPLES.

*Quick Time.*

1. O, come, father, come quickly, let us run—that's a good father—catch me one.

*Medium Time.*

1. As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human action.
2. Love has a potent, a magical token,  
A talisman ever resistless and true.

*Slow Time.*

1. Slowly and sadly we laid him down.
2. O, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?
3. O! I have passed a miserable night!
4. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

---

FORCE.

1. Force relates to the degree of loudness and exertion with which sounds are made in vocal delivery. It may be called the momentum of speech.

2. The division of Force most practical and comprehensive, consists of three degrees, to wit: *little*, *medium*, and *great force*.

3. The nature of a few sentences is such, that they should be pronounced with a uniform degree of force, but usually it should be varied during the utterance of a sentence or paragraph. The sentiment sometimes requires that it should be gradually increased or diminished during the enunciation of a sentence. The best general rule that can be given is, that it should be varied according to the sentiment and the emotion.

4. Force, when applied to a syllable, is denominated *stress*. Stress is divided by some authors into radical, medium, final, and explosive.

## EXAMPLES.

*Little force.*

1. Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers.
2. Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.
3. Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around.
4. His great art was to soothe, and in this, he was mild and gentle as the dews.

*Medium Force.*

1. I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
2. Music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, was his.

*Great Force.*

1. Strike! till the last armed foe expires;  
Strike! for your altars and your fires;  
Strike! for the green graves of your sires;  
God! and your native land!
- 

## RISING INFLECTION.

1. The Rising Inflection ends higher than it begins; always rising by a continuous slide from a grave to an acute tone.

2. Inflections are natural language, that perform a very important office in the communication of thought.

3. The use of inflections is to show that an expression of sense *is* or *is not* complete. In counting five, consecutively, we use the rising slide until we pronounce *five*, which takes the falling slide, and makes the number conclusive; thus—one', two', three', four', *five*'. In this instance, the rising inflection makes the number to be counted uncertain, but the falling slide, in this and other instances, gives conclusion to the sentence and sense.



4. The pupil must remember, that the slide of the voice on a word often determines the sense. For example :

Died Abner as the fool dieth'?

Died Abner as the fool dieth'.

In the first instance, I ask *if* he thus died ; in the second, I *declare* it.

#### EXAMPLES.

##### *Rising Inflections.*

1. Is there no excess of cold', none of heat to offend me'?
2. Is everything subservient', as though I had ordered all myself'?
3. Is life so dear' or peace so sweet', as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery'?
4. To purchase heaven has gold the power'?  
Can gold remove the mortal hour'?  
In life, can love be bought with gold'?  
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold'?

#### FALLING INFLECTION.

1. The Falling Inflection is a downward turn and continuous slide of the voice, ending in a lower key than it began.

2. This inflection takes place when the sense is finished ; when an affirmation is made, or a command given ; and in all languages expressive of authority, boldness, energy and power.

3. The proper use of inflections is important, as they are agents of thought and sense. For example, if the rising inflection is given on the word "*pauper*," in the following passage, the sense will be totally perverted :

4. A person who neglects his business, if he does not become a *pauper*', will not be likely to amass wealth.

5. By the use of the rising inflection on "pauper," the passage is made to mean, that if he should become a pauper, he would amass wealth—a solecism in terms. But if an intense *falling* inflection is employed on the same word, the sense is obvious and natural.

## ILLUSTRATION.

*Falling Inflections.*

1. Man was designed for *action*'.
2. An hour passed on, the Turk *awoke*';  
That bright dream was his *last*'.
3. Read this declaration at the head of the *army*'. Send it to the public *halls*'; proclaim it *there*'. Let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemies *cannon*'.
4. *Charge*'! *Chester, charge*'! *on*'! *Stanley, on*'!

## EXAMPLES OF THE RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

1. The voice must *rise*', then *fall*'.
2. Did you say *high*', or *low*'.
3. Are the people *virtuous*', or *vicious*'.

## CIRCUMFLEX.

1. A certain kind of emphasis, that unites the rising and falling inflections on one word or syllable, is called circumflex.

2. This is a very peculiar and important modification of the voice, and holds a high rank in reading and oratory, in consequence of its great significance and power. Its officework is to express doubt, contrast, supposition, contempt, reproof, and irony. When used in the language of irony, it has the peculiar property of *reversing* the meaning of words to which it is applied.



3. For example, should a person haughtily refuse you a favor, and should you reply in a reproving spirit—"Sir, you are *wöndrous condescëding*;" you would unite the inflections in such a manner, on "wondrous" and condescending," as to make those words imply *very disobliging*. This, then, is circumflex, used for the expression of irony.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. I may go *to-mörröw*, though I cannot go *to-däy*.
2. Why, sir, you were paid to *fíght* against Darius, not to *révile* him.
3. But you are very *wíse* men, and deeply learned in the *trúth*; we are *wëak*, *contëmptible*, *mëan* persons.
4. If you said *sô*, then I said *sô*.
5. *Chärrming höuse!* and *chärrming lády of the höuse!* ha! ha! ha!
6. They boast they come but to *impröve* our *stäte*, *enlärge* our *thöughts*, and *frëe* us *from the yöke of èrror*.
7. *Thëy* follow an adventurer whom they *fëar*, wë serve a mon-arch whom we *löve*, a God whom we adore.

---

 MONOTONE.

1. The monotone in Elocution is the continuation of speaking, with little or no variation of pitch.

2. Nature has given it an exalted place in oratory, and when properly applied it is beautiful and effective. It has great force and dignity when used in the delivery of solemn, sublime, and devotional sentiments. Its appropriate and effective use implies a high oratorical accomplishment. But in ordinary conversation, or in colloquial reading, its use is as improper as would be the dinner-horn for church-music. There is only occasionally a sentence or paragraph that even sublime delivery requires the application of the monotone. Properly used, it

may be compared to a wave of the ocean, moving in majesty, and rolling its solemn, unvarying murmur upon the shore.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. O thōu that rōllest abōve, rōund as the shiēld of my fāthers :  
Whēnce are thy bēams, O sūn, thy ēverlāsting light.
2. Mārk the stōrm, as it nēarer cōmes and rōlls its āwful bŭrden  
ōn the wīnd.
3. Greāt ōcean, that rōlled the wild profōund, etērnal bāss in  
nāture's ānthem.
4. He lōōketh on the ēarth and it trēmblesh; he tōucheth the  
hills and they smōke. The ēverlāsting mōūntains were scāttered,  
and the perpētūal hills did bōw.
5. High ōn a thrōne of rōyal stāte, which fār  
Outshōne the wēalth of Ormus and of Ind ;  
Or whēre the gōrgeous ēast with rīchest hānd,  
Shōwers ōn her kīngs barbāric pēarls and gōld,  
Sātan exālted sāt.

---

 EMPHASIS.

1. Emphasis is that peculiar stress of voice given to a word or words in a sentence, in order to express the *energy* and *meaning* of the writer or speaker.

2. It is an impulsive agent and representative of meaning, as well as the distinguishing characteristic of a good reader or speaker. The little child and the adult talker use it with eloquent effect, while the reader often totally disregards it. The cause of the difference seems to be, that talkers generally give expression from the *heart*, and readers, too often, from the *mouth* only.

3. Emphasis is of two kinds, Absolute and Relative. It is absolute when given on account of the importance of the word

itself; but relative, when two or more words in a sentence, expressed or understood, are placed in contrast.

4. Emphatic clauses are those in which every word is emphatic.

#### EXAMPLES.

##### *Absolute Emphasis.*

1. He buys, he *sells*, he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.
2. I WARN you do not DARE to insult me thus, thou *slave*, thou WRETCH, thou COWARD! I will not endure this, *never*, NEVER, NEVER!
3. Has the gentleman *done*? has he COMPLETELY done?
4. RISE, fellow men, 'tis ROME demands your help.
5. We must *fight*; I repeat it, sir, WE MUST FIGHT!

##### *Relative Emphasis.*

1. We were born to *live*, as well as *die*.
2. The sun sets in the *west*, not in the *east*.
3. We must cultivate the voice for *reading*, as well as *singing*.

##### *Emphatic Clauses.*

1. WHY - WILL - YE - DIE? WHY - STAND - WE - HERE - IDLE?
2. BY - THAT - DREAD - NAME, we wave the sword on high.
3. If - ROME - MUST - FALL, heaven and earth will witness that we are innocent.

---

## QUANTITY.

1. Quantity consists in giving voice, swell, and prolongation to vocal elements in enunciation.

2. It bears the same relation to Elocution as to vocal music, giving great beauty and dignity to expression. Fullness and quantity of voice should be given to the expression and delivery of dignified, solemn, grand, and devout sentiments.

3. In exercising upon the following examples in quantity, let the student fully inflate his lungs, and then give *fullness* and *length* of sound to each word in italics. The difference in quantity in the two following lines will be very apparent from the nature of the sentiment :

O come, father, come quickly ; let us run.  
Roll on, thou deep, and dark blue ocean.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. O happiness, *our being's* end and aim.
2. *Green* be thy *fields*, *sweet isle* of the ocean.
3. *Hail*, *holy light* ! *We praise thee*, O Lord.
4. O thou that rollest above. The deep sea moans.
5. Roll on, ye dark brown years.
6. On the cold cheek of death, *smiles* and *roses* are blending.  
And *beauty immortal* awakes from the tomb.
7. Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose around the setting sun,  
Have ye a home for those whose earthly race is run ?
8. And I heard many angels round the Throne, crying with a loud voice, *holy ! holy ! holy ! evermore.*

---

#### MODULATION.

1. Modulation means a variation of the pitch of the voice, in reading and speaking.

2. The importance of cultivation in this department will be fully appreciated by all who have had the misfortune to listen to those who read or speak "right on," without variation of tone or manner.

3. There is not a more important requisite, in the range of vocal delivery, than Modulation ; nothing gives stronger proof that the reader or speaker is master of his art ; nothing contributes more to the pleasure of an audience. A well regu-

lated and expressive modulation gives that *music* and *charm* to delivery, to which the hearer will involuntarily lean his ear in delight. Nature seems to have designed it to mark the changes of sentiment, thought, and emotion, that range from the comic and lively, to the devotional and sublime.

4. The change that will be made in the *pitch* of the voice and manner of delivery, is forcibly shown when you read in connection the following

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. . . . . O, pretty, pretty thing;  
And will it sing, too, will it sing?
2. Yet, half I hear the parting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread, an awful thing to die.
3. He whispered, in an undertone,—  
Let the hawk stoop, his prey has flown.
4. To arms! they come! the Greek, the Greek!
5. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.
6. The flames rolled on, he would not go  
Without his father's word:  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.
7. Who art thou whose voice I hear?  
I am the grave.

---

 QUALITY.

1. Quality has reference to the *kind* of voice with which we read or speak.

2. The human voice and the church organ may be attuned to the same key-note, and agree in quantity, yet each will produce its own distinctive *quality* of sound.

3. The terms *nasal*, *smooth*, *harsh*, *shrill*, *orotund*, &c., are applied to the various qualities of the voice in speaking.

4. Nature has a representative sound in the human voice for the passions and emotions of the soul. She has not only a "voice of joy and gladness," but a *quality* of voice which every "kindred tongue" appreciates by intuition.

5. Meanness is expressed in a nasal tone; authority and command are represented in explosive, shrill notes; anger and revenge by a harsh and tearing kind of voice; kindness is known by its sweet, soft, and mellow tones; devotion, beauty, awe, reverence, and sublimity, are expressed in a deep, orotund voice.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *Nasal Voice*. And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven?

2. *Smooth Voice*. Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers  
flows;

3. *Harsh Voice*. But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent  
roar.

4. *Shrill Voice*. The combat deepens;—on, ye brave!  
Who rush to glory, or the grave.

5. *Orotund Voice*. Behold! how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

6. Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought.

7. The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave, but thou thyself movest alone.

8. Great ocean, that rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass in nature's anthem.

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## IRONY.

1. Irony is the expression of satire by the *manner* of speaking, and not by the *words* employed.

2. This has great significance and power, and justly holds a high rank in Elocutionary Science. There is no other manner of expression that carries with it such potent conviction. Every ironical sentiment should be *ironically expressed* by the voice, look, and action.

3. The modification of the voice used for this expression, is the union of the rising and falling inflections, called the circumflex. The student who desires to have at his command the means of effective delivery, must exercise his voice long and vigorously, upon words and sentences containing ironical sentiment.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. And this *Cæsar* has become a *God*, and Cassius a *wretched creature*.

2. Fair sir, you *spit* on me on Wednesday last;  
 You *spurn'd* me such a day; another time  
 You call'd me—*dog*; and for these *courtesies*,  
 I'll lend you thus much moneys.

3. They offer us *their protection*, and will give *enlightened freedom* to our minds.

4. O *excellent interpreter* of the laws! *master* of antiquity! *corrector* and *amender* of the constitution!

5. I cheerfully *acknowledge* my own *inferiority* to the *honorable, learned, and surpassingly eloquent* gentleman. Had he, in the plenitude of his wisdom, compared me to the Ephraim actually named in the Scriptures, I could have borne it tolerably well; but when he compared me to *ether*, which, if I understand it rightly, is lighter than thin air, it was really *unendurable*, and I *sink* under it.



## RHETORICAL PAUSE.

1. The Rhetorical Pause consists in suspending the voice, either directly *before* or *after* the utterance of an important thought.

2. The rhetorical pause belongs to the higher departments of delivery and expression, and is not subject to grammatical rules. It is the result of emotion, its power being exerted through the *eloquence of silence*.

3. This pause is most effective when connected with subjects of great magnitude. It is very eloquent, and every public speaker should be master of it. Garrick, England's great tragedian, owes much of his histrionic fame to the effective use of this pause.

4. The voice must be so managed as *first* to create an expectation, with the audience, of something extraordinary, and *then*—to gratify it.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. We carved not a line, we raised not a stone.  
But we left him alone || in his glory.
2. In action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how || like a God.  
The dying tyrant exclaims—
3. And now || my race of || terror || run;  
Mine be the eve, || of tropic sun;  
No pale gradations quench his ray,  
No twilight dews || his wrath || allay:  
With disk || like battle target || red,  
He rushes to his burning bed;  
Dyes the wide way || with bloody light,  
Then sinks at once—and *all is night*.
4. That voice || that voice || I know that voice.
5. Put out the light, and then—put out *the* light [of life].
6. She's gone || I'm abused; and my relief  
Must be—to loathe her!

## TREMOR.

1. Tremor is a stress of voice on a vocal element, so repeated as to produce a tremulous movement.

2. It is the natural indication of deep and exciting emotion. The tremor gives a thrilling force to the expression even of opposite passions, as joy and sorrow. It should never be used in speech, unless the passion be very agonizing or exciting. It may be used with great effect in song and instrumental music. It is said that the Irish fifers, by the use of the tremor, render some of their performances very exciting.

3. That the voice may be cultivated in tremor, it should be strongly exercised in the *tremulous* movement, in both the rising and falling inflections, on the table of vocal elements.

4. Tremor may be properly applied to the letters or words in italics in the following

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.
  2. O, thou blasphemed, yet indulgent Lord God.
  3. She mingled her tears with the torrents that *froze* as they fell.
  4. O thou disconsolate widow and mourner on the shores of time.
    5. Talk not of pardon there revealed;  
 No, not for me—it is *too* late;  
*Too late! too late!* these tidings come,  
 There is no hope.
  6. Come back, come back, he cried in grief  
 Across this stormy water;  
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief:—  
*My daughter! O, my daughter!*
-

## CLIMAX.

1. Climax in Elocution implies an increase or decrease of voice, energy, animation, and pathos in expression, corresponding with the degree and nature of the climax. It has two divisions—*Climax* and *Anti-Climax*.

2 It is a well-settled principle of delivery, that the voice and action must coincide with the nature of the thought and emotion.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

*Climax.*

1. What a piece of work is man; how noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension—*how like a God!*

2. It is a crime to put a Roman citizen in bonds; it is the height of guilt to scourge him; little less than parricide to put him to death;—what name, then, shall we give to the act of *crucifying him?*

3. The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples,—yea, *the great globe itself.*

4. I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; *I will be like the Most High!*

5. Clarence has come, *false*, FLEETING, PERJURED Clarence.

6. If I were an American, I would not lay down my arms—*never*, NEVER, NEVER!

*Anti-Climax.*

1. We had a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all—to *pieces*.

2. I am to exchange my kingdom, subjects, scepter, palace, jewels, and name, for a LITTLE, *little*, obscure grave.

3. Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter, down the rugged dell:—  
And now—'tis silent all—*enchantress, fare thee well.*

## STYLES OF READING AND SPEAKING.

1. The subject matter of Reading and Speaking is divided into two departments, the *Grammatical* and *Rhetorical*.
2. These may be included under the

## GRAMMATICAL.

1. Narrative,
2. Didactic,
3. Argumentative, and
4. Colloquial Style.

## RHETORICAL.

1. Comic,
2. Persuasive,
3. Pathetic, and
4. Sacred Style.

## GRAMMATICAL STYLE.

1. The Grammatical department has regard, mostly, to the *sense* of what is delivered. It is to be performed in a natural tone of voice, with a distinct articulation, and always with a direct reference to *sense*, and *not* emotion. This style is dry and inanimate, yet it is applicable to most of the transactions of human life, notwithstanding it is the lowest department in the province of Elocution.

## GENERAL EXAMPLES OF THE GRAMMATICAL STYLE.

1. Man is designed for action. Nature has so constituted him, that both body and mind require daily exercise to develop their powers.

2. America was discovered in the year 1492, by Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa—an expedition having been fitted out for that purpose, at his most earnest solicitation, by the Spanish government.

3. A good articulation consists in a clear and distinct utterance of the different elements of which words are composed.

*Narrative Style.*

He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and ob-

tained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

*Didactic Style.*

Do you imagine that all are happy who have attained to those summits of distinction toward which your wishes aspire? Alas! how frequently has experience shown, that where roses were supposed to bloom, nothing but briars and thorns grew. Reputation, beauty, riches, grandeur, nay, royalty itself, would, many a time, have been gladly exchanged by the possessors, for that more quiet and humble station with which you are now dissatisfied.

*Argumentative Style.*

If sensibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wisdom, what just reason can be assigned, why the sympathetic sufferings which may result from friendship, should be a sufficient inducement for banishing that generous affection from the human breast?

*Colloquial Style.*

*Mrs. Credulous.* Are you the fortune-teller, sir, that knows everything?

*Fortune-Teller.* I sometimes consult futurity, madam, but I make no pretensions to any *supernatural* knowledge.

*Mrs. C.* I have come all the way from Boston to consult you, for you must know I have met with a dreadful loss.

*F. T.* We are all liable to losses in this world, madam.

RHETORICAL STYLE.

Rhetorical delivery has a higher object than the Grammatical, and calls into action *higher and cultivated powers*. It is not applicable to composition destitute of emotion, beauty, or sublimity. It not only expresses the *thoughts* of an author or speaker, but it demands that they be delivered with the force, variety, and beauty which *emotion* requires.

## GENERAL EXAMPLES OF RHETORICAL STYLE.

1. By Heaven! ye shall not die.
2. The accusing spirit flew to Heaven's high chancery with the oath—blushed as she gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear on the word, and blotted it out forever.
3. Flag of the free hearts' only home!  
 By angel hands to valor given;  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
 Forever float that standard sheet;  
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us?—  
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

*Comic Style.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:* You all have probably heard of Sam. Foote, the comedian. If you have not, it is out of my power to tell you anything about him, only, that he had one leg, and his name was Samuel; or to speak more *poetically*, one leg he had, and Samuel was his name.

*Persuasive Style.*

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none: they are meant for us; they can be meant for no other.

*Pathetic Style.*

1. I long to lay this painful head  
 And aching heart beneath the soil;  
 To slumber in that dreamless bed,  
 From all my toil.



2. O, I shall never, never hear her voice;  
Spring time shall come, the isles rejoice;  
But, faint and weary, I shall meet the morn,  
And, mid the glowing sunshine, weep forlorn.

*Sacred Style.*

1. Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.
2. And I saw a great white throne, and Him who sat upon the throne, before whose face the earth and the heavens fled away.
3. How beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues  
And words of peace reveal.
4. To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all beings raise,  
All nature's incense rise.

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READING.

1. The art of Reading consists in understanding and expressing thoughts, as discovered through the medium of artificial characters.

2. It is an important art, and may be a great accomplishment. Its utility is beyond computation, for the reason, that by it we obtain nine-tenths of all the knowledge we possess. In talking, the *thought* is first presented, and produces the word; but in reading the *word* comes first, and the thought must follow it. Therefore, reading is only *talking from a book*; and if it be made more or less than this, it is unnatural and repulsive.

3. Good readers are not made by "minding the stops" and



"inflections," as is often taught by books, and sometimes practised in the schools; but, on the contrary, this is a sure process of making *mechanical* readers.

4. The "stops" are to be mainly used as grammatical guides to the discovery of the sense; and the "inflections" are to be treated as natural agents of thought and meaning. The true mission of the elocutionary teacher is, to guide the pupil to nature, and make him understand and apply it.

5. The well disciplined articulation; the cultivated power and melody of the voice; the sense understood, and talked right from the heart, are the sum and substance of good reading.

6. Two questions should be continually in the mind of the devoted teacher of the art:

1. Does the pupil discover the sense.

2. Does he talk it correctly and elegantly.

The following useful and very comprehensive rules cover the whole ground of the art of reading. Let them be adopted by every teacher and pupil.

#### THE FIVE RULES OF READING.

1. Give good Articulation.
2. Correct Pronunciation.
3. Mind the Sense.
4. Read like Talking.
5. Be in Earnest.

#### RULE FOR READING POETRY.

Read it as though it were Prose, endeavoring to avoid the rhyme and measure.

## ATTITUDE AND POSTURE FOR READING.

1. Standing erect is the most favorable, as well as the most manly and graceful attitude for the reader. Let the pupil stand evenly upon each foot, both touching, as it were, a right line or mark, letting the right foot toe out, the heels being separated about three inches.

2. Take the book in the left hand, holding it open with the thumb and little finger; let the elbow rest easily against the left side, and bring the book directly in front of the chest; hold the head erect, and raise your book just so high as not to conceal the audience from your view, nor your face from them; then, draw a full breath, open your mouth, and read "with the spirit and the understanding also."

3. Ease of utterance, as well as gracefulness, is involved in these directions.

## DIRECTIONS FOR EXERCISE IN READING.

1. "To be able to read well, is a valuable accomplishment. The art does not consist in giving rapid utterance to words and sentences, as they occur on the printed page, but in expressing them with that distinctness, variety, and force, best calculated to convey the sentiments of the writer to the understanding of the hearer. A good reader expresses, both in the tones of his voice and manner of delivery, all the feeling, zeal, and pathos which the sentiment and circumstances are adapted to inspire. Skill in the management of the voice is as requisite in reading as in singing."

2. Let the teacher place the Five Rules for Reading on his blackboard; then let him read the above paragraph *five several times*, with his attention particularly fixed, first, upon *good articulation*; second, upon *correct pronunciation*; third, upon the *sense*; fourth, upon *reading it like talking*; fifth, upon

*earnestness of expression.* Then let him give it the *perfection of expression*, by combining, in the reading, all the rules and characteristics applicable to this paragraph and style of composition. The pupils should imitate the teacher in this exercise, sentence after sentence, *in concert*, preparatory to the independent reading of the same. Then, let each pupil read the example separately, under the kind and searching criticism of the instructor. This exercise, if properly conducted, will not only afford pleasure, but produce great improvement. The author cannot too strongly recommend this manner of teaching reading, which he has fully and happily tested by experience. *Teacher's motto*—NOT HOW MUCH, BUT HOW WELL.

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### ATTITUDE.

1. This signifies the manner of standing in vocal delivery.

2. It is natural language, that indicates qualities of the mind or certain stages of improvement in speaking. It is an external manifestation of ease, gracefulness, and confidence; or it tells strongly of the want of them. A primary matter of attention, in every reader or speaker, should be a proper attitude.

3. Let the pupil place his feet as directed for the attitude of reading, bearing his weight evenly on each foot, keeping the lower limbs straight, and the whole body erect and easy.

4. No pupil should ever be allowed to commence reading or speaking, until he has placed himself in a graceful and easy posture.

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## GESTURE.

1. Gesture includes the various motions proper to be used in speaking.

2. It is very effective natural language. Graceful and appropriate postures and gestures have great significance and power. Roscius could make them as effective as words. For every passion and emotion of the soul Nature has its appropriate gesture; he, therefore, who would effectively impress others with his own thoughts and emotions, must carefully study and apply this branch of the speaker's art.

3. The body should be held erect and easy, or moved in *curved lines*, as the impulse of thought and emotion may dictate. The principal gestures are to be made with the *right arm*; or, when both arms are used, the motions should be *exactly in unison*. In gesture, the arms should reach out and off, freely moving in curved lines, making the *shoulder*, and *not* the elbow, the center of motion.

3. The *left arm* may be used alone, in pointing out location at the left of the speaker, or in abstract ideas that lead the mind in that direction. All gestures, indicative of graceful, beautiful, dignified, or magnificent thought, should describe curved lines. Hogarth says the curve is the most beautiful line in nature, and observation confirms the truthfulness of the assertion.

4. That gesture may not appear studied, mechanical, and ungraceful, the position and movement of the body, the limbs, and, indeed, the whole deportment, must be disciplined by elocutionary science, and then the well-regulated machinery of the body left to be moved spontaneously, by the master-spirit of speech—emotion.

5. The following are a few hints from the natural language of gesture:

1. *The Head and Face.* The hanging down of the head denotes shame, or grief; the holding it up, pride, or courage. To nod forward implies assent; to toss the head back, dissent. The inclination of the head implies bashfulness, or languor. The head is averted in dislike, or horror; it leans forward in attention.

2. *The Eyes.* The eyes are raised in prayer. They weep in sorrow; they burn in anger. They are cast on vacancy in thought; they are thrown in different directions in doubt and anxiety.

3. *The Arms.* The arm is projected forward in authority. Both arms are spread extended in admiration. They are held forward in imploring help; they both fall suddenly in disappointment.

4. *The Hands.* The hand on the head indicates pain, or distress; on the eyes, shame. On the lips, injunction of silence; on the breast, it appeals to conscience, or intimates desire. The hand waves or flourishes in joy, or contempt. Both hands are held supine, or clasped, in prayer; both descend prone, in blessing. They are clasped, or wrung, in affliction; they are held forward, and received, in friendship.

5. *The Body.* The body, held erect, indicates steadiness and courage; thrown back, pride. Stooping forward, condescension, or compassion; Bending, reverence, or respect. Prostration, the utmost humility, or abasement.

6. *The Lower Limbs.* Their firm position signifies courage, or obstinacy. Bended knees, timidity, or weakness; frequent change, disturbed thoughts. They advance in desire, or courage; they retire in aversion, or fear. They start in terror; they stamp in authority, or anger; they kneel in submission, and prayer.

6. "The organs of the body must be attuned to the organs of the mind." The *eye* and *gesture* must often coincide in the same line of direction, producing, at times, the magical effect of making the audience see (by the eye of the mind) the location pointed out, and the scenery described. Take the following example, and apply the above rule to its delivery:

Yon eagle, ah! how joyously he soars up to the glorious heavens: the bird of liberty; the bird of America!



His throne is on the mountain top,  
 His fields, the boundless air ;  
 And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
 The skies, his dwellings are.

7. The gestures must be appropriate to the sentiment, and follow, hand in hand, with the tracery of the thought. Let the following illustrations be recited with this view :

1. See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth ;  
 Above, how high progressive life may go,  
 Around, how wide, how deep extend below.
2. . . . . Sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left ;  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.

8. First, then, there must exist in the mind the clearly defined, great, good, or beautiful thought.

9. Second, there must be given the proper sound, look, and gesture to that thought.

10. Third, the breathing forth of the soul, through the whole outward man, all his powers harmoniously blended in action, gives

“That charm to delivery, that magical art,  
 That thrills like a kiss, from the lip to the heart.”

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## SPECIMENS FOR READING AND SPEAKING.

The following brief, miscellaneous specimens, including a great variety both of style and sentiment, are inserted, to be used as *models of expression* in the various styles of reading and speaking. The student will here find the lively and pathetic, the tragic and comic, the sublime and beautiful, the patriotic and devotional. Guided by the preceding rules, let teacher and pupils closely study the sense and style of each specimen, and dwell upon it until they can give each its natural expression.

1. *Talking.*

*Son.* How big was Alexander, Pa,  
That people *call* him great?  
Was he like old *Goliath*, tall—  
His spear an hundred weight?

*Father.* O no, my son, about as large  
As I or Uncle James:  
'Twas not his *stature* made him great,  
But *greatness* of his *name*.

2. *To the Sun—(Monotone.)*

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers!  
Whence are thy beams, O sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest  
forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky;  
the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thy-  
self movest alone.

3. *Liberty.*

But in *Cato's* judgment, a *day*, an HOUR of *virtuous* liberty is worth  
a whole ETERNITY in bondage.



4. *Man.*

What a piece of work is man; how *noble* in reason; how *infinite* in faculties; in *form* and *moving* how *express* and *admirable*; in *action* how like an *angel*; in *apprehension* how like a *God*!

5. *Immortality.*

It must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest *well*!  
Else, whence this pleasing *hope*, this fond *desire*,  
This *longing* after immortality?  
'Tis *heaven itself* that points out an *hereafter*,  
And intimates *eternity* to man.  
*Eternity!* thou pleasing, *dreadful* thought!

6. *Triumph of Virtue.*

As some tall cliff that rears its awful form,  
Swells from the plain, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
*Eternal sunshine* settles on its head.

7. *Praise God.*

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
*One chorus* let all beings raise,  
*All nature's* incense rise.

8. *What I Love.*

I love to set me on some steep,  
That overhangs this billowy deep,  
And hear the *waters* roar.  
I love to see the big *waves* fly,  
And swell their bosoms to the *sky*,  
Then *burst* upon the shore.

9. *What I Hate.*

I *hate* to see a little dunce,  
Who dont get up till *eight*,  
Come slowly moping into school,  
A *half* an hour too late.

I hate to see his shabby *dress*,  
The *buttons* off his clothes ;  
With *blackening* on his *hands* and *face*,  
Instead of on his *shoes*.

#### 10. *Golden Rule.*

To do to *others* as I *would*  
That they should do to *me*,  
Will make me *honest*, *kind* and *good*,  
As children *ought* to be.

#### 11. *Picture of Thought.*

The *scene* was enchanting ; in distance away,  
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake bay ;  
While, bathing in moonlight, the *village* was seen ;  
With the *church* in the distance, that stood on the green ;  
The soft-sleeping *meadows* lay brightly unrolled,  
With their mantles of *verdure*, and blossoms of *gold* ;  
And the earth in her *beauty*, forgetting to grieve,  
Lay *asleep* in her bloom on the bosom of *eve*.

#### 12. *Tragic Thought.*

O, could my dying hand but lodge a *sword*  
In *Cæsar's* bosom, and *revenge* my country ;  
I could enjoy the pangs of death, and *smile*,  
In *agony* !

#### 13. *Beautiful Thought.*

As the goddess of *music* takes down her lute, touches its silver  
cords, and sets the summer melodies of nature to *words* ; so an *angel*  
from the *spirit-land* comes to us in our *sweetest slumber*, and gently  
awakens our highest faculties to the *finest* thought and *serenest*  
contemplation.

14. *To the Ocean.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
Ten *thousand* fleets sweep over thee in vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou glorious *mirror*! where the *Almighty's* form  
Glasses itself in *tempests*; in all time,  
Calm or *convulsed*—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Iceing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
*Dark heaving*—boundless, endless, and sublime.

15. *Pride in Dress.*

How *proud* we are, how fond to show  
Our *clothes*, and call them *rich* and *new*,  
When the poor *sheep* and *silk-worms* wore  
That *very clothing*, long before.

16. *Little Mary.*

"I wish I was a *kitten*," said little *Mary* to her mother, one day,  
"I wish I was a *kitten*; then I could *play* all the time, running, and  
jumping, and rolling a ball. O, how *pretty she looks*! see, ma,  
only see her *play*!"

17. *The American Flag.*

Flag of the free hearts' only home,  
By *angel* hands to *valor* given!  
Thy stars have lit the *welkin* dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
*Forever float* that standard sheet!  
Where *breathes* the foe but *falls* before us;  
With *freedom's* soil beneath our feet,  
And freedom's *banner* streaming o'er us.

18. *The Eagle.*

Yon *eagle*! ah, how joyously he soars up to the glorious *heavens*!  
the bird of *liberty*! the bird of *America*!

His *throne* is on the *mountain* top,  
His *fields* the boundless *air*;  
And hoary *peaks*, that proudly prop  
The *skies*, his *dwellings* are.

19. *Patriotism.*

Warsaw's *last* champion from her height surveyed,  
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of *ruin* laid:—  
Oh, *Heaven*! she cried, my *bleeding country* save!  
Is there no hand on *high*, to shield the *brave*?  
Yet though destruction *sweeps* these lovely plains,  
*Rise*, fellow *men*! our *country* yet remains;  
By that *dread name*, we wave the sword on high,  
And swear *for* her to live!—*with* her to die!

20. *Exaltation.*

5. High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind;  
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold,  
Satan exalted sat.

21. *The Thunderstorm.*

Mark the storm; and as it nearer comes, and rolls its awful burden on the wind, the lightnings flash a larger curve, and more the noise astounds; till overhead, a sheet of livid flame, discloses *wide*; then shuts, and opens *wider*; still *expansive*, wrapping *ether* in a blaze.

22. *The Music of Ocean.*

Great Ocean, too, that morning thou the call of retribution heardst, and reverently to the last trumpet's voice in silence listened. Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons, unconquerable, unreposed, untired, that rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass in *Nature's* anthem, and made music such as pleased the ear of God.

23. *The Lonely Walk.*

Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot in the wide desert, where the view was large; where nature *sowed*, herself, and *reaped* her crops; whose *garments* were the *clouds*; whose *minstrels*, *brooks*; whose *lamps*, the *moon* and *stars*; whose *organ-choir*, the *voice of many waters*; whose *banquets*, *morning dews*; whose *heroes*, *storms*; whose *warriors*, *mighty winds*; whose *lovers*, *flowers*; whose *orators*, the *thunderbolts of God*; whose *palaces*, the *everlasting hills*; whose *ceiling*, heaven's *unfathomable blue*.

24. *The Cuckoo.*

Hail! beauteous stanger of the wood, attendant on the *spring*;  
Now heaven *repairs* thy rural seat, and woods thy *welcome* sing.

*Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,*

*Thy sky is ever clear;*

*Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,*

*No winter in thy year.*

*O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee;*

*We'd make, with social wing,*

*Our annual visits o'er the globe,—*

*Companions of the spring.*

25. *Night.*

When night, with wings of starry gloom,

O'ershadows all the earth and skies,

Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume,

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,

That *sacred* gloom, those *fires* divine,

So *grand*, so *countless*, Lord, are *thine*.

26. *Spring.*

Bend down from thy chariot, *O beautiful Spring!*  
 Unfold like a standard thy radiant wing;  
 And beauty and joy in thy rosy path bring.  
 We *long* for thy coming, sweet goddess of love;  
 We *watch* for thy *smiles*, in the pure sky above,  
 And we *sigh* for the time when the *wood-bird* shall sing,  
 And *nature* shall welcome thee, *beautiful Spring!*

27. *The Grave—(Two Voices.)*

*First Voice.* How *frightful* the grave! how deserted and drear!  
 With the howls of the *storm-wind*—the creaks of the  
 bier,

And the white bones all clattering together!

*Second Voice.* How *peaceful* the grave! its quiet how deep;  
 Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,  
 And flowerets perfume it with ether.

28. *Forest Hymn.*

Father, *thy* hand  
 Hath reared these venerable columns; *thou*  
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down,  
 Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun  
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
 And shot toward heaven.

29. *The Seasons.*

These as they change, Almighty Father! these  
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring  
 Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields, the soft'ning air is balm  
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
 And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy.

30. *The Modern Belle.*

The daughter sits in the parlor, and rocks in her easy chair ;  
She is clad in her silks and satins, and jewels are in her hair ;  
She *winks* and *giggles* and *simpers*, and *simpers* and *giggles* and *winks*,  
And though she talks but little, 'tis vastly more than she *thinks*.

31. *Small Talk.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen* : You have probably heard of Sam. Foote, the comedian. If you have not, it is out of my power to tell you anything about him, only that he had one leg, and his name was Samuel ; or, to speak more *poetically*, *one leg he had*, and *Samuel was his name*. This Foote wrote a farce called "The Alderman," by which he undertook to ridicule a well-fed magistrate of the city of London. The magistrate called upon the player, and reprimanded him severely for his presumption, adding, "It is *my* duty to take people off." "You shall see how soon I shall take *myself* off," said Foote. So out of the room he goes, as if to prepare, and the alderman sat waiting, and——waiting, and——waiting, and—— I've forgotten the rest of the story !

32. *Caudleology.*

O, it is all very well for *you* ; *you* can go to sleep ! *You* have no thought of your *poor*, *patient* wife, and your *own dear* children ! *You* think of nothing *but lending umbrellas* ! *Men*, indeed !—call themselves lords of creation ! *Pretty lords* ! when they can't take care of an umbrella !

33. *For War.*

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any *room* for hope. If we wish to be *free* ; if we mean to preserve, inviolate, those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending ; if we mean not basely to abandon this noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves NEVER to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must *fight*. I repeat it, sir, WE MUST FIGHT. An appeal to *arms*, and to the *God of Hosts*, is all that is left us.



34. *The Declaration.*

Read this Declaration at the head of the *army*; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to *maintain* it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the *pulpit*; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to *stand* with it, or *fall* with it. Send it to the *public halls*; proclaim it *there*; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's *cannon*; let them see it who saw their brothers and sons fall on the field of *Bunker Hill*, and in the streets of *Lexington*, and *Concord*;—and the VERY WALLS will cry out in its support.

34. *Vision.*

And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on the throne, from whose face the heavens and the earth fled away; and there was found no place for them.

36. *Exhortation.*

But thou, O man of God, *flee* these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of *faith*; lay hold on *eternal life*, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

37. *Hymn.*

How beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on *Zion's* hill;  
Who bring *salvation* on their tongues,  
And words of *peace* reveal.  
How *charming* is their voice,  
How *sweet* the *tidings* are;—  
*Zion*, behold thy *Savior-King*,  
He reigns and triumphs here.

38. *Of Death.*

Why do we mourn departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms?  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
 To *call* them to his *arms*.  
 Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their *bodies* to the tomb;  
 There the dear flesh of *Jesus* lay,  
 And left a long perfume.  
 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid our kindred—*rise*:  
*Awake!* ye nations under ground,  
 Ye *saints*, ascend the skies!

39. *Eloquence of the Battle-Field.*

BOZZARIS CHEERS HIS BAND.

1. *Strike!* till the last armed foe expires;—  
*Strike!* for your altars and your fires;—  
*Strike!* for the green graves of your sires—  
*God, and your native land!*
2. *Stand!* the ground's *your own*, my braves,—  
 Will ye give it up to *slaves*?  
 Will ye look for *greener* graves?  
 Hope ye mercy still?  
 What's the mercy *despots* feel?  
 Hear it in that *battle-peal*;—  
 Read it *on yon bristling steel*;—  
 Ask it—*ye who will!*

3. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start. The game's afoot—follow up your spirit, and upon this charge—cry, *God for Harry! England! and St. George!*

## PART II.

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### RHETORICAL, CLASSICAL, AND POETICAL.

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#### LESSON I.

##### ELOCUTIONARY ENTERTAINMENTS.

DR. CHANNING.

1. A PEOPLE should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. There is an amusement having an affinity to the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us—I mean elocution. A work of genius recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm and good elocution, is a very pure and high gratification.

2. Were this art cultivated and encouraged, great numbers, now insensible to the most beautiful compositions, might wake up to their excellence and power. It is not easy to conceive a more effectual way of spreading a refined taste through a community. The drama undoubtedly appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation, but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more.

3. Shakspeare well recited would be better understood than on the stage. Then, in recitation, we escape the weariness of listening to poor performers, who after all, fill up most of the time at the theater. Recitation, sufficiently varied so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well as of pathos, beauty, and

sublimity, is adapted to our present intellectual progress, as much as the drama falls below it.

4. Should this exhibition be introduced successfully, the result would be that the power of recitation would be extensively called forth, and this would be added to our social and domestic pleasures.

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## LESSON II.

### JENNY LIND'S GREETING TO AMERICA.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1. I GREET, with a full heart, the Land of the West,  
Whose banner of stars o'er the world is unrolled ;  
Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,  
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold !  
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,  
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide—  
Where the sons of the mighty from slumber awake .  
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died !
  
  2. Thou cradle of empire ! though wide be the foam  
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,  
I hear, from thy bosom, the welcome of home,  
For song has a home in the hearts of the free !  
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,  
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,  
Be the hands of thy children united as one,  
And peace shed her light on thy banner of stars !
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## LESSON III.

## ORATORICAL ACTION.

FORDYCE.

1. It will not, I think, be pretended, that any of our public speakers have often occasion to address more sagacious, learned, or polite assemblies, than those which were composed of the Roman senate, or the Athenian people, in their most enlightened times. But it is well known what great stress the most celebrated orators of those times laid on action; how exceedingly imperfect they reckoned eloquence without it, and what wonders they performed with its assistance; performed upon the greatest, firmest, most sensible, and most elegant spirits the world ever saw. It were easy to throw together a number of common-place quotations, in support, or illustration of this, and almost every other remark that can be made upon the present subject.

2. But as that would lead me beyond the intention of this address, I need only mention here one simple fact, which everybody has heard of; that whereas Demosthenes himself did not succeed in his first attempts, through his having neglected to study action, he afterward arrived at such a pitch in that faculty, that when the people of Rhodes expressed in high terms their admiration of his famous oration for Ctesiphon, upon hearing it read with a very sweet and strong voice by Æschines, whose banishment it had procured, that great and candid judge said to them, "How would you have been affected, had you seen him speak it? For he that only hears Demosthenes, loses much the better part of the oration."

3. What an honorable testimony this from a vanquished adversary, and such an adversary! What a noble idea doth it give of that wonderful orator's action! I grasp it with ardor; I transport myself in imagination to old Athens. I mingle

with the popular assembly, I behold the lightning, I listen to the thunder of Demosthenes. I feel my blood thrilled, I see the auditory lost and shaken, like some deep forest by a mighty storm. I am filled with wonder at such marvelous effects. I am hurried almost out of myself. In a little while I endeavor to be more collected.

4. Then I consider the orator's address. I find the whole inexpressible. But nothing strikes me more than his action. I perceive the various passions he would inspire, raised in him by turns, and working from the depth of his frame. Now he glows with the love of the public; now he flames with indignation at its enemies; then he swells with disdain, of its false, indolent, or interested friends, anon he melts with grief for its misfortunes; and now he turns pale with fear of yet greater ones. Every feature, nerve, and circumstance about him is intensely animated; each almost seems as if it would speak. I discern his inmost soul, I see it as only clad in some thin, transparent vehicle. It is all on fire. I wonder no longer at the effects of such eloquence. I only wonder at their cause.

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## LESSON IV.

NEW ENGLAND, I LOVE THEE.

ANONYMOUS.

1. THE hills of New England—how proudly they rise,  
In the wildness of grandeur, to blend with the skies!  
With their fair azure outline, and tall, ancient trees,  
New England, my country, I love thee for these!
2. The vales of New England, that cradle her streams —  
That smile in their greenness, like land in our dreams;  
All sunny with pleasure, embosom'd in ease—  
New England, my country, I love thee for these!



3. The woods of New England, still verdant and high,  
Though rock'd by the tempests of ages gone by ;  
Romance dims their arches, and speaks in the breeze—  
New England, my country, I love thee for these !
4. The streams of New England, that roar as they go,  
Or seem in their stillness but dreaming to flow ;  
O bright glides the sunbeam their march to the seas—  
New England, my country, I love thee for these !
5. God shield thee, New England, dear land of my birth !  
And thy children that wander afar o'er the earth ;  
Thou'rt my country :—wherever my lot shall be cast,  
Take thou to thy bosom my ashes at last !

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## LESSON V.

### NATURE AND NATURE'S GOD.

ANONYMOUS.

1. How beautiful the world is! The green earth, covered with flowers—the trees, laden with rich blossoms—the blue sky and the bright water, and the golden sunshine. The world is, indeed, beautiful; and He, who made it, must be beautiful.

2. It is a happy world. Hark! how the merry birds sing—and the young lambs, see! how they gambol on the hill-side. Even the trees wave, and the brooks ripple, in gladness. You eagle!—ah! how joyously he soars up to the glorious heavens—the bird of liberty—the bird of America.

3. "His throne, is on the mountain top ;  
His fields, the boundless air ;  
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
The skies—his dwellings are.



4. "He rises, like a thing of light,  
Amid the noontide blaze:  
The midway sun—is clear and bright;  
It cannot dim his gaze."

5. It is happy—I see it, and hear it all about me—nay, I feel it here, in the glow, the eloquent glow of my own heart. He who made it, must be happy.

6. It is a great world! Look off to the mighty ocean, when the storm is upon it; to the huge mountains, when the thunder and the lightnings play over it; to the vast forest, the interminable waste; the sun, the moon, and the myriads of fair stars, countless as the sands upon the sea-shore. It is a great, a magnificent world—and He, who made it, oh! He is the perfection of all loveliness all goodness, all greatness, all glory.

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## LESSON VI.

### LADIES SHOULD STUDY ELOCUTION.

MES. SIGOURNEY.

1. READING aloud, with propriety and grace, is an accomplishment worthy of the acquisition of females. To enter into the spirit of an author, and convey his sentiments with a happy adaptation of tone, emphasis, and manner, is no common attainment. It is peculiarly valuable in our sex, because it so often gives them an opportunity of imparting pleasure and improvement to an assembled family, during the winter evening, or the protracted storm. In the zeal for feminine accomplishments, it would seem that the graces of elocution had been too little regarded.

2. Permit me to fortify my opinion, by the authority of the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet. "I cannot understand why it should be thought, as it sometimes is, a departure from female delicacy,

to read in a promiscuous, social circle, if called upon to do so, from any peculiar circumstance, and to read, too, as well as Garrick himself, if the young lady possesses the power of doing it.

3. "Why may she not do this with as much genuine modesty, and with as much of a desire to oblige her friends, and with as little of ostentation, as to sit down in the same circle, to the piano, and play and sing in the style of the first masters? If, to do the former, is making too much of a display of her talents, why should not the latter be so? Nothing but some strange freak of fashion, can have made a difference."

4. Fine reading is an accomplishment, where the inherent music, both of the voice and of the intellect, may be uttered; for the scope and compass of each, is often fully taxed, and happily developed, in the interpretation of delicate shades of meaning, and gradations of thought. Its first element, to be *clearly understood*, is often too much disregarded, so that, with some who are pronounced fashionable readers, low, or artificial intonations so perplex the listener, as to leave it doubtful whether "the uncertain sound was piped or harped."

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## LESSON VII.

### APOSTROPHE TO SPRING.

MISS M. M. DAVISON.

1. BEND down from thy chariot, O beautiful Spring!  
 Unfold like a standard thy radiant wing,  
 And beauty and joy in thy rosy path bring:  
 We long for thy coming, sweet goddess of love,  
 We watch for thy smiles in the pure sky above,  
 And we sigh for the time when the wood-bird shall sing,  
 And nature shall welcome thee, beautiful Spring!

2. How the lone heart will bound when thy presence draws  
near,  
As if borne from this world to some lovelier sphere,  
How the found soul to meet thee in rapture shall rise,  
When thy first blush has tinted the earth and the skies.
  3. O send thy soft breath on the icy-bound stream,  
'Twill vanish, 'twill melt like the forms in a dream,  
Released from the chain, like a child in its glee,  
'Twill flow on unbounded, unfettered, and free;  
'Twill leap on in joy, like a bird on the wing,  
And hail thy sweet music, O beautiful Spring!
  4. But tread with thy foot on the snow-covered plain,  
And verdure and beauty shall smile in thy train;  
But whisper one word with thy seraph-like voice,  
And nature and earth shall rejoice, shall rejoice!
  5. O Spring! lovely goddess, what form can compare  
With thine, so resplendent, so glowing, and fair?  
What sunbeam so bright as thine own smiling eye,  
From whose glance the dark spirit of winter doth fly?
  6. A garland of roses is twined round thy brow,  
Thy cheek with the pale blush of evening doth glow,  
A mantle of green o'er thy soft form is spread,  
And the light-winged zephyrs play round thy head.
  7. While the thought of thy beauty inspireth my brain,  
I shrink from the terrors of cold winter's reign,  
Methinks I behold thee, I hear thy soft voice,  
And in fullness of heart I rejoice! I rejoice!  
O could I but mount on the eagle's dark wing,  
I'd rest ever beside thee, Spring! beautiful Spring!
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## LESSON VIII.

## IMPORTANCE OF THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

HORACE MANN.

1. THE history of the world shows an ever present desire in mankind to acquire power and privilege, and to retain them, when acquired. Knowledge is power; and the race has suffered as much from the usurpers of knowledge, as from Alexanders or Napoleons. If learning could be monopolized by a few individuals amongst us, another priesthood, Egyptian or Druidical, would speedily arise, bowing the souls of men beneath the burden of their terrible superstitions; or, if learning were more widely spread, but still confined to a privileged order, the multitude, unable to comprehend the source of the advantages it conferred, and stimulated by envy and fear, would speedily extinguish whatever there might be of light—just as the owl, and the bat, and the mole, if they were promoted to the government of the solar system, would extinguish the sun, because its beams arrested their hunt for insects and vermin.

2. The whole people must be instructed in the knowledge of their duties, they must be elevated to a contemplation and comprehension of those great truths on which alone a government like ours can be successfully conducted; and any hope of arresting degeneracy, or suppressing the insurgent passions of the multitude by the influence of here and there an individual, though he were wise as Solon or Solomon, would prove as fallacious as an attempt to stop the influx of malaria, by sprinkling a little chloride of lime along the creeks and shallows of the shore, if the whole ocean, in all its depths, were corrupted.

3. Bear with me, fellow-citizens, while I say, I rejoice that this emergency has burst upon us. I rejoice that power has passed irrevocably into the hands of the people, although I know

it has brought imminent peril upon all public and private interests, and placed what is common and what is sacred alike in jeopardy. Century after century mankind had groaned beneath unutterable oppressions. To pamper a few with luxuries, races had been subjected to bondage. To satiate the ambition of a tyrant, nations had been dashed against each other in battle, and millions crushed by the shock. The upward tending, light seeking capacities of the soul had been turned downward into darkness and debasement.

4. All the realms of futurity, which the far-seeing eye of the mind could penetrate, had been peopled with the specters of superstition. The spirits of the infernal world had been subsidized, to bind all religious freedom, whether of thought or of speech, in the bondage of fear. Heaven had been sold, for money, like an earthly domicile, by those who, least of all, had any title to its mansions. In this exigency, it was the expedient of Providence, to transfer dominion from the few to the many—from those who had abused it, to those who had suffered. The wealthy, the high-born, the privileged, had had it in their power to bless the people; but they had cursed them. Now, they and all their fortunes are in the hands of the people. The poverty which they have entailed is to command their opulence. The ignorance they have suffered to abound, is to adjudicate upon their rights. The appetites they have neglected, or which they have stimulated for their own indulgence, are to invade the sanctuary of their homes.

5. In fine, that interest and concern for the welfare of inferiors, which should have sprung from motives of philanthropy, must now be extorted from motives of self-preservation. As famine teaches mankind to be industrious and provident, so do these great developments teach the more favored classes of society that they never can be safe while they neglect the welfare of any portion of their social inferiors. In a broad survey of the grand economy of Providence, the lesson of frugality and



thrift, which is taught by the dearth of a single year, is no plainer than this grander lesson of universal benevolence, which the lapse of centuries has been evolving, and is now inculcating upon the world.

6. Yes, fellow-citizens, it is the sublimest truth which the history of the race has yet brought to light, that God has so woven the fortunes of all men into one inseparable bond of unity and fellowship, that it can be well with no class, or oligarchy, or denomination of men, who in their own self-seeking, forget the welfare of their fellow beings. Nature has so bound us together by the ties of brotherhood, by the endearments of sympathy and benevolence, that the doing of good to others opens deep and perennial well-springs of joy in the human soul; but if we will select the coarse gratifications of selfishness, if we will forget our own kindred blood in whatsoever veins it may flow, then the eternal laws denounce, and will execute upon us tribulation and anguish, and a fearful looking for of an earthly, as well as of a heavenly judgment.

7. In the first place, there is the property of the affluent, which lies outspread, diffused, scattered over land and sea—open alike to the stealthiness of the thief, the violence of the robber, and the torch of the incendiary. If any think they hold their estates by a surer tenure—by charters, franchises, or other muniments of property; let them know that all these, while the ballot-box which controls legislation, and the jury-box and the witnesses' stand, which control the tribunals of justice, are open; all these are but as iron mail to protect them against lightning. Where is their security against breaches of trust, and fraudulent bankruptcies—against stop-laws and suspension-acts, or the bolder measures of legislative repudiation?

8. If their ultimate hope is in the protection of the laws, what shall save them, when fraud and perjury turn every legal remedy into a new instrument of aggression? And behind all



these, there is an omnipotent *corps de reserve* of physical force, which mocks at the slowness of legislation and judiciary—whose decrees are irreversible deeds—whose terrific decisions flash forth in fire, or burst out in demolition. But houses, lands, granaries, flocks, factories, warehouses, ships, banks, are only exterior possessions—the outworks of individual ownership. When these are carried, the assault will be made upon personal security, character, and life; and, lastly, upon all the endearments and sanctities that cluster around the domestic altar—and when these are lost, humanity has nothing more to lose.

9. Look at England: and is she not, at the present moment, teaching a lesson too instructive to be lost upon us? There, a landed aristocracy, by extortious rents and class-legislation, have turned every *twelfth* subject into a pauper. They have improved soils; but they have forgotten the cultivator himself—as though the clod of the valley were worth more than the soul of the tiller. The terms offered by manufacturing capitalists, with a few most worthy exceptions, have been, absolute starvation, or work with the lowest life-sustaining pittance. Manufacturers have been most anxious about tariff-laws, which merely regulate the balance of trade; but heedless of those moral laws, which determine the balance of all power in the last resort. They have been alive to all improvements in machinery, but dead to the character of the operatives who were to work it.

10. Surely there is no such danger of spontaneous combustion in a heap of oiled cotton or wool, as there is in a mass of human ignorance and prejudice; nor can the former be so easily set on fire by a torch, as the latter by a demagogue. For years past the upper house of parliament have perseveringly and successfully resisted all measures for national education, which they could not pervert from the bestowment of equal benefits upon all, to the support of their own monopolies.

And, as a legitimate consequence of all these systematic, wholesale infractions of the great law which teaches us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, there are now, to-day, three millions of Chartists thundering at the palace gates, and the motto upon their banner is, "Bread or Blood."

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## LESSON IX.

### WOMAN.

R. H. TOWNSEND.

1. SYLPH of the blue, and beaming eye !  
     The Muses' fondest wreaths are thine —  
     The youthful heart beats warm and high,  
     And joys to own thy power divine !  
     Thou shinest o'er the flowery path  
     Of youth ; and all is pleasure there !  
     Thou soothest man, whene'er he hath  
     An eye of gloom—a brow of care.
2. To youth, thou art the early morn,  
     With "light, and melody, and song,"  
     To gild his path, each scene adorn,  
     And swiftly speed his time along.  
     To man, thou art the gift of Heaven,  
     A boon from regions bright above ;  
     His lot, how dark, had ne'er been given  
     To him the light of woman's love !
3. When o'er his dark'ning brow, the storm  
     Is gath'ring in its power and might,  
     The radiant beam of woman's form  
     Shines through the cloud, and all is light !  
     D

When dire disease prepares her wrath  
 To pour in terror from above,  
 How gleams upon his gloomy path,  
 The glowing light of woman's love!

4. When all around is clear and bright,  
 And pleasure lends her fairest charm;  
 And man, enraptur'd with delight,  
 Feels, as he views, his bosom warm,  
 Why glows his breast with joy profuse,  
 And all his deeds, his rapture prove?  
 It is, because the scene he views  
 Through the bright rays of woman's love.
5. O woman! thine is still the power,  
 Denied to all but only thee,  
 To chase away the clouds that lower,  
 To harass life's eventful sea.  
 Thou light of man! his only joy,  
 Beneath a wide and boundless sky,  
 Long shall thy praise his tongue employ,  
 Sylph of the blue, and beaming eye!

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## LESSON X.

### OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

1. O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course?

2. The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years: the ocean shrinks and grows again;

the moon herself is lost in the heavens ; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

3. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

4. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season ; thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth — age is dark and unlovely : it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills, the blast of the North is on the plains, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

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## LESSON XI.

### WHERE IS THE SPIRIT-LAND ?

MRS. HEMANS.

1. ANSWER me, burning stars of night !  
Where hath the spirit gone,  
That, past the reach of human sight,  
E'en as a breeze, hath flown ?  
And the stars answer'd me, — " We roll  
In light, and power on high ;  
But of the never-dying soul,  
Ask things that cannot die ! "
2. O many-toned, and chainless wind !  
Thou art a wanderer free,  
Tell me if thou its place canst find,  
Far over mount and sea ?

And the wind murmur'd in reply —  
 “The blue deep I have cross'd,  
 And met its barks, and billows high,  
 But not what thou hast lost !”

3. Ye clouds that gorgeously repose  
 Around the setting sun,  
 Answer ! have ye a home for those  
 Whose earthly race is run ?  
 The bright clouds answer'd,—“ We depart,  
 We vanish from the sky ;  
 Ask what is deathless in thy heart,  
 For that which cannot die !”
4. Speak, then, thou voice of God within !  
 Thou of the deep low tone  
 Answer me ! through life's restless din,  
 Where hath the spirit flown ?  
 And the voice answer'd,—“ Be thou still !  
 Enough to know is given ;  
 Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfill,—  
 Thine is to trust in Heaven !”

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## LESSON XII.

### PROGRESS OF THE MECHANIC ARTS.

WEBSTER.

1. THE slightest glance must convince us that mechanical power and mechanical skill, as they are now exhibited in Europe and America, mark an epoch in human history worthy of all admiration. Machinery is made to perform what has formerly been the toil of human hands, to an extent that astonishes the most sanguine, with a degree of power to which no number of human arms is equal, and with such precision and

exactness, as almost to suggest the notion of reason and intelligence in the machines themselves.

2. Every natural agent is put unrelentingly to the task. The winds work, the waters work, the elasticity of metals works ; gravity is solicited into a thousand new forms of action ; levers are multiplied upon levers ; wheels revolve on the peripheries of other wheels ; the saw and the plane are tortured into an accommodation to new uses, and, last of all, with inimitable power, and with "whirlwind sound," comes the potent agency of steam.

3. In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent comprised, in the short compass of fifty years ! Everywhere practicable, everywhere efficient, it has an arm a thousand times stronger than that of Hercules, and to which human ingenuity is capable of fitting a thousand times as many hands as belonged to Briareus. Steam is found in triumphant operation on the seas ; and under the influence of its strong propulsion, the gallant ship,

"Against the wind, against the tide,  
Still *steadies*, with an upright keel."

4. It is on the rivers, and the boatman may repose on his oars ; it is on the highways, and begins to exert itself along the courses of land conveyance ; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the earth's surface ; it is in the mill, and in the workshops of the trades. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints. It seems to say to men, at least to the class of artisans, "Leave off your manual labor, give over your bodily toil ; bestow but your skill and reason to the directing of my power, and I will bear the toil — with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to feel faintness."

5. What further improvements may still be made in the use of this astonishing power, it is impossible to know, and it



were vain to conjecture. What we do know is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears, beyond which its progress is seen to be impossible. If its power were now to be annihilated, if we were to miss it on the water and in the mills, it would seem as if we were going back to rude ages.

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### LESSON XIII.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

BURNS.

1. THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again, thou usher'st in the day,  
My Mary, from my soul was torn.
2. O, Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
Seest thou thy lover, lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans, that rend his breast?
3. That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where, by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love!
4. Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear, of transports past;  
Thy image, at our last embrace!  
Ah! little thought we, 'twas our last!
5. Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbly shore,  
O'erhung with wild-woods' thick'ning green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.

6. The flowers sprang, wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
7. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods, with miser care !  
Time, but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.
8. My Mary ! dear departed shade !  
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

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## LESSON XIV.

### INFLUENCE OF NATIONAL GLORY.

CLAY.

1. WE are asked, what have we gained by the war ? I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights, territory, or honor ; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war ? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war. What is our present situation ? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis, never to be shaken.

2. The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons

and our Browns on the land — is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes: there were humiliating events which the patriot cannot review without deep regret — but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea, whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, national glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

3. What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds — to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? Whilst the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

4. Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers — they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils,

and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that height to which God and nature have destined it.

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## LESSON XV.

### THE NEEDLE.

WOODWORTH.

1. THE gay belles of fashion, may boast of excelling,  
     In waltz, or cotillion, at whist or quadrille ;  
 And seek admiration, by vauntingly telling,  
     Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill ;  
 But give me the fair one, in country or city,  
     Whose home, and its duties, are dear to her heart ;  
 Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,  
     While plying the needle with exquisite art ;  
 The bright little needle, the swift flying needle,  
     The needle directed by beauty and art.
2. If love has a potent, a magical token,  
     A talisman, ever resistless and true,  
 A charm, that is never evaded or broken,  
     A witchery, certain the heart to subdue,  
 'Tis this — and his armory never has furnished,  
     So keen, and unerring, or polished a dart,  
 (Let beauty direct it,) so pointed and burnish'd,  
     And, oh ! it is certain of touching the heart ;  
 The bright little needle, the swift flying needle,  
     The needle directed by beauty and art.
3. Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,  
     By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all ;  
 You never, whate'er be your fortune, or station,  
     Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,  
         D\* 6

As, gaily conven'd at the work-covered table,  
Each cheerfully active, and playing her part,  
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,  
And plying the needle with exquisite art.  
The bright little needle, the swift knitting needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

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## LESSON XVI.

### EVILS OF IGNORANCE.

HORACE MANN.

1. LET us suppose that we were now overtaken by some great crisis in our national affairs — such as we have already seen, or may soon see,—let us suppose that, in the issue of some presidential contest, for instance, not only the public interests of the nation, but the private interests of thousands of individuals, should be adroitly implicated; and that preparations should be made, and a zeal excited, corresponding to the magnitude of the occasion. War impends. Commerce, manufactures, agriculture, are at stake, or in conflict. The profits of capital and the wages of labor, have been made to antagonize. North and south are confronted. Rich and poor, high and low, radical and conservative, bigot and latitudinarian, are marshaled for the onset. The expectants of office, suffering under a four, perhaps an eight year's famine, are rioting on anticipated spoils. The spume of other countries and the refuse of our own are coalescing, and some Cataline is springing to the head of every ruffian band. Excitement foams through all the veins of the body politic; — in some it is fever; in others delirium; and, under these auspices, or omens, the eventful day arrives.

2. It surely requires but little effort of the imagination to



picture forth the leaders of all the parti-colored bands into which our country is divided, as at the head of their respective companies, and gathering them to a mightier assembly than ever met in Grecian Areopagus or Roman Comitia. Among the vast and motley-souled hosts, which such a day would summon together, I will direct your attention to but two grand divisions; — divisions, however, of this republican army, which would be first in the field, and most contentious for the victory. I mean the legionaries of Crime and those of Ignorance.

3. Behold, on this side, crowding to the polls, and even candidates for the highest office in the gift of the people, are those whose hands are red with a brother's blood, slain in private quarrel! Close pressing upon these, urges onward a haughty band glittering in wealth; but for every flash that glitters from jewel and diamond, a father, a mother, and helpless children have been stolen, and sold into ransomless bondage. Invading their ranks struggles forward a troop of assassins, rioters, lynchers, incendiaries, who have hitherto escaped the retributions of law, and would now annihilate the law whose judgments they fear; behind these, pours on, tumultuous, the chaotic rout of atheism; and yonder dashes forward a sea of remorseless life,—thousands and ten thousands,—all felons, convicts, condemned by the laws of God and man.

4. In all the dread catalogue of moral sins, there is not one, but, in that host, there are hearts which have willed, and hands which have perpetrated it. The gallows has spared its victim, the prison has released its tenants,—from dark cells where malice had brooded, where incendiarism and lust had engendered their machinations, where revenge and robbery had held their nightly rehearsals, the leprous multitude is disgorged, and comes up to the ballot-box to foredoom the destinies of this nation. In gazing at this multitudinous throng, who emerge from their hiding places on the days of our elections — all flagrant with crime and infamy — would not every man exclaim,



"I did not know, I could not have thought, that all the foul kennels and stews of earth, nay, nor all the gorged avenues of hell, could regurgitate upon the world, these legions of iniquity!"

5. But look again on the other side, at that deep and dense array of Ignorance, whose limits the eye cannot discover. Its van leans against us here, its rear is beyond the distant hills. They too, in this hour of their country's peril, have come up to turn the folly of which they are unconscious, into measures which they cannot understand, by votes which they cannot read. Nay more, and worse! for, from the ranks of crime, emissaries and bandit leaders are sallying forth toward the ranks of ignorance, and hissing to and fro amongst them, shouting the gibberish war-cries of faction, and flaunting banners with lying symbols, such as cheat the eye of a mindless brain,—and thus the hosts of crime are to lead on the hosts of ignorance, in their assault upon Liberty and Law!

6. What, now, shall be done to save the citadel of freedom, where are treasured all the hopes of posterity? Or, if we can survive the peril of such a day, what shall be done, to prevent the next generation from sending forth still more numerous hordes,—afflicted with deeper blindness and incited by darker depravity? Are there any here, who would counsel us to save the people from themselves, by wresting from their hands this formidable right of ballot? Better for the man who would purpose this remedy to an infuriate multitude, that he should stand in the lightning's path as it descends from heaven to earth.

7. And answer me this question; you, who would re-conquer for the few, the power which has been won by the many; you, who would disfranchise the common mass of mankind, and re-condemn them to become helots, and bondmen, and feudal serfs; tell me, were they again in the power of your castes, would you not again neglect them, again oppress them,

again make them the slaves to your voluptuousness, and the panders or the victims of your vices? Tell me, you royalists and hierarchs, or advocates of royalty and hierarchy, were the poor and the ignorant again in your power, to be tasked and tithed at your pleasure, would you not turn another Ireland into paupers, and colonize another Botany Bay with criminals? Would you not brutify the men of other provinces into the "*Dogs of Vendée*," and debase the noble and refined nature of woman, in other cities, into the "*Poissardes of Paris*?"

8. O! better, far better, that the atheist and the blasphemer, and he who since the last setting sun, has dyed his hands in parricide, or his soul in sacrilege, should challenge equal political power with the wisest and the best — better, that these blind Samsons, in the wantonness of their gigantic strength, should tear down the pillars of the republic, than that the great lesson which Heaven, for six thousand years, has been teaching to the world, should be lost upon it; the lesson that the intellectual and moral nature of man is the one thing precious in the sight of God; and therefore, until this nature is cultivated, and enlightened, and purified, neither opulence nor power, nor learning, nor genius, nor domestic sanctity, nor the holiness of God's altars, can ever be safe. Until the immortal and god-like capacities of every being that comes into the world are deemed more worthy, are watched more tenderly, than any other thing, no dynasty of men, or form of government, can stand, or shall stand upon the face of the earth; and the force of the fraud, which would seek to uphold them, shall be but "as fetters of flax to bind the flame."

9. In all that company of felons and caitiffs, who prowl over the land, is there one man, who did not bring with him into life, the divine germ of conscience, a sensibility to right, and capacities which might have been nurtured and trained into the fear of God, and the love of man? In all this company of ig-

norance, which, in its insane surgery, dissects eye and brain and heart, and maims every limb of the body politic, to find the disease, which honestly, though blindly, it wishes to cure; in all this company, is there one, who did not bring with him into life, noble faculties of thought, capabilities of judgment, and prudence, and skill, that might have been cultivated into a knowledge, an appreciation, and a wise and loving guardianship of all human interests and human rights?

10. The wickedness and blindness of the subjects are the judgments of heaven for the neglect of the sovereign; for, to this end, and to no other, was superiority given to a few, and the souls of all men preadapted to pay spontaneous homage to strength and talent and exalted station, that through the benignant and attractive influence of their possessors, the whole race might be won to wisdom and virtue. Let those, then, whose wealth is lost or jeopardized by fraud or misgovernment; let those who quake with apprehension for the fate of all they hold dear; let those who behold and lament the desecration of all that is holy; let rulers whose counsels are perplexed, whose plans are baffled, whose laws defied or evaded—let them all know, that whatever ills they feel or fear, are but the just retributions of a righteous heaven for neglected childhood.

11. Remember, then, the child whose voice first lisps, to-day, before that voice shall whisper sedition in secret, or thunder treason at the head of an armed band. Remember the child whose hand, to-day, first lifts its tiny bauble, before that hand shall scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death. Remember those sportive groups of youth in whose halcyon bosoms there sleeps an ocean, as yet scarcely ruffled by the passions, which soon shall heave it as with a tempest's strength. Remember, that whatever station in life you may fill, these mortals, these immortals, are your care. Devote, expend, consecrate yourselves to the holy work of their improvement. Pour out light and truth, as God pours sunshine and rain. No longer seek knowl-

edge as the luxury of a few, but dispense it amongst all as the bread of life. Learn only how the ignorant may learn; how the innocent may be preserved; the vicious reclaimed.

12. Call down the astronomer from the skies; call up the geologist from his subterranean explorations; summon, if need be, the mightiest intellects from the council-chamber of the nation; enter cloistered halls, where the scholiast muses over superfluous annotations; dissolve conclave and synod, where subtle polemics are vainly discussing their barren dogmas; collect whatever of talent, or erudition, or eloquence, or authority, the broad land can supply, *and go forth* AND TEACH THIS PEOPLE. For, in the name of the living God, it must be proclaimed, that licentiousness shall be the liberty; and violence and chicanery shall be the law; and superstition and craft shall be the religion; and the self-destructive indulgence of all sensual and unhallowed passions, shall be the only happiness of that people who neglect the education of their children.

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## LESSON XVII.

### THE OCEAN'S POWER.

BYRON.

1. OH! that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
 With one fair spirit for my minister,  
 That I might all forget the human race,  
 And, hating no one, love but only her!  
 Ye elements! in whose ennobling stir,  
 I feel myself exalted, can ye not  
 Accord me such a being? Do I err  
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot!  
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot?

2. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
4. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war !  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.
5. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
Thy waters wasted them, while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay



Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou—  
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play ;  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow ;  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

6. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
 (Calm, or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving,) boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made ! each zone  
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

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## LESSON XVIII.

### TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

KNOWLES.

1. YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !  
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
 A spirit in your echoes answering me,  
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home  
 Again ! O, sacred forms, how proud you look !  
 How high you lift your heads into the sky !  
 How huge you are ! how mighty and how free !
2. Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile  
 Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,  
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear  
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty !



I'm with you once again! I call to you  
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you  
To show they still are free. I rush to you,  
As though I could embrace you!

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## LESSON XIX.

### TRIBUTE TO THE TALENTS OF CHATHAM.

#### WITT.

1. TALENTS, whenever they have had a suitable theater, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them; the base and malignant rancor of impotent spleen and envy may strive to embarrass and retard their flight: but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit with an additional stream of glory.

2. When the great Earl of Chatham first made his appearance in the house of commons, and began to astonish and transport the British parliament and the British nation, by the boldness, the force, and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known that the minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace, from motives very easily understood, exerted all their wit, all their oratory, all their acquirements, of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling "insolence of office," to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world. Poor and powerless attempt!

3. The tables were turned. He rose upon them, in the might and irresistible energy of his genius, and in spite of all

their convulsions, frantic agonies, and spasms, he strangled them and their whole faction, with as much ease as Hercules did the serpent Python.

4. Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardor and hoary-headed cunning and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory? That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his, as being mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy! That they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down to the floor of the parliament a genius so ethereal, towering and sublime, seems unaccountable! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire-ball to descend from its exalted and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

5. Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party, spleen, or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade.

6. The man who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result; however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction; while the rest, "the swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but they will soon pass away, and be remembered no more.

7. No enterprising man, therefore, and, least of all, the truly great man, has reason to droop or repine at any efforts which he may suppose to be made with the view to depress him. Let, then, the tempest of envy or of malice howl around him.

His genius will consecrate him ; and any attempt to extinguish that, will be as unavailing, as would a human effort "to quench the stars."

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## LESSON XX.

### THE RAINBOW.

CAMPBELL.

1. The evening was glorious, and light through the trees  
Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,  
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay  
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.
2. For the queen of the spring, as she pass'd down the vale,  
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale ;  
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,  
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
3. The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,  
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold ;  
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,  
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.
4. We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,  
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud ;  
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,  
Nor the moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and blue.
5. Like a spirit, it came in the van of a storm !  
And the eye, and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form ;  
For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,  
But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path.
6. In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,  
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;  
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,  
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

7. 'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,  
Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd;  
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,  
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.
8. Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,  
When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds,  
The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,  
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world ;
9. In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,  
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire, [plain,  
And the sword and the plague-spot, with death strew the  
And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain.
10. Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one !  
Whose arch was refraction, its keystone, the sun ;  
A pavilion it seem'd, which the Deity graced,  
And justice and mercy met there, and embraced.
11. Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb ;  
Then left the dark scene ; whence it slowly retired,  
As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.
12. I gazed not alone on that source of my song ;  
To all who beheld it these verses belong ;  
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !  
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.
13. Like a visit—the converse of friends—ør a day,  
That bow, from my sight, passed forever away :  
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my heart,  
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
14. 'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,  
With the strong and unperishing colors of mind :  
A part of my being beyond my control,  
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

## LESSON XXI.

## THE MORAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

BEECHER.

1. THE sufferings of animal nature occasioned by intemperance, my friends, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being, who sins and suffers; and, as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment-seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit clanks his chain and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and, as the gulf opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again," again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!"

2. Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the doorposts of his dwelling.

3. In the meantime, these paroxysms of his dying moral nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fullness and tenderness, and the conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely and of good report retires, and leaves the wretch abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal.

4. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply, as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling



victim buffets the fiery wave with feebler stroke, and waning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and, with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears.

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## LESSON XXII.

### CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.

ADDISON.

1. It must be so : Plato, thou reasonest well !  
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality ?  
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?  
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us :  
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.
2. Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !  
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
3. Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,  
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud,  
Through all her works,) He must delight in virtue :  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But when ? or where ? This world was made for Cæsar !  
I'm weary of conjectures : this must end them.

*[Laying his hand on his sword.]*



4. Thus, I am doubly armed. My death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

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## LESSON XXIII.

### THE WIFE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE treasures of the deep are not so precious  
 As are the concealed comforts of a man  
 Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air  
 Of blessings when I come but near the house.  
 What a delicious breath marriage sends forth !—  
 The violet bed's not sweeter. — MIDDLETON.

1. I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

2. These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is

true, no fortune ; but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

3. The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination ; he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast ; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight ; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance.

4. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

5. It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations ; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony ; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife ; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news.

6. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers

and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched.

7. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the luster of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world. At length, he came to me one day, and related his whole situation, in a tone of the deepest despair.

8. When I heard him through, I inquired, “Does your wife know all this?” At the question he burst into an agony of tears. “For God’s sake!” cried he, “if you have any pity on me, don’t mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!” “And why not?” said I. “She must know it, sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings.

9. “Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.”

10. “O, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegances of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she

might have continued to move in constant brightness, the light of every eye, the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. O! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!”

11. I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

12. “But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living, nay”—— observing a pang to pass across his countenance, “don’t let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show; you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely, it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary”——

13. “I could be happy with her,” cried he, convulsively, “in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!” cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

14. “And, believe me, my friend,” said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, “believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her; it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman’s heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams, and blazes in the dark hour of adversity.

15. "No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world." There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and, following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

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## LESSON XXIV.

### THE SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

1. I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility, suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto reveled. Besides ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation.

2. He had made the disclosure. "And how did she bear it?" "Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl!" added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty, but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love.

3. "She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegance. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty



humiliations, then will be the real trial." "But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task—that of breaking it to her—the sooner you let the world into the secret, the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day.

4. "It is not poverty so much as pretense that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show, that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself; and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

5. Some days afterward, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp.

6. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

7. He was going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of the family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him. He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

8. "Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from



his lips. "And what of her?" asked I; "has anything happened to her?" "What!" said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

9. "Has she, then, repined at the change?" "Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!" "Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

10. "O! but, my friend, if this, our first meeting at the cottage, were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into an humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments; she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment; she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of everything elegant—almost of everything convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

11. There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay; so we walked on in silence. After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing, rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front.

12. A small wicket-gate opened upon a foot-path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached,

we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond. I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk.

13. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished, a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles; I had never seen her look so lovely.

14. "My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so sweet and still here! O!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "oh, we shall be so happy!"

15. Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom, he folded his arms around her, he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that, though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

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## LESSON XXV.

## HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

CAMPBELL.

1. UNFADING hope! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,  
Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day:  
Then, then the triumph of the trance begin!  
And all thy Phœnix spirit burns within!
2. Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes—  
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread, an awful thing to die!  
Mysterious worlds, untravel'd by the sun!  
Where time's far-wand'ring tide has never run,  
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
3. 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet long and loud,  
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!  
While nature hears with terror-mingled trust,  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;  
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,  
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!
4. Daughter of faith, awake, arise, illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!

Melt and dispel, ye specter doubts, that roll  
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !  
 Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,  
 Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day !  
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

5. Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
 The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,  
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;  
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail  
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still  
 Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion's hill !

6. Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !  
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?  
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,  
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;  
 Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,  
 And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.  
 Hark ! from the world's exploding center driven,  
 With sounds that shock the firmament of heaven,  
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,  
 On bickering wheels, and adamantine car.

7. From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,  
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;  
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !  
 So hath the traveler of earth unfurl'd  
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;  
 And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

## LESSON XXVI.

## THE CHAMBER OF SICKNESS—TWO VOICES.

ANONYMOUS.

*First Voice.*

1. How awful the place—how gloomy—how chill!  
Where the pangs of disease are lingering still,  
And the life-pulse is fluttering in death.

*Second Voice.*

2. How delightful the place—how peaceful—how bright!  
There, calmly and sweetly, the taper's soft light  
Shines—an image of man's fleeting breath.

*First Voice.*

3. There the angel of death on the vitals is preying,  
While beauty and loveliness fast are decaying,  
And life's joys are all fading away.

*Second Voice.*

4. There the spirits of mercy round the pillow are flying,  
As the angel-smile plays on the lips of the dying,  
And hope cheers the soul with her ray.

*First Voice.*

5. How the spirit is pained, e'en when loved ones are near,  
Or sympathy bathes its lone couch with a tear;  
Its hopes are all dead—its joy is despair.

*Second Voice.*

6. How the holiest endearments that kindred souls cherish,  
Though the mortal decay and its graces all perish,  
Are perfected and purified there.

*First Voice.*

7. How ghastly the visage of death doth appear,  
How frightful the thought of the shroud and the bier,  
And the blood-crested worm how vile!

*Second Voice.*

8. How friendly the hand that faith is now lending,  
 How benignant her look o'er the pillow while bending,  
 How sweet, how assuring her smile!

*First Voice.*

9. There, in triumph, the death-knell is fitfully pealing,  
 While the shivering chill to the cold heart is stealing,  
 And the life-current warms—no—never—

*Second Voice.*

10. Hear the joy-speaking voice of some angel calling,  
 As the visions of heaven on the rapt soul are falling,  
 And hope is fruition forever.

## LESSON XXVII.

## EULOGY ON SOUTH CAROLINA.

HAYNE.

1. I SHALL make no professions of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina; of that, my constituents shall judge. If there be one state in the Union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit,) that may challenge comparisons with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made—no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection.

2. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs—though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her



as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their country.

3. What was the conduct of the south during the revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the south. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, frampling on all considerations, either of interest or safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

4. Never was there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, (sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions,) proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

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## LESSON XXVIII.

## EULOGY ON MASSACHUSETTS.

WEBSTER.

1. THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced.

2. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all, the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions, Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

3. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina?

4. Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright, as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

5. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause,

the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country ; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue, in any son of the south, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth !

6. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections ; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past ; let me remind you that, in early times, no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return ! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution, hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exists, alienation, and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

7. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts ; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history ; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill ; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state from New England to Georgia ; and there they will lie forever.

8. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union, by which alone

its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin !

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## LESSON XXIX.

### THE VULTURE AND THE CAPTIVE INFANT.

ANON.

1. I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales,  
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,  
As round the cotter's blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,  
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.
2. And there, I, from a shepherd, heard a narrative of fear,  
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear :  
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous,  
But wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus :
3. "It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,  
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells,  
But, patient, watching hour on hour, upon a lofty rock,  
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim from the flock.
4. "One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,  
When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,  
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,  
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.
5. "I hurried out to learn the cause, but, overwhelmed with fright,  
The children never ceased to shriek, and, from my frenzied sight,  
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care ;  
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through  
the air.

6. "Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye,—  
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry;  
And know, with agonizing heart, and with a maniac rave,  
That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!
7. "My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,  
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly to get free!  
At intervals I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and screamed!  
Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.
8. "The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew,  
A mote upon the sun's bright face, he seemed unto my view;  
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,—  
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.
9. "All search was vain, and years had passed,—that child was ne'er  
forgot,  
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,  
From thence upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,  
He saw an infant's fleshless bones—the elements had bleached!
10. "I clambered up that rugged cliff,—I could not stay away,—  
I knew they were my infant's bones, thus hastening to decay;  
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred;  
The crimson cap he wore that morn, was still upon his head."
11. That dreary spot is pointed out to travelers passing by,  
Who often stand, and musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh;  
And as I journeyed the next morn along my sunny way,  
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

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### LESSON XXX.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

HALLECK.

His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."

1. AT midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power.



- In dreams through camp and court he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror ;  
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,  
 Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king ;  
 As wild his thoughts and gay of wing,  
 As Eden's garden bird.
2. An hour passed on — the Turk awoke ;  
 That bright dream was his last :  
 He woke ! to hear his sentry's shriek,  
 "To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"   
 He woke ! to die midst flame and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,  
 And death-shots falling thick and fast  
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;  
 And heard with voice as trumpet loud,  
 Bozzaris cheer his band :—  
 "Strike ! till the last armed foe expires,  
 Strike ! for your altars and your fires,  
 Strike ! for the green graves of your sires,  
 God — and your native land ! "
3. They fought like brave men, long and well,  
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;  
 They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,  
 Bleeding at every vein.  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
 And the red field was won.



## LESSON XXXI.

## CHARACTER OF CLAY.

SEWARD.

1. HE was indeed eloquent — all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards within them with a skill attained by no other master. But eloquence was nevertheless only an instrument, and one of many that he used. His conversation, his gestures, his very look, was magisterial, persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient, and indefatigable.

2. Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers. His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefest among them was that one which the great Italian poet designated as the charity of native land. In him that charity was an enduring and overpowering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections, than any other statesman who has lived since the revolution.

3. Thus with great versatility of talent, and the most catholic equality of favor, he identified every question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual Tribune of the people. He needed only to pronounce in favor of a measure or against it, here, and immediately popular enthusiasm, excited as by a magic wand, was felt, overcoming and dissolving all opposition in the senate-chamber.

4. In this way he wrought a change in our political system, that I think was not foreseen by its founders. He converted this branch of the legislature from a negative position, or one of equilibrium between the executive and the house of repre-

sentatives, into the active, ruling power of the republic. Only time can disclose whether this great innovation shall be beneficent, or even permanent.

5. Certainly, sir, the great lights of the senate have set. The obscuraton is no less palpable to the country than to us, who are left to grope our uncertain way here, as in a labyrinth, oppressed with self-distrust. The time, too, presents new embarrassments. We are rising to another and more sublime stage of national progress — that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement.

6. Our institutions throw a broad shadow across the St. Lawrence, and, stretching beyond the valley of Mexico, reach even to the plains of Central America, while the Sandwich Islands and the shores of China recognize their renovating influence. Wherever that influence is felt, a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened. Expansion seems to be regulated not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it ought to yield?

7. Commerce has brought the ancient continents near to us, and created necessities for new positions — perhaps connections or colonies there — and with the trade and friendship of the elder nations their conflicts and collisions are brought to our doors and to our hearts. Our sympathy kindles, or indifference extinguishes, the fires of freedom in foreign lands. Before we shall be fully conscious that a change is going on in Europe, we may find ourselves once more divided by that eternal line of separation that leaves on the one side those of our citizens who obey the impulses of sympathy, while on the other are found those who submit only to the counsels of prudence. Even prudence will soon be required to decide whether distant regions, east and west, shall come under our own protection, or be left to aggrandize a rapidly spreading domain of hostile despotism.

8. Sir, who among us is equal to these mighty questions? I fear there is no one. Nevertheless, the example of Henry Clay remains for our instruction. His genius has passed to the realms of light, but his virtues still live here for our emulation. With them there will remain also the protection and favor of the Most High, if by the practice of justice and the maintenance of freedom we shall deserve them.

9. Let, then, the bier pass on. We will follow with sorrow, but not without hope, the reverend form that it bears to its final resting place; and then, when that grave opens at our feet to receive so estimable a treasure, we will invoke the God of our fathers to send us new guides, like him that is now withdrawn, and give us wisdom to obey their instructions.

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## LESSON XXXII.

### RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE MEN OF ROME.

MISS MITFORD.

1. FRIENDS,

I come not here talk. Ye know too well  
The story of our thralldom:— we are slaves!  
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam  
Falls on a slave;— not such as, swept along  
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads  
To crimson glory and undying fame;  
But base, ignoble slaves— slaves to a horde  
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,  
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—  
Strong in some hundred spearmen— only great  
In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark fraud,  
Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
Cries out against them. But this very day,

An honest man, my neighbor — there he stands —  
Was struck — struck like a dog, by one who wore  
The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,  
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,  
And suffer such dishonor ? men, and wash not  
The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common.

2. I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you,  
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,  
Of sweet and quiet joy ; there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once and son ! He left my side,  
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile  
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,  
The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw  
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried  
For vengeance ? Rouse, ye Romans ! rouse, ye slaves !  
Have ye brave sons ? Look, in the next fierce brawl,  
To see them die. Have ye daughters fair ? Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,  
Dishonored ; and, if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,  
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne  
Of beauty, ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans !  
Why, in that elder day to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king ! And once, again,—  
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus ! — once again, I swear,  
The eternal city shall be free !

## LESSON XXXIII.

## SOLILOQUY FROM MANFRED.

BYRON.

1. THE spirits I have raised abandon me—  
The spells which I have studied baffle me—  
The remedy I recked of tortured me ;  
I lean no more on superhuman aid,  
It hath no power upon the past, and for  
The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,  
It is not of my search. My mother earth !  
And thou, fresh breaking day ; and you, ye mountains,  
Why are ye beautiful ? I cannot love ye.
2. And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
That openest over all, and unto all  
Art a delight—thou shinest not on my heart.  
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge  
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath  
Behold the tall pines dwindle as to shrubs  
In dizziness of distance ; when a leap,  
A stir, a motion, even a breath would bring  
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed,  
To rest forever—wherefore do I pause ?
3. I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge ;  
I see the peril—yet do not recede ;  
My brain reels—and yet my foot is firm :  
There is a power upon me which withholds  
And makes it my fatality to live ;  
If it be life to wear within myself  
This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased  
To justify my deeds unto myself—  
The last infirmity of evil.



4.

Ay,

Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,  
Well mayest thou swoop so near me—I should be  
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone  
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine  
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,  
With a pervading vision.

5.

Beautiful!

How beautiful is all this visible world!  
How glorious in its action and itself!  
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,  
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make  
A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
The breath of degradation and of pride,  
Contending with low wants and lofty will  
Till our mortality predominates,  
And men are—what they name not to themselves,  
And trust not to each other.

6.

Hark! the note,

[*The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*]

The natural music of the mountain reed—  
For here the patriarchal days are not  
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,  
Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;  
My soul would drink those echoes—Oh, that I were  
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
With the blest tone which made me!

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## LESSON XXXIV.

## THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

WEBSTER.

1. THE society whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American independence. They have thought, that for this object no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period ; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot ; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking, than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought.

2. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

3. We know, indeed that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone ; and that no

structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial.

4. But our object is, by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors ; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment ; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

5. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind.

6. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil.

7. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be

assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

8. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

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## LESSON XXXV.

### THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

ANONYMOUS.

1.                   A LITTLE child,  
A little meek-faced, quiet, village child,  
Sat singing by her cottage door at eve,  
A low, sweet, Sabbath song. No human ear  
Caught the faint melody—no human eye  
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile  
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breathed  
The oft repeated burden of the hymn,  
Praise God! praise God!
2.                   A seraph by the throne,  
In full glory stood. With eager hand,  
He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood  
Of harmony on the celestial air  
Welled forth, unceasing. There with a great voice,  
He sang the "Holy, holy evermore,

Lord God Almighty ! ” and the eternal courts  
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,  
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned  
With vehement adoration.

3. Higher yet  
Rose the majestic anthem, without pause,  
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,  
To its full strength ; and still the infinite heavens  
Rang with the “ Holy, holy, evermore ! ”  
Till trembling with excessive awe and love,  
Each sceptered spirit sank before the throne,  
With a mute hallelujah.

4. But even then,  
While the ecstatic song was at its height,  
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed  
To float, float upward from some world afar—  
A meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet .  
That blended with the spirits’ rushing strain,  
Even as a fountain’s music, with the roll  
Of the reverberate thunder.

5. Loving smiles  
Lit up the beauty of each angel’s face  
At that new utterance, smiles of joy that grew  
More joyous yet, as ever and anon  
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,  
“ Praise God ! praise God ! ”

6. And when the seraph’s song  
Had reached its close, and o’er the golden lyre  
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts  
Rang with the echoes of his chant sublime,  
Still through the abysmal, that wandering voice  
Came floating upward from its world afar,  
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,  
“ Praise God ! praise God ! ”

## LESSON XXXVI.

BURR AND BLENNERHASSET.

WIRT.

1. WHO is Blennerhasset? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. Possessed himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him; music, which might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature; peace, tranquility, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him; and to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. The evidence would convince you, sir, that this is only a faint picture of the real life.

2. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart — the destroyer comes; he comes to turn this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr? Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address.

3. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no designs of itself, it suspects none in others; it wears no guards before its breast; every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open,



and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection.

4. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition ; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage ; a daring and desperate thirst for glory ; an ardor panting for all the storms, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delights relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene ; it has become flat and insipid to his taste ; his books are abandoned ; his retort and crucible are thrown aside ; his shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain ; he likes it not ; his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music ; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar : even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him ; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt.

5. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul — his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility ; he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cesar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a desert ; and in a few months we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly," — we find her shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

6. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness — thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace — thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit



and genius of another ; — this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender ; while he, by whom he was thus plunged and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent — a mere accessory. Sir, neither the human heart, nor the human understanding, will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd ; so shocking to the soul ; so revolting to reason.

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## LESSON XXXVII.

## THE BATTLE STORM.

SHAKESPEARE.

1. ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility ;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger :  
Stiffen the sinews — summon up the blood, —  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage ;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
As fearfully as doth the galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean
2. Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To its full height ! — On, on, you noble English,  
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof !  
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,

Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:  
Be copy now for men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs are made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:  
For there is none of you so mean and base  
That hath not noble lustre in your eye:  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;  
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,  
Cry, heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!

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## LESSON XXXVIII.

SATAN TO HIS LEGIONS.

MILTON.

PRINCES, potentates,  
Warriors, the flower of heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal spirits: or have ye chosen this place  
After the toil of battle, to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?  
Or, in this abject posture, have ye sworn  
To adore the Conq'ror! who now beholds  
Cherub, and seraph, rolling in the flood  
With scatter'd arms, and ensigns; till anon  
His swift pursuers, from heav'n-gates discern  
The advantage, and descending, tread us down,

Thus drooping ; or, with linked thunderbolts,  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.  
Awake ! arise ! or be forever fallen !

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## LESSON XXXIX.

### THE CRIMINALITY OF DUELLING.

DR. NOTT.

1. HAMILTON yielded to the force of an imperious custom. And yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest — and he is lost — lost to his country — lost to his family — lost to us. For this act, because he disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I cannot forgive. I mean not his antagonist — over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer. Suffers, and wherever he may fly will suffer, with the poignant recollection of taking the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own.

2. Had he known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while he pointed, at so incorruptible a bosom, the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften — if it be not ice, it must melt. But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent, I forgive him — and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

3. I enjoy another opportunity ; and would to God I might be permitted to approach for once the last scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble on the one side the disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children — and on

the other those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects. I would entreat them by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heartfelt groans; to mark the orphan's sighs and tears — and having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton — I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody mantle — I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God, I would ask, whether at the sight of it they felt no compunction. Ye who have hearts of pity — ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship — who have wept, and still weep over the mouldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

4. O thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son! what must be the plenitude of thy sufferings! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation. But how could we comfort her whom God hath not comforted! To his throne, let us lift up our voice and weep. O God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless — if, in the fullness of thy goodness, there be yet mercies in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her hapless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in Thee!

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## LESSON XL.

### THANATOPSIS.

BRYANT.

1. To him, who, in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours,

She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his dark musings with a mild,  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour, comes like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;  
Go forth into the open sky, and list  
To nature's teaching, while, from all around,  
Comes a still voice :
3. " Yet a few days, and thee,  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more,  
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go,  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to th' insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon.
4. " The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.  
Yet not, to thy eternal resting place,  
Shalt thou retire, alone — nor could'st thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,

The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past  
All in one mighty sepulchre.

5. "The hills,  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales,  
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
The venerable woods ; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadow green ; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages.

6. "All that tread  
The globe, are but a handful, to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or, lose thyself in the continuous woods,  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save its own dashings — yet the dead are there ;  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep : the dead reign there alone.

7. "So shalt thou rest ; and what, if thou shalt fall,  
Unnoticed by the living ; and no friend  
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh,  
When thou art gone ; the solemn brood of care  
Plod on ; and each one, as before, will chase  
His favorite phantom ; yet, all these shall leave



Their mirth, and their enjoyments, and shall come,  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth, in life's green spring, and he, who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles  
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—  
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,  
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

8. "So live, that when thy summons comes, to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber, in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!"

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## LESSON XLI.

### FAREWELL TO HUNGARY.

KOSSUTH.

1. THOU art fallen, truest of nations! Thou art thrust down  
under thine own blow! not the weapon of a foreign enemy,  
which has dug thy grave; not the cannon of the many nations,  
brought up against thee—they have tottered back at thy love  
to thy Fatherland! not the Muscovites, who crawled over the  
Karpathites, have compelled thee to lay down thine arms. O  
no! sold, thou wast, dear Fatherland. Thy sentence of death,  
beloved Fatherland, was written by him, whose love to his

country I never questioned for a single moment. In the bold flight of my thoughts, I would rather have doubted the existence of a good man, than I should have thought he could have become the traitor to his Fatherland.

2. And thou hast been betrayed by him, in whose hands a few days ago I laid the government of our country, sworn to defend thee with the last drop of his blood. He became a traitor to his country because the color of gold was dearer to him than that of blood, which was shed for the independence of the Fatherland. The profane metal had in his eyes more value than the Holy God of his land, who forsook him, when he entered into a covenant with the associates of the devil!

3. Magyars! my dear fellow-sons of the same country! Do not accuse me, because I was compelled to cast my eye on this man, and to vacate my place for him. I was compelled to do so, because the people confided in him, because the army loved him, and he had already attained to a position, in which he could have proved his fidelity! and yet the man abused the confidence of the nation, and in return for the love of his nation, treated them with contempt. Curse him, people of the Magyars! curse the heart which did not dry up when it attempted to nourish him with the moisture of life!

4. I love thee, Europe's truest nation! as I love the freedom for which thou fought so bravely! The God of liberty will never blot you out from His memory. Be blessed forever more! My principles were those of Washington, though my deeds were not those of William Tell! I wished for a free nation—free as God only can create man—and thou art dead, because thy winter has arrived; but this will not last so long as thy fellow-sufferer, languishing under the icy sky of Siberia. No, fifteen nations have dug thy grave, the thousands of the sixteenth will arrive to save thee!

5. Be faithful as hitherto, keep to the holy sentences of the Bible, pray for thy liberation, and then chant thy national hymns

when thy mountains reëcho the thunder of the cannons of thy liberators! God be with you, dear comrades and fellow-sufferers! The angels of God and of liberty be with you. You may still be proud, for the lion of Europe had to be aroused to conquer the rebels! The whole civilized world has admired you as heroes, and the cause of the heroic nations will be supported by the freest of the free nations on earth!

6. God be with thee, sacred soil! drenched with the blood of so many of thy noble sons! Preserve these sacred spots, that they may give evidence before the world for you, before the people, that will come to your succor! God be with thee, young King of the Magyars, forget not that thy nation has not elected thee! There lives in me still the hope that a day will come, on which you will see the confirmation of the word—if it even be on the ruins of Buda! The blessing of the Almighty, my dear nation, rest upon thee. Believe—Love—and Hope!

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## LESSON XLII.

### PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

MRS. WELBY.

1. THE day was declining — the breeze in its glee  
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,  
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,  
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill,  
One tremulous star in the glory of June  
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon,  
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen:  
The smiles of her loveliness gladdened the scene.
2. The scene was enchanting! in distance away  
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake Bay,

While bathing in moonlight the village was seen  
 With the church in the distance that stood on the green,  
 The soft, sleeping meadows lay brightly unrolled,  
 With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold,  
 And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,  
 Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

3. A light-hearted child, I had wandered away  
 From the spot where my footsteps had gamboled all day ;  
 And free as a bird's, was the song of my soul,  
 As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll ;  
 While lightening my heart as I sported along,  
 With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song,  
 I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod  
 By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

4. As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer  
 With the hymn of the worshipers rose on the air,  
 And drawn by the links of its sweetness along,  
 I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng.  
 For awhile my young spirit still wandered about  
 With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without ;  
 But, birds, waves, and zephyrs, were quickly forgot  
 In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

5. In stature majestic, apart from the throng  
 He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song !  
 His cheek pale with fervor,—the blue orbs above  
 Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love,  
 Yet the heart-glowing rapture that beamed from those eyes,  
 Seemed saddened by sorrow and chastened by sighs,  
 As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold,  
 With its loves unrequited, its sorrows untold.

6. Such language as his may I never recall,  
 But his theme was salvation—salvation to all !

And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung  
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue.  
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole,  
Enforced by each gesture, it sunk to the soul,  
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,  
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

7. He spoke of the Savior — what pictures he drew !  
The scenes of His sufferings rose clear on my view —  
The cross — the rude cross where He suffered and died ;  
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His side ;  
The cup of His sorrows — the wormwood and gall ;  
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall ;  
The garland of thorns — and the demon-like crews  
Who knelt as they scoffed Him, “ Hail King of the Jews ! ”

8. He spoke, and it seemed that his statue-like form  
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm ;  
His tone so impassioned — so melting his air,  
As touched with compassion, he ended in prayer ;  
His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs upthrown,  
Still pleading for sins that were never his own,  
While that mouth where such sweetness ineffable clung,  
Still spoke, though expression had died on his tongue !

9. O God ! what emotions the speaker awoke  
A mortal he seemed — yet a deity spoke ;  
A man — yet so far from humanity riven ;  
On earth — yet so closely connected with heaven ;  
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,  
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,  
With his eyes closed in rapture — their transient eclipse  
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.

10. There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,  
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart ;



'Tis the glance, the expression, the well chosen word,  
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred ;  
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-startling pause,  
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes —  
The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone,—  
Oh such was the charm of that eloquent one !

11. The time is long past,— yet how clearly defined  
That bay, church, and village, float on my mind ;  
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,  
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side ;  
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,  
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song,  
And I tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod,  
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.
12. The time is long past, yet what visions I see !  
The past, the dim past, is the present to me.  
I am standing once more 'mid the heart-stricken throng !  
A vision floats up — 'tis the theme of my song —  
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,  
The light like a halo encircling his hair,  
As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,  
He whispers of Jesus, and points us above.
13. How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced !  
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,  
Till Memory, the fond one, that sits in the soul,  
Took up the frail links, and collected the whole.  
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,  
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me ;  
Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,  
And the echo it gives, is the song I have sung.
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## LESSON XLIII.

## TRAGIC FATE OF ELIZA.

DARWIN.

1. Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,  
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;  
Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,  
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;  
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.  
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,  
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;  
And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,  
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;  
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,  
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.  
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,—  
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest,  
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"  
"Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
2. A ball now hisses through the airy tides,  
(Some fury wings it, and some demon guides,)  
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,  
Wounds her fair ear and sinks into her neck;  
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,  
Dyes her white vail, her ivory bosom stains.  
"Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,  
Kissed her dear babes regardless of the wound.
3. "Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!  
Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!  
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!  
The angel, pity, shuns the walks of war!"

Oh, spare ye war-hounds, spare their tender age,  
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"  
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,  
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.

4. From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,  
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;  
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
Eliza! echoes through the canvas walls;  
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread  
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,  
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,  
Lo! dear Eliza, weltering in her blood!
  5. Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,  
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds:  
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,  
"Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;  
Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake —  
Why do you weep? — Mamma will soon awake."  
"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,  
Upraised his eyes, and clasped his hands and sighed;  
Stretched on the ground awhile entranced he lay,  
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;  
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,  
And all the father kindled in his heart:  
"Oh heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!  
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"  
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,  
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.
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## LESSON XLIV.

## FUNERAL ORATION—DEATH OF CLAY.

REV. DR. BUTLER.

1. BEFORE all hearts and minds in this august assemblage, the vivid image of ONE MAN stands. To some aged eye, he may come forth, from the dim past, as he appeared in the neighboring city of his native state, a lithe and ardent youth, full of promise, of ambition, and of hope. To another, he may appear as, in a distant state, in the courts of justice, erect, high-strung, bold, wearing fresh forensic laurels on his young and open brow.

2. Some may see him in the earlier and some in the later stages of his career on this auspicious theater of his renown; and to the former he will start out, on the background of the past, as he appeared in the neighboring chamber, tall, elate, impassioned, with flashing eye, and suasive gesture, and clarion voice, an already acknowledged "Agamemnon, King of Men;" and to others, he will again stand in this chamber "the strong staff" of the bewildered and staggering state, and "the beautiful rod," rich with the blossoms of genius, and of patriotic love and hope, the life of youth still remaining to give animation, grace, and exhaustless vigor, to the wisdom, the experience, and gravity of age.

3. To others he may be present as he sat in the chamber of sickness, cheerful, majestic, gentle — his mind clear, his heart warm, his hope fixed on heaven, peacefully preparing for his last great change. To the memory of the minister of God, he appears as the penitent, humble, and peaceful christian, who received him with the affection of a father, and joined with him in solemn sacrament and prayer with the gentleness of a woman and humility of a child. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." "How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod!"

4. But not before this assembly only does the venerable image of the departed statesman this day distinctly stand. For more than a thousand miles—east, west, north, and south—it is known and remembered, that at this place and hour a nation's representatives assemble to do honor to him whose fame is now a nation's heritage. A nation's mighty heart throbs against this capitol, and beats through you. In many cities, banners droop, bells toll, cannons boom, funeral draperies wave.

5. In crowded streets and on surrounding wharves, upon steamboats, and upon cars, in fields, in workshops, in homes, in schools, millions of men, women, and children, have their thoughts fixed upon this scene, and say mournfully to each other, "This is the hour in which, at the capital, the nation's representatives are burying Henry Clay." Burying Henry Clay? Bury the record of your country's history—bury the hearts of living millions—bury the mountains, the rivers, the lakes, and the spreading lands from sea to sea, with which his name is inseparably associated, and even then you would not bury Henry Clay—for he is in other lands and speaks in other tongues, and to other times, than ours.

6. A great mind, a great heart, a great orator, a great career, have been consigned to history. She will record his rare gifts of deep insight, keen discrimination, clear statement, rapid combination, plain, direct, and convincing logic. She will love to dwell on that large, generous, magnanimous, open, forgiving heart. She will linger with fond delight on the recorded or traditional stories of an eloquence that was so masterful and stirring, because it was but himself struggling to come forth on the living words—because, though the words were brave and strong, and beautiful, and melodious, it was felt that, behind them, there was a soul, braver, stronger, more beautiful; and more melodious than language could express.

7. She will point to a career of statesmanship which has, to

a remarkable degree, stamped itself on the public policy of the country, and reached in benificent practical results the fields, the looms, the commercial marts, and the quiet homes of all the land, where his name was with the departed father, and is with the living children, and will be with successive generations, the honored household word.

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## LESSON XLV.

## THE GRAVE—TWO VOICES.

KARAMSIN.

*First Voice.*

1. How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!  
With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks of the bier,  
And the white bones all clattering together!

*Second Voice.*

2. How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!  
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,  
And flowrets perfume it with ether.

*First Voice.*

3. There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,  
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,  
And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss.

*Second Voice.*

4. How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb;  
No tempests are there—but the nightingales come  
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

*First Voice.*

5. The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:  
'Tis the vulture's abode—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,  
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.



*Second Voice.*

6. There the rabbit at evening disports with his love,  
Or rests on the sod—while the turtles above,  
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

*First Voice.*

7. There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath  
And loathsome decay, fill the dwelling of death,  
And trees are all barren and bare !

*Second Voice.*

8. Oh, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,  
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,  
With lilies and jessamine fair.

*First Voice.*

9. The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,  
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,  
He is launched on the wreck-covered river !

*Second Voice.*

10. The traveler, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,  
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,  
And sweetly reposes forever !

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## LESSON XLVI.

## A VOICE FOR WAR.

ADDISON.

1. My voice is still for war.  
Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate  
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death ?  
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,  
And at the head of our remaining troops,  
Attack the foe, break through the thick array



Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him :  
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,  
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.  
Rise, fathers, rise ! 'Tis Rome demands your help ;  
Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,  
Or share their fate ! The corpse of half her senate  
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we  
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,  
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,  
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.  
Rouse up, for shame ! our brothers of Pharsalia  
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle !  
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,  
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us !

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## LESSON XLVII.

### THE GATHERING STORM OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

PATRICK HENRY.

1. MR. PRESIDENT :—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty ? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation ? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth ; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

2. I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided ; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish

to know what there has been, in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes, with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the house? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received?

3. Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters, and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love, and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

4. Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging.

5. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted?

6. Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition,

to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

7. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve, inviolate, those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it! sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

8. They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

9. Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible, by any force which our enemy can send against us.

10. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were

base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

11. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!”

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## LESSON XLVIII.

### THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

S. F. SMITH.

1. YES, my native land, I love thee—  
     All thy scenes, I love them well;  
 Friends, connections, happy country!  
     Can I bid you all farewell?  
     Can I leave you,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
2. HOME! thy joys are passing lovely—  
     Joys no stranger-heart can tell;  
 Happy home! indeed I love thee!  
     Can I, can I say, farewell?  
     Can I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Holy days and Sabbath bell,  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !  
Can I say a last farewell ?  
Can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
From the scenes I loved so well ;  
Far away, ye billows, bear me ;  
Lovely, native land, farewell !  
Pleased I leave thee,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
5. In the deserts let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell  
How He died—the blessed Savior—  
To redeem a world from hell !  
Let me hasten,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean,  
Let the winds the canvas swell ;  
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
While I go far hence to dwell ;  
Glad I bid thee,  
Native land, farewell, farewell !

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## LESSON XLIX.

### THE YOUNG MARINER.

#### DIMOND.

- . In slumbers of midnight, the sailor boy lay ;  
His hammock swung loose, at the sport of the wind ;  
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,  
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.



2. He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;  
While memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
3. Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise :  
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
4. The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall ;  
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.
5. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,  
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,  
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite,  
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.
6. The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,  
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er,  
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest :  
" O God, thou hast blessed me, I ask for no more."
7. Ah, what is that flame which now bursts on his eye !  
Ah, what is that sound which now larums his ear !  
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky !  
'Tis the crash of the thunder, the groan of the sphere !
8. He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck,  
Amazement confronts him with images dire ;  
Wild winds and waves drive the vessel awreck—  
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !
9. Like mountains, the billows tremendously swell ;  
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save ;  
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave !



## LESSON L.

## WEBSTER'S TOMB.

TEFFT.

1. THAT noble form, that glorious man, whose presence in the world has come to be almost a part of it, has gone forever from us, as if we had fallen upon a night from which the most brilliant constellation of the heavens had forever withdrawn its beams. He has gone; he is dead; he who was the foremost man among us, the first American of his generation, whose mind has so long been the guide and guardian of a great country, now sleeps beneath the sod.

2. While living, but thoughtful of his latter end, he selected and prepared his own resting-place; and his friends and weeping neighbors have laid him in it. How fitting is that place! Great in life, great in death, he is greatly fortunate in having found a spot so entirely in harmony with his greatness. On his native soil, in his own New England, which his lips had immortalized, near the home and the scenes he loved so well, and not far from the shore of the ever-resounding sea, they have laid him down to rest, where his countrymen can visit him amid the scenes where he used to dwell.

3. Nowhere else in the wide world could he have found a more suitable place of burial. Buried within the limits of a city—the city might have crumbled away, as all cities must, and left him lost amidst the heaps of deserted rubbish. Buried near the capitol, where his greatness had been most conspicuous—in the revolving fortunes of such a country as this the capitol itself might be taken down and removed, leaving his glorious dust in neglect and solitude. Laid upon the bank of his native river, where his forefathers sleep—rivers themselves, in the progress of civilization, have changed their courses, or have been dried up within their rocky bed.

4. Nowhere, nowhere could the great man have been laid to rest in a place so consonant to his character. There, within sight of his cherished home, and on the ocean shore, he lies. That home will guard him well; and that ocean, the best earthly emblem of his greatness, and image of the eternity of his fame, will roll along his requiem, when many a river shall have ceased to flow, and when cities and capitol shall have mingled their ashes with the dust of earth!

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## LESSON LI.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

ANONYMOUS.

1. HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,  
And counted the sands that under it be?  
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?  
Then mayest thou mete out the mother's love.
2. Hast thou talked with the blessed, of leading on  
To the throne of God some wandering son?  
Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?  
Then mayest thou speak of a mother's joy.
3. Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee  
Go forth, on her errands of industry?  
The bee, for herself, hath gather'd and toil'd,  
But the mother's cares are all for her child.
4. Hast thou gone with the traveler, thought, afar,  
From pole to pole, from star to star?  
Thou hast—but, on ocean, earth, or sea,  
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.
5. There is not a grand, inspiring thought,  
There is not a truth, by wisdom taught,

There is not a feeling, pure and high,  
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

6. There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,  
The heavens the glory of God declare;  
But louder than voice beneath, above,  
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

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## LESSON LII.

### WARREN'S ADDRESS.

#### PIERPONT.

1. STAND! the ground's your own, my braves,  
Will ye give it up to slaves?  
Will ye look for greener graves?  
Hope ye mercy still?  
What's the mercy despots feel?  
Hear it in that battle peal!  
Read it on yon bristling steel!  
Ask it—ye who will.
2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire?  
Will ye to your homes retire?  
Look behind you! they're a-fire!  
And before you, see  
Who have done it! From the vale  
On they come!—and will ye quail?—  
Leaden rain and iron hail  
Let their welcome be!
3. In the God of battles trust!  
Die we may—and die we must;  
But, O, where can dust to dust  
Be consigned so well,

As where heaven its dews shall shed,  
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,  
And the rocks shall raise their head,  
Of his deeds to tell!

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## LESSON LIII.

## LIBERTY AND UNION.

WEBSTER.

1. I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

2. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness.

3. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion,

to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

4. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind ! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood !

5. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth ?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards ;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union*, now and forever, one and inseparable !

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## LESSON LIV.

## RESIGNATION.

MILTON.

THE following sublime and affecting production was but lately discovered among the remains of the great epic poet, and is published in the recent Oxford edition of Milton's Works:

1. I AM old and blind !  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;  
Afflicted and deserted of my kind ;  
Yet I am not cast down.
2. I am weak, yet strong ;  
I murmur not that I no longer see ;  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father supreme ! to Thee.
3. O, merciful one !  
When men are farthest then thou art most near ;  
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.
4. Thy glorious face  
Is leaning toward me ; and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place —  
And there is no more night.
5. On my bended knee  
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown ;  
My vision thou hast dimm'd, that I may see  
Thyself — Thyself alone.
6. I have nought to fear ;  
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;  
Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here  
Can come no evil thing.



7. O ! I seem to stand  
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,  
Which eye hath never seen.
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## LESSON LV.

## PRAYER TO LIGHT.

MRS. DE KROFT.

1. Oh, holy light ! thou art old as the look of God, and eternal as his breath. The angels were rocked in thy lap, and their infant smiles were brightened by thee. Creation is in thy memory ; by thy torch the throne of Jehovah was set, and thy hand burnished the myriad stars that glitter in his crown. Worlds, new from His omnipotent hand, were sprinkled with beams from thy baptismal font. At thy golden urn, pale Luna comes to fill her silver horn, and Saturn bathes his sky-girt rings ; Jupiter lights his waning moons, and Venus dips her queenly robes anew.

2. Thy fountains are shoreless as the ocean of heavenly love ; thy center is everywhere, and thy boundary no power has marked. Thy beams gild the illimitable fields of space, and gladden the farthest verge of the universe. The glories of the seventh heaven are open to thy gaze, and thy glare is felt in the woes of lowest Erebus. The sealed books of heaven by thee are read, and thine eye, like the Infinite, can pierce the dark vail of the future, and glance backward through the mystic cycles of the past.

3. Thy touch gives the lily its whiteness, the rose its tint, and thy kindling ray makes the diamond's light ; thy beams are mighty as the power that binds the spheres ; thou canst change the sleety winds to soothing zephyrs, and thou canst

melt the icy mountains of the poles to gentle rains and dewy vapors. The granite rocks of the hills are upturned by thee, volcanoes burst, islands sink and rise, rivers roll, and oceans swell at thy look of command.

4. And oh, thou monarch of the skies, bend now thy bow of millioned arrows, and piece, if thou canst, this darkness that thrice twelve moons has bound me. Burst now thine emerald gates, O morn, and let thy dawning come! My eyes roll in vain to find thee, and my soul is weary of this interminable gloom. My heart is but the tomb of blighted hopes, and all the misery of feelings unemployed, has settled on me. I am misfortune's child, and sorrow long since marked me for her own.

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## LESSON LVI.

### SCENE IN A MAD-HOUSE.

LEWIS.

1. STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my wo!  
     She is not mad who kneels to thee;  
     For what I'm now, too well I know,  
     And what I was, and what should be.  
     I'll rave no more in proud despair;  
     My language shall be mild, though sad;  
     But yet I firmly, truly swear,  
     I am not mad, I am not mad!
2. My tyrant husband forged the tale,  
     Which chains me in this dismal cell;  
     My fate unknown, my friends bewail—  
     O! jailer, haste that fate to tell:  
     Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer:  
     His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad

To know, though kept a captive here,  
I am not mad, I am not mad.

3. He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;  
He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;  
His glimmering lamp, still, still I see —  
'Tis gone ! and all is gloom again.  
Cold, bitter cold ! — no warmth ! no light !  
Life, all thy comforts once I had ;  
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,  
Although not mad ; no, no, not mad.
4. 'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain ;  
What ! I, — the child of rank and wealth, —  
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,  
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?  
Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,  
Which never more my heart must glad,  
How aches my heart, how burns my head ;  
But 'tis not mad ; no 'tis not mad.
5. Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this,  
A mother's face, a mother's tongue ?  
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,  
Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;  
Nor how with her you sued to stay ;  
Nor how that suit your sire forbade ;  
Nor how — I'll drive such thoughts away ;  
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad
6. His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !  
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !  
None ever bore a lovelier child :  
And art thou now forever gone ?  
And must I never see thee more,  
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad !

- I will be free! unbar the door!  
 I am not mad; I am not mad.
7. Oh, hark! what mean those yells and cries?  
 His chain some furious madman breaks;  
 He comes,— I see his glaring eyes;  
 Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes.  
 Help! help! — he's gone! — oh, fearful wo!  
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see!  
 My brain, my brain,— I know, I know,  
 I am not mad, but soon shall be.
8. Yes, soon; — for, lo! you, while I speak,  
 Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!  
 He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,  
 He whirls a serpent high in air.  
 Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth  
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;  
 Aye, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth;  
 Your task is done — I'm mad! I'm mad!

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## LESSON LVII.

### EXECUTION OF MADAM ROLAND.

LAMARTINE.

1. THE examination and trial of Madame Roland were but a repetition of those charges against the Gironde, with which every harangue of the Jacobin party was filled. She was reproached with being the wife of Roland, and the friend of his accomplices. With a proud look of triumph, Madame Roland admitted her guilt in both instances; spoke with tenderness of her husband, with respect of her friends, and with dignified modesty of herself; but, borne down by the clamors of

the court whenever she gave vent to her indignation against her persecutors, she ceased speaking amid the threats and invectives of her hearers. The people were at that period permitted to take a fearful and leading part in the dialogue between the judges and accused; they even permitted persons on trial to address the court, or compelled their silence; the very verdict rested with them.

2. Madame Roland heard herself sentenced to death with the air of one who saw in her condemnation merely her title to immortality. She rose, and slightly bowing to her judges, said, with a bitter and ironical smile, "I thank you for considering me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men you have murdered!" She flew down the steps of the Conciergerie with the rapid swiftness of a child about to obtain some long-desired object: the end and aim of her desires was death. As she passed along the corridor, where all the prisoners had assembled to greet her return, she looked at them smilingly, and, drawing her right hand across her throat, made a sign expressive of cutting off a head. This was her only farewell; it was tragic as her destiny, joyous as her deliverance; and well was it understood by those who saw it. Many who were incapable of weeping for their own fate shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for hers.

3. On that day (November 10, 1793,) a greater number than usual of carts laden with victims rolled onward toward the scaffold. Madame Roland was placed in the last, beside an infirm old man, named Lamarche. She wore a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, of which she was anxious to convince the people; her magnificent hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, fell in thick masses almost to her knees: her complexion, purified by her long captivity, and now glowing under the influence of a sharp, frosty November day, bloomed with all the freshness of early youth. Her eyes were full of expression; her whole countenance seemed radiant with glory, while a



movement between pity and contempt agitated her lips. A crowd followed them, uttering the coarsest threats and most revolting expressions. "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" exclaimed the female part of the rabble.

4. "I am going to the guillotine," replied Madame Roland; "a few moments and I shall be there; but those who send me thither will follow me ere long. I go innocent, but they will come stained with blood, and you who applaud our execution will then applaud theirs with equal zeal." Sometimes she would turn away her head that she might not appear to hear the insults with which she was assailed, and would lean with almost filial tenderness over the aged partner of her execution. The poor old man wept bitterly, and she kindly and cheerfully encouraged him to bear up with firmness, and to suffer with resignation. She even tried to enliven the dreary journey they were performing together by little attempts at cheerfulness, and at length succeeded in winning a smile from her fellow-sufferer.

5. A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the liberty of the time, then stood in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the Obelisk; the scaffold was erected beside this statue. Upon arriving there, Madame Roland descended from the cart in which she had been conveyed. Just as the executioner had seized her arm to enable her to be the first to mount to the guillotine, she displayed an instance of that noble and tender consideration for others, which only a woman's heart could conceive, or put into practice at such a moment. "Stay!" said she, momentarily resisting the man's grasp. "I have one only favor to ask, and that is not for myself; I beseech you grant it me." Then, turning to the old man, she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold; to see my blood flow would be making you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my punishment." The executioner allowed this arrangement to be made.



6. With what sensibility and firmness must the mind have been imbued which could, at such a time, forget its own sufferings, to think only of saving one pang to an unknown old man ! and how clearly does this one little trait attest the heroic calmness with which this celebrated woman met her death ! After the execution of Lamarche, which she witnessed without changing color, Madame Roland stepped lightly up to the scaffold, and, bowing before the statue of Liberty, as though to do homage to a power for whom she was about to die, exclaimed, " O, Liberty ! Liberty ! how many crimes are committed in thy name ! " She then resigned herself to the hands of the executioner, and in a few seconds her head fell into the basket placed to receive it.

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## LESSON LVIII.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

CAMPBELL.

1. A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound  
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry."
2. " Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Gyle,  
This dark and stormy water ? "  
" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.
3. " And fast before her father's men,  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

4. "His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,  
When they have slain her lover?"
5. Out spoke the hardy, Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady:
6. "And, by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."
7. By this, the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.
8. But still, as wilder grew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.
9. "O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not my angry father."
10. The boat has left the stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,  
When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.
11. And still they rowed against the roar  
Of waters, fast prevailing;  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

12. For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover,  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.
13. "Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water,  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief;  
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"
14. 'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,  
Return, or aid preventing:  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.
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## LESSON LIX.

## EULOGY ON HAMILTON.

MASON.

1. HE was born to be great. Whoever was second, Hamilton must be first. To his stupendous and versatile mind no investigation was difficult — no subject presented which he did not illuminate. Superiority in some particular, belongs to thousands. Preëminence, in whatever he chose to undertake, was the prerogative of Hamilton. No fixed criterion could be applied to his talents. Often has their display been supposed to have reached the limit of human effort; and the judgment stood firm till set aside by himself.

2. When a cause of new magnitude required new exertions, he rose, he towered, he soared; surpassing himself as he surpassed others. Then was nature tributary to his eloquence! Then was felt his despotism over the heart! Touching, at his pleasure, every string of pity or terror, of indignation or grief.

he melted, he soothed, he roused, he agitated ; alternately gentle as the dews, and awful as the thnnder.

3. Yet, great as he was in the eyes of the world, he was greater in the eyes of those with whom he was most conversant. The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance ; but Hamilton, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration.

3. Over these matchless talents, probity threw her brightest luster. Frankness, suavity, tenderness, benevolence, breathed through their exercise. And to his family — but he is gone — that noble heart beats no more : that eye of fire is dimmed ; and sealed are those oracular lips. Americans, the serenest beam of your glory is extinguished in the tomb ?

4. The death of Hamilton is no common affliction. The loss of distinguished men is, at all times, a calamity ; but the loss of such a man, at such a time, and in the very meridian of his usefulness, is singularly portentous. When Washington was taken, Hamilton was left — but Hamilton is taken, and we have no Washington. We have not such another man to die ! Washington and Hamilton in five years ! Bereaved America !

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## LESSON LX.

### BATTLE OF WARSAW.

CAMPBELL.

1. OH ! sacred truth, thy triumph ceased awhile,  
And hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
When leagued oppression poured to northern wars  
Her whiskered panders, and her fierce hussars,

Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn!  
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland and to man.

2. Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,  
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid;  
Oh, Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!  
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
And swear for her to live, with her to die!

3. He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed,  
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge or death! — the watchword and reply;  
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

4. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;  
Oh, bloodiest picture in the "book of time!"  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

5. The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air!

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow ;  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !  
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call ;  
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,  
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry.

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## LESSON LXI.

## EMMET'S LAST SPEECH.

1. MY LORDS:—Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor ! let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence ; or, that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen.

2. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views ; no inference can be tortured from it, to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery, from abroad ; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant ; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse.

3. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it or repel it—no, God forbid !



4. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them, in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism, which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

5. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven.

6. Be yet patient; I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph: for, as no man, who knows my motives, dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character: when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

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## LESSON LXII.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR.

SHAKESPEARE.

1. FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen ! Lend me your ears ;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones  
So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :  
If it were so, it were a grievous fault ,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honorable man,  
So are they all, all honorable men,)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
2. He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
3. When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse ; was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And sure, he is an honorable man.
4. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am, to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once ; not without cause :  
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?  
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me :  
My heart is in the coffin there, with Cæsar ;  
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

5. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world ! now, lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong ;  
Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
6. But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;  
I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—  
Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills ;  
Bequeathing it, 'as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.
7. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;  
That day he overcome the Nervii.  
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through,  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :

Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed,  
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all !  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
And in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
(Which all the while ran blood,) great Cæsar fell.

8. O what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity : These are gracious drops.  
Kind souls ! what, weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !  
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.  
Good friends ! sweet friends ! let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
9. They that have done this deed are honorable ;  
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,  
That made them do it ; they are wise, and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
That love my friend—and that they know full well,  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
10. For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,  
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on :  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know—

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me.

But were I Brutus,

And Brutus, Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

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### LESSON LXIII.

#### FALSE AND TRUE ENERGY.

WIET.

1. You object to Mr. Madison, the want of energy. The want of energy! How has Mr. Madison shown it? Was it in standing abreast with the van of our revolutionary patriots, and braving the horrors of a seven years' war for liberty, while you were shuddering at the sound of the storm, and clinging closer with terror to your mothers' breasts? Was it, on the declaration of our independence, in being among the first and most effective agents in casting aside the feeble threads which so poorly connected the states together, and, in lieu of them, substituting that energetic bond of union, the federal constitution? Was it in the manner in which he advocated the adoption of this substitute; in the courage and firmness with which he met, on this topic, fought hand to hand, and finally vanquished, that boasted prodigy of nature, Patrick Henry? Where was this timid and apprehensive spirit which you are pleased to ascribe to Mr. Madison, when he sat under the sound of Henry's voice for days and weeks together; when he saw that Henry, whose soul had so undauntedly led the revolution, shrinking back from this bold experiment, from the energy of this new and untried constitution; when he heard the magic of his eloquence exerted to its highest pitch, in painting,

with a prophet's fire, the oppressions which would flow from it; in harrowing up the soul with anticipated horrors, and enlisting even the thunders of heaven in his cause?

2. How did it happen that the feeble and effeminate spirit of James Madison, instead of flying in confusion and dismay before this awful and tremendous combination, sat serene and unmoved upon its throne; that, with a penetration so vigorous and clear, he dissipated these phantoms of fancy, rallied back the courage of the house to the charge, and, in the state of Virginia, in which Patrick Henry was almost adored as infallible, succeeded in throwing that Henry into a minority? Is this the proof of his want of energy? Or will you find it in the manner in which he watched the first movements of the federal constitution; in the boldness with which he resisted what he deemed infractions of its spirit; in the independence, ability, and vigor, with which, in spite of declining health, he maintained this conflict during eight years? He was then in a manority. Turn to the debates of congress, and read his arguments: you will see how the business of a virtuous and able minority is conducted. Do you discover in them any evidence of want of energy? Yes; if energy consist, as you seem to think it does, in saying rude things, in bravado and bluster, in pouring a muddy torrent of coarse invective, as destitute of argument as unwarranted by provocation, you will find great evidence of want of energy in his speeches.

3. But, if true energy be evinced, as we think it is, by the calm and dignified, yet steady, zealous, and persevering pursuit of an object, his whole conduct during that period is honorably marked with energy. And that energy rested on the most solid and durable basis—conscious rectitude; supported by the most profound and extensive information, by an habitual power of investigation, which unraveled, with intuitive certainty, the most intricate subjects; and an eloquence, chaste, luminous, and cogent, which won respect, while it forced con-



viction. We have compared some of our highest and most vaunted displays with the speeches of Mr. Madison, during his services in congress. What a contrast! It is the noisy and short-lived babbling of a brook after a rain, compared with the majestic course of the Potomac.

4. Yet, you have the vanity and hardihood to ask for the proof of his talents! You, who have as yet shown no talents that can be of service to your country — no talents beyond those of the merciless Indian, who dexterously strikes a tomahawk into the defenseless heart! But what an idea is yours of energy! You feel a constitutional irritability; you indulge it, and you call that indulgence energy! Sudden fits of spleen transient starts of passion, wild paroxysms of fury, the more slow and secret workings of envy and resentment, cruel taunts and sarcasms, the dreams of disordered fancy, the crude abortions of short-sighted theory, the delirium and ravings of a hectic fever — this is your notion of energy! Heaven preserve our country from such energy as this! If this be the kind of energy which you deny to Mr. Madison, the people will concur in your denial. But, if you deny him that salutary energy which qualifies him to pursue his country's happiness and to defend her rights, we follow up the course of his public life, and demand the proof of your charge.

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## LESSON LXIV.

### RUM'S MANIAC.

DR. NOTT.

1. WHY am I thus? the maniac cried,  
    Confined 'mid crazy people? Why?  
I am not mad—knave, stand aside!  
    I'll have my freedom, or I'll die;

It's not for cure that here I've come ;  
 I tell thee, all I want is rum—  
 I must have rum !

2. Sane? yes, and have been all the while ;  
 Why, then, tormented thus? 'Tis sad :  
 Why chained, and held in duress vile ?  
 The men who brought me here were mad ;  
 I will not stay where specters come ;  
 Let me go home : I must have rum—  
 I must have rum !

3. 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! my aged sire !  
 What has disturbed thee in thy grave ?  
 Why bend on me that eye of fire ?  
 Why torment, since thou canst not save ?  
 Back to the church-yard whence you've come !  
 Return, return ! but send me rum—  
 O, send me rum !

4. Why is my mother musing there,  
 On that same consecrated spot,  
 Where once she taught me words of prayer ?  
 But now she hears—she heeds me not.  
 Mute in her winding-sheet she stands ;  
 Cold, cold, I feel her icy hands—  
 Her icy hands !

5. She's vanished ; but a dearer friend,  
 I know her by her angel smile,  
 Has come her partner to attend,  
 His hours of misery to beguile ;  
 Haste ! haste ! loved one, and set me free ;  
 'Twere heaven to 'scape from hence to thee—  
 From hence to thee.

- 6. She does not hear ; away she flies,  
    Regardless of the chain I wear,  
Back to her mansion in the skies,  
    To dwell with kindred spirits there.  
Why has she gone ? Why did she come ?  
O God, I'm ruined ! Give me rum !  
    O, give me rum !
7. Hark ! hark ! for bread my children cry,  
    A cry that drinks my spirits up ;  
But 'tis in vain, in vain to try ;  
    O give me back the drunkard's cup !  
My lips are parched, my heart is sad ;  
This cursed chain ! 'twill make me mad—  
    'Twill make me mad !
8. It wont wash out, that crimson stain !  
    I've scoured those spots, and made them white ;  
Blood reappears again, again,  
    Soon as the morning brings the light !  
When from my sleepless couch I come,  
To see—to feel—O give me rum !  
    I must have rum !
9. 'Twas there I heard his piteous cry,  
    And saw his last imploring look,  
But steeled my heart, and bade him die,  
    Then from him golden treasures took ;  
Accursed treasure ! stinted sum !  
Reward of guilt ! Give, give me rum—  
    O, give me rum !
10. Hark ! still I hear that piteous wail ;  
    Before my eyes his specter stands ;  
And when it frowns on me I quail !  
    O, I would fly to other lands !

But, that pursuing, there 'twould come ;  
There's no escape ! O, give me rum—  
O, give me rum !

11. Guard, guard those windows ! bar that door !  
Yonder I armed bandits see !  
They've robbed my house of all its store,  
And now return to murder me ;  
They're breaking in ! don't let them come !  
Drive, drive them hence ! but give me rum !  
O, give me rum !

12. I stake again ? not I ; no more,  
Heartless, accursed gamester, no !  
I staked with thee my all before,  
And from thy den a beggar go !  
Go where ? A suicide to hell !  
And leave my orphan children here,  
In rags and wretchedness to dwell,  
A doom their father cannot bear.

13. Will no one pity ? no one come ?  
Not thou ; O come not, man of prayer !  
Shut that dread volume in thy hand ;  
For me damnation's written there—  
No drunkard can in judgment stand !

14. Talk not of pardon there revealed ;  
No, not to me, it is too late ;  
My sentence is already sealed ;  
Tears never blot the book of fate ;  
Too late, too late these tidings come ;  
There is no hope ! O give me rum !  
I must have rum !

15. See how that rug those reptiles soil !  
They're crawling o'er me in my bed !  
I feel their clammy, snaky coil  
On every limb—around my head ;  
With forked tongue I see them play ;  
I hear them hiss—tear them away !  
Tear them away !
16. A fiend ! a fiend ! with many a dart,  
Glares on me with his blood-shot eye,  
And aims his missiles at my heart,—  
O, whither, whither shall I fly !  
Fly ? no, it is no time for flight !  
Fiend ! I know thy hellish purpose well !  
Avaunt, avaunt, thou hated sprite,  
And hie thee to thy native hell !
17. He's gone ! he's gone ! and I am free ;  
He's gone, the faithless, braggart liar  
He said he'd come to summon me—  
See there again, my bed's on fire !  
Fire ! water ! help ! O haste, I die !  
The flames are kindling round my head !  
This smoke !—I'm strangling !—cannot fly !  
O, snatch me from this burning bed !
18. There, there again ! that demon's there,  
Crouching to make a fresh attack ;  
See how his flaming eye-balls glare !  
Thou fiend of fiends, what's brought thee back ?  
Back in thy car ? for whom ? for where ?  
He smiles, he beckons me to come ;  
What are those words thou'st written there ?—  
“ In hell they never want for rum ! ”

Not want for rum? Read that again!  
 I feel the spell! haste, drive me down  
 Where rum is free, where revelers reign,  
 And I can wear the drunkard's crown.

19. Accept thy proffer, fiend? I will,  
 And to thy drunken banquet come;  
 Fill the great cauldron from thy still  
 With boiling, burning, fiery rum;  
 There will I quench this horrid thirst,  
 With boon companions drink and dwell,  
 Nor plead for rum, as here I must—  
 There's liberty to drink in hell!

20. Thus raved that maniac rum had made;  
 Then starting from his haunted bed,  
 On, on! ye demons, on! he said,  
 Then silent sunk—his soul had fled.  
 Scoffer, beware! he in that shroud,  
 Was once a temperate drinker, too!

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## LESSON LXV.

### TERRIFIC SCENE AT THE GREAT NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

BURRITT.

1. THERE are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting buttments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day.

2. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of



that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

3. At last, this feeling begins to wear away ; they begin to look around them ; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who have been there before them.

4. They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors.

5. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand ; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a niche into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands ; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure ; but, as he puts his feet and hands into those niches, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall.

6. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and

deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

7. He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings, with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling, from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below.

8. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

9. Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of des-

pair: "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Keep your eye toward the top!" The boy didn't look down.

10. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

11. The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands, on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him.

12. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready, in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls

from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

13. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off! he is reeling—trembling—toppling—over into eternity!

14. Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, God, and Mother! whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of this last shallow niche.

15. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

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## LESSON LXVI.

### A WORD IN KINDNESS.

ANONYMOUS.

1. A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.

2. A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, if a smile had owned its birth,  
Had blessed life's darkest hour.
  3. Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak ;  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
A heart may heal or break.
- 

## LESSON LXVII.

## MAN AND WOMAN.

MONTGOMERY.

*First Speaker.*

1. MAN is the proud and lofty pine,  
That frowns on many a wave-beat shore ;

*Second Speaker.*

2. Woman, the young and tender vine,  
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,  
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

*First Speaker.*

3. Man is the rock, whose towering crest  
Nods o'er the mountain's barren side ;

*Second Speaker.*

4. Woman, the soft and mossy vest,  
That loves to clasp its sterile breast,  
And wreathe its brow with verdant pride.

*First Speaker.*

5. Man is the cloud of coming storm,  
Dark as the raven's murky plume,



*Second Speaker.*

6. Save where the sunbeam, light and warm,  
Of woman's soul—of woman's form,  
Gleams brightly through the gathering gloom.

*First Speaker.*

7. Yes, 'tis to lovely woman given,  
To soothe our griefs, our woes allay;  
To heal the heart by misery riven—  
Change earth into an embryo heaven,  
And drive life's fiercest cares away.
- 

## LESSON LXVIII.

## SPEECH OF BLACK HAWK.

1. You have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand.

2. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men. They will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

3. He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be



ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and pappooses, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

4. An Indian who is as bad as the white men could not live in our nation; he would be put to death, and eat up by the wolves. The white men are bad school-masters. They carry false looks, and deal in false actions. They smile in the face of the poor Indians to cheat them. They shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, and to deceive them. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on, and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us, like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them—hypocrites and liars, adulterers, and lazy drones, all talkers and no workers.

5. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction, things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and the beaver were fled. The springs were drying up, and our squaws and pappooses without victuals to keep them from starving. We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us, to avenge our wrongs or die.

6. We all spoke before the council-fire. It was warm and pleasant. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk. Our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle.

He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there and commend him.

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## LESSON LXIX.

### SPEECH OF RED JACKET.

1. FRIEND AND BROTHER :—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly ; our ears are unstopped that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and Him only.

2. Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun ; the Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals, for food. He had made the bear and the beaver ; their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them.

3. If we had disputes about our hunting-ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us ; your forefathers crossed the great waters and landed on this island. Their numbers were small ; they found us friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country through fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a

small seat; we took pity on them, and granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; and, in return, they gave us poison.

4. The white people now having found our country, tidings were sent back, and more came amongst us; yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends: they called us brothers; we believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length, their numbers so increased that they wanted more land: they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and we became uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians; and many of our people were destroyed. They also distributed liquor amongst us, which has slain thousands.

5. Brother, once our seats were large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but, not satisfied, you want to force your religion upon us.

6. Brother, continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and that if we do not take hold of the religion which you teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of rightly understanding it? We only know what you tell us about it, and having been so often deceived by the white people, how shall we believe what they say?

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## · LESSON LXX.

## STORY AND SPEECH OF LOGAN.

1. In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery was committed by some Indians on certain land adventurers on the Ohio river. The whites in that quarter, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Captain Michael Cresap, and a certain Daniel Greathouse, leading on these parties, surprised, at different times, traveling and hunting parties of the Indians, having their women and children with them, and murdered many. Among these were, unfortunately, the family of Logan, a chief, celebrated in peace and war, and long distinguished as the friend of the whites.

2. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year, a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kenawha, between the collected forces of the Shawanese, Mingoës, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants. But lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

3. "I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.'

4. "I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan,

not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

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## LESSON LXXI.

## THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Two sisters, one a little child,  
The other but half grown,  
Together watched the setting sun,  
Which through the casement shone.
2. They waited in their lonely home,  
Where late their mother died,  
Their father's coming, who had gone  
To wed another bride.
3. And thus they stood, their twining arms  
About each other wound,  
In token of affection's ties,  
By which their hearts were bound.
4. The bridal company arrived,  
And they went forth to meet  
Their father and their father's wife,  
With slow and lingering feet.

5. A beauteous and a gentle bride,  
They gazed upon her face ;  
The elder first accosted her  
With sweet and native grace :
6. " A welcome, for my father's sake,  
I fain would give to thee ;  
O, for his sake, be kind to us,  
This little one and me."
7. The younger clasped the lady's neck,  
And smilingly she said :  
"I'm glad you have come back again,  
They told me you were dead."
8. These simple greetings touched a chord  
In that fair lady's heart,  
And inwardly she made a vow  
To act the mother's part.
9. Her promise she has well fulfilled  
Unto those sisters twain ;  
The mother lost has been in her  
Restored to them again.

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## LESSON LXXII.

### DESCRIPTION OF BYRON.

POLLOCK.

1. HE touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.  
As some vast river of unfailing source,  
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,  
And oped new fountains in the human heart.  
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
In other men, his, fresh as morning rose,



And soared untrodded heights, and seemed at home,  
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,  
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles ;  
He from above descending, stooped to touch  
The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as though  
It scarce deserved his verse.

2.

With nature's self

He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest  
At will with all her glorious majesty.  
He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"  
And played familiar with his hoary locks.  
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines ;  
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend ;  
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,  
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,  
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,  
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed—  
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung  
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.  
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were ;  
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms  
His brothers—younger brothers, whom he scarce  
As equals deemed.

3. As some fierce comet of tremendous size,

To which the stars did reverence as it passed ;  
So he through learning and through fancy took  
His flight sublime ; and on the loftiest top  
Of fame's dread mountain sat ; not soiled, and worn,  
As if he from the earth had labored up ;  
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,  
He looked, which down from higher regions came,  
And perched it there to see what lay beneath.

4. Great man ! the nations gazed and wondered much,  
 And praised : and many called his evil good.  
 Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness :  
 And kings to do him honor took delight.  
 Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame ;  
 Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,—  
 He died—he died of what ? Of wretchedness.  
 Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump  
 Of fame ; drank early, deeply drank ; drank draughts  
 That common millions might have quenched—then died  
 Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
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## LESSON LXXIII.

## JOHN ADAMS AND THE DECLARATION.

## WEBSTER.

1. SIR, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

2. Read this declaration at the head of the army ; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit ; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls ; proclaim it there ; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon ; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

3. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs ; but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to see the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die ; die colonists ; die slaves ; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. If it shall be the pleasure of Heaven, that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may.

4. But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

5. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I am, all that I have, and all that I hope for in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it : and I leave off as I began ; sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration : it is my living sentiment ; and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment,— Independence now, and Independence forever !

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## LESSON LXXIV.

## DREAM OF DARKNESS.

BYRON.

1. I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind, and blackening, in the moonless air;  
Morn came, and went — and came, and brought no day;  
And men forgot their passions, in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:  
And they did live by watch-fires and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,  
And men were gathered round their blazing homes,  
To look once more into each other's face:  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.
2. A fearful hope was all the world contained:  
Forests were set on fire — but, hour by hour,  
They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks  
Extinguished with a crash — and all was black.  
The brows of men, by the despairing light,  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as, by fits,  
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,  
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up,  
With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,

The pall of a past world; and then again,  
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnashed their teeth, and howled. The wild birds shrieked,  
And terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings: the wildest brutes  
Came tame, and tremulous; and vipers crawled  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.

3. And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again; a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,  
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;  
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious; and men  
Died; and their bones were tombless as their flesh:  
The meager by the meager were devoured;  
Even dogs assailed their masters—all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds, and beasts, and famished men, at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the drooping dead  
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food.  
But, with a piteous, and perpetual moan,  
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answered not with a caress—he died.

4. The crowd was famished by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies; they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place,  
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things,  
For an unholy usage; they raked up  
And, shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton hands,  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,



Which was a mockery ; then they lifted  
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
 Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd, and died —  
 Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
 Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow  
 Famine had written Fiend. The world was void ;  
 The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless ;  
 A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.

5. The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,  
 And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;  
 Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped  
 They slept on the abyss, without a surge :  
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave ;  
 The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;  
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air,  
 And the clouds perished ; Darkness had no need  
 Of aid from them — She was the universe.

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## LESSON LXXV.

### SPEECH IN DEFENSE OF ORR.

CURRAN.

1. "ALAS! nor wife, nor children more shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home!" No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon and leads him forth to light and life ; but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame ; where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, to secure, or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies



with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country.

2. Let me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint? Would you have been mean enough —— But I entreat your forgiveness, I do not think meanly of you; had I thought so meanly of you, I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done.

3. Had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falsehood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honor could speak, let me honestly tell you, I should have scorned to string my hand across it; I should have left it to a fitter minstrel. If I do not, therefore, grossly err in my opinion of you, I could use no language upon such a subject as this, that must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings if it attempted to describe them.

4. Upright and honest jurors, find a civil and obliging verdict against the printer! And when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens to your own homes, and bear their look as you pass along; retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and, when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those precepts by your own example; teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be forsworn in the jury-box; and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crime, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging upon your lips,

when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them that you had the boldness and the justice to stigmatize the monster who had dared to publish the transaction.

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## LESSON LXXVI.

### VICTIM, BRIDE, AND MISER.

ANONYMOUS.

1. I saw her in her summer bower, and oh! upon my sight,  
Methought there never beamed a form more beautiful and bright,  
So young, so fair, she seemed like one of those aerial things,  
That dwell but in the poet's high and wild imaginings;  
Or, like one of those forms we meet in dreams, from which we  
wake and weep,  
That earth has no creations, like the figments of our sleep.
2. Her father loved he not his child, above all earthly things?  
As traders love the merchandize from which their profit springs;  
Old age came by, with tottering step, and then for sordid gold,  
With which the dotard urged his suit, the maiden's peace was sold;  
And thus, (for oh! her sire's stern heart was steeled against her  
prayer,)  
The hand he ne'er had gained from love, he won from her despair.
3. I saw them through the church-yard pass, and such a nuptial train,  
I would not, for the wealth of worlds, should greet my sight again;  
The bride-maids, each as beautiful, as Eve in Eden's bowers,  
Shed bitter tears upon the path they should have strown with  
flowers;  
Who had not thought that white-robed band the funeral array  
Of one an early doom had called, from life's gay scene away?
4. The priest beheld the bridal pair before the altar stand,  
And sighed as he drew forth his book, with slow, reluctant hand;  
He saw the bride's flower-wreathed hair, he marked her streaming  
eyes,  
And deemed it less a christian rite, than a pagan sacrifice;

And when he called on Abraham's God to bless the wedded pair,  
It seemed a very mockery to breathe so vain a prayer.

5. I saw the palsied bridegroom, too, in youth's gay ensign drest,  
A shroud were fitter garment far for him than bridal vest;  
I marked him, when the ring was claimed, 'twas hard to lose his  
hold,

He held it with a miser's clutch — it was his darling gold.  
His shriveled hand was wet with tears, she shed, alas! in vain  
And trembled like an autumn leaf beneath the beating rain.

6. I've seen her since that fatal morn — her golden fetters rest,  
As e'en the weight of incubus upon her aching breast;  
And when the victor, (death,) shall come, to deal the welcome  
blow,

He will not find one rose to swell the wreath that decks his brow,  
For oh! her cheek is blanched with grief, that time may not as-  
suage;

Thus early beauty sheds her bloom on the wintry breast of age.

## LESSON LXXVII.

### THE WILDERNESS OF MIND.

OSBORNE.

1. THERE is a wilderness more dark,  
Than groves of fir on Huron's shore;  
And in that cheerless region, hark!  
How serpents hiss! how monsters roar
2. 'Tis not among the untrodden isles,  
Of vast Superior's stormy lake,  
Where social comfort never smiles,  
Nor sunbeams pierce the tangled brake:
3. Nor is it in the deepest shade,  
Of India's tiger-haunted wood;  
Nor western forests, unsurveyed,  
Where crouching panthers lurk for blood:

- 4 'Tis in the dark, uncultured soul,  
 By education unrefined,  
 Where hissing malice, vices foul,  
 And all the hateful passions prowl —  
 The frightful Wilderness of Mind !
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## LESSON LXXVIII.

## THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

PRENTISS.

1. THERE lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully in all battles but its own. In wit and humor it has no equal ; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

2. In this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase ; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp ; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

3. In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict ; for if he had friends, how could he die

of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him: for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins.

4. Who will hesitate to give his mite, to avert such awful results? Give, then, generously and freely. Recollect, that in so doing, you are exercising one of the most godlike qualities of your nature, and, at the same time, enjoying one of the greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that he has permitted us to exercise equally with himself, that noblest of even the Divine attributes, benevolence.

5. Go home and look at your families, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland; and you will give according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you — not grudgingly, but with an open hand; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

“Is not strained:

It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;  
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.”

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## LESSON LXXIX.

### WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. WOODMAN spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough,  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
It was my father's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
Then, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy ax shall harm it not.



2. That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown,  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And would'st thou hack it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties,  
Oh, spare the aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!
3. When but an idle boy,  
I sought its grateful shade,  
In all their gushing joy  
There, too, my sisters played;  
My mother kissed me here —  
My father pressed my hand, —  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let the old oak stand.
4. My heart strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend;  
Old tree the storm shall brave,  
And, woodman, leave the spot!  
While I've a pious hand to save,  
Thy ax shall harm thee not!

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### LESSON LXXX.

#### EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN CIVILIZED WARFARE.

CHATHAM.

1. I AM astonished! — shocked! to hear such principles confessed — to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian.



My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention ; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty.

2. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. "That God and nature put into our hands!" — I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature ; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacre of the Indian scalping-knife — to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating, literally, my lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles ! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, every generous feeling of humanity, and every sentiment of honor.

3. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel and pious pastors of our church ; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn ; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and maintain your own.

4. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestors of this noble lord frown with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain ; in vain he defended and

established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the protestant religion of his country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us. To turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child ! to send forth the infidel savage — against whom ? against your protestant brethren ; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war ! — hell-hounds, I say, of savage war.

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## LESSON LXXXI.

CASABIANCA.

MRS. HEMANS.

YOUNG Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post in the battle of the Nile, after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

1. THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
    Whence all but him had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
    Shone round him o'er the dead.
2. Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
    As born to rule the storm ;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
    A proud, though child-like form.
3. The flames rolled on, he would not go  
    Without his father's word ;  
That father faint in death below,  
    His voice no longer heard.

4. He called aloud—"Say, father, say,  
If yet my task is done?"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.
  5. "Speak, father!" once again he cried,  
"If I may yet be gone!  
And"—but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.
  6. Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And looked from that lone post of death,  
In still, yet brave despair:
  7. And shouted but once more aloud,  
"My father! must I stay?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.
  8. They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.
  9. There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh! where was he?  
Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea.
  10. With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing which perished there,  
Was that young faithful heart!
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## LESSON LXXXII.

## APPEAL TO THE JURY AGAINST BLAKE.

PHILLIPS.

1. OH, gentlemen, am I this day only the counsel of my client? No, no; I am the advocate of humanity—of yourselves—your homes—your wives—your families—your little children. I am glad that this case exhibits such atrocity; unmarked as it is by any mitigatory feature, it may stop the frightful advance of this calamity; it will be met now, and marked with vengeance. If it be not, farewell to the virtues of your country; farewell to all confidence between man and man; farewell to that unsuspecting and reciprocal tenderness, without which marriage is but a consecrated curse. If oaths are to be violated, laws disregarded, friendship betrayed, humanity trampled, national and individual honor stained, and if a jury of fathers and of husbands will give such miscreancy a passport to their homes, and wives, and daughters—farewell to all that yet remains of Ireland!

2. But I will not cast such a doubt upon the character of my country. Against the sneer of the foe, and the skepticism of the foreigner, I will still point to the domestic virtues, that no perfidy could barter, and no bribery can purchase, that with a Roman usage, at once embellish and consecrate households, giving to the society of the hearth all the purity of the altar; that lingering alike in the palace and the cottage, are still to be found scattered over this land—the relic of what she was—the source perhaps of what she may be—the lone, the stately, and magnificent memorials, that rearing their majesty amid surrounding ruins, serve at once as the landmarks of the departed glory, and the models by which the future may be erected.

3. Preserve those virtues with a vestal fidelity; mark this

day, by your verdict, your horror of their profanation; and believe me, when the hand which records that verdict shall be dust, and the tongue that asks it, traceless in the grave, many a happy home will bless its consequences, and many a mother teach her little child to hate the impious treason of adultery.

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## LESSON LXXXIII.

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

POPE.

1. VITAL spark of heavenly flame !  
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying ;  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.
  2. Hark ! they whisper : angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away.  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight ;  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
  3. The world recedes, it disappears ;  
Heaven opens on my eyes : my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring :  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
O death ! where is thy sting ?
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## LESSON LXXXIV.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

PHILLIPS.

1. No doubt you have all personally considered—no doubt you have all personally experienced, that of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance, or bears a heavenlier aspect, than education. It is a companion which no misfortunes can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave: at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament: it chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius.

2. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes; and in the accident of their alternate ascendancy shuddering at the terrors of an hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation. What is this wondrous world of his residence?

“A mighty maze, and all without a plan;”

a dark and desolate and dreary cavern, without wealth, or ornament or order. But light up within it the torch of knowledge, and how wondrous the transition! The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved!

3. The phenomena which bewilder, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education. Like the holy symbol which blazed upon the cloud before the



hesitating Constantine, if man follow but its precepts, purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of Omnipotence for his admission. Cast your eye over the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of empire and the splendors of philosophy.

4. What erected the little state of Athens into a powerful commonwealth, placing in her hand the scepter of legislation, and wreathing round her brow the imperishable chaplet of literary fame? what extended Rome, the haunt of banditti, into universal empire? what animated Sparta with that high, unbending, adamantine courage, which conquered nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages, a model of public virtue, and a proverb of national independence? What but those wise public institutions which strengthened their minds with early application, informed their infancy with the principles of action, and sent them into the world, too vigilant to be deceived by its calms, and too vigorous to be shaken by its whirlwinds?

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## LESSON LXXXV.

### LOOK ALOFT.

J. LAWRENCE, JR.

1. IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,  
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,  
"Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.
2. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,  
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed  
"Look aloft!" to the friendship which never shall fade.

3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,  
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,  
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,  
"Look aloft!" to the sun that is never to set.
4. Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,  
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,  
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.
5. And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast  
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

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## LESSON LXXXVI.

### THE GOOD WIFE.

GEORGE W. BURNAP.

1. THE good wife! How much of this world's happiness and prosperity, is contained in the compass of these two short words! Her influence is immense. The power of a wife for good, or for evil, is altogether irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown.

2. A good wife is, to a man, wisdom, and courage, and strength, and hope, and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair. No condition is hopeless, when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, folly, and extravagance at home. No spirit can long resist bad domestic influences.

3. Man is strong; but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but, to sustain him, he needs a tranquil mind, and a whole heart. He expends his whole

moral force, in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated, to the utmost point of endurance, by perpetual collision, irritation, and disappointment.

4. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort ; and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth, with fresh vigor, to encounter the labors and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness, or gloom ; or is assailed by discontent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair.

5. Let woman know, then, that she ministers at the very fountain of life and happiness. It is her hand that lades out, with overflowing cup, its soul-refreshing waters, or casts in the branch of bitterness, which makes them poison and death. Her ardent spirit breathes the breath of life into all enterprise. Her patience and constancy are mainly instrumental, in carrying forward, to completion, the best human designs. Her more delicate moral sensibility is the unseen power which is ever at work to purify and refine society. And the nearest glimpse of heaven that mortals ever get on earth, is that domestic circle, which her hands have trained to intelligence, virtue, and love, which her gentle influence pervades, and of which her radiant presence is the center and the sun.

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## LESSON LXXXVII.

### ENDEARING THOUGHTS.

ANONYMOUS.

1. I WOULD be with thee—near thee—ever near thee,  
Watching thee ever as the angels are ;  
Still seeking with my spirit's power to cheer thee,  
And thou to see me as some brilliant star,

Knowing me not, but oftentimes perceiving  
 That when thou gazest I still brighter grow,  
 Beaming and trembling, like some bosom heaving  
 With all it knows, yet would not have thee know.

2. I would be with thee—fond yet silent ever,  
 Nor break the spell on which my soul is bound;  
 Mirrored within thee, as within a river—  
 A flower within thy breast, and thou the ground!  
 That when I died and unto earth returned,  
 Our nature never more might parted be;  
 Within thy being all mine own inured,  
 Life, bloom, and beauty, all absorbed in thee!

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## LESSON LXXXVIII.

### THE LOVE OF HOME.

WEBSTER.

1. It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

2. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

3. Its remains still exist ; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

4. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living ; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind !

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## LESSON LXXXIX.

### SPEAK GENTLY.

ANONYMOUS.

1. SPEAK gently ; it is better far  
    To rule by love than fear ;  
Speak gently, let not harsh words mar  
    The good we might do here.
2. Speak gently ; love doth whisper low  
    The vows that true hearts bind ;  
And gently friendship's accents flow,—  
    Affection's voice is kind.

3. Speak gently to the little child,  
Its love be sure to gain ;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild,  
It may not long remain.
  4. Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;  
The sands of life are nearly run—  
Let such in peace depart.
  5. Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear ;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.
  6. Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,  
Let no harsh tones be heard ;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word.
  7. Speak gently to the erring ; know  
They may have toiled in vain ;  
Perchance unkindness made them so—  
Oh, win them back again.
  8. Speak gently ; He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were in fierce strife,  
Said to them, " Peace, be still ! "
  9. Speak gently ; 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;  
The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.
-



## LESSON XC.

## THE OCEAN STORM.

ANONYMOUS.

1. THE storm is dreadful! The heavens are one vast black cloud. The sheeted rain comes down in torrents. The fair earth is deluged. The sea, the broad-breasted sea, is tossed in terrible commotion, and the whole round world seems wrapt in eternal midnight. God reigns! let all the earth stand in awe of him. Hark! it is his voice, the rolling thunder! See! it is his eye, the fearful lightning! The smit rock declares his power, and the monarch oak, rent from the adamantine hills.

2. Alas! on such a night, for the poor sea-boy. No friendly star lights his dread course. The wind-spirit howls. Wild raves the maddened ocean. The demons of the storm make merry of his fate. Look! now tossed on mountain billows—now sunk to the lowest depths—"a thing of elemental sport"—the frail bark hurries to destruction. O! God, have mercy on the poor sea-boy! Hark! he shrieks—"help! help!" he cries, "help!"—but ah! no help is nigh.

3. The monsters of the deep stand ready for their prey, and the victim in despair awaits his awful fate. The booming gun, and the shriek of human agony are vain. He who rules the storm, permits the destiny, and the doomed ship strikes on the fatal rock.

4. "Oh, sailor-boy! woe to thy dreams of delight!  
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss  
Oh, where is the picture that fancy touched bright—  
Thy father's fond pressure—thy mother's fond kiss?

5. Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again  
Shall home, friends, or kindred thy wishes repay;  
Beloved and lamented—down deep in the main,  
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

6. "On beds of green sea-flowers, thy limbs shall be laid ;  
 Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;  
 Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,  
 And every part suit to thy mansion below.
7. "Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,  
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;  
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—  
 Oh, sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul."
- 

## LESSON XCI.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

WOODWORTH.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view !  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,  
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;  
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,  
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,  
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
 And even the rude bucket which hung in the well :  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well.
2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;  
 For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;

Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well :  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
 As, poised on the curb, it inclines to my lips  
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
 And now, far removed from the loved situation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well :  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

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## LESSON XCII.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

BUNGAY.

1. SENATOR SEWARD is the Daniel O'Connell of America ; not in stature, for the the former is *petit*—the latter was prodigious ; not in wit, for the Yankee seldom perpetrates even a pun, while the Irishman was a “book in breeches,” and every page gleaming with wit ; not in eloquence, for Seward requires preparation, and speaks without much unction ; O'Connell spoke spontaneously, and every word was a throb ; not in faith, for the defender of the “higher law” is almost a Protestant, while the great agitator, as all know, was altogether a Catholic.

2. Yet there is a resemblance, notwithstanding their dissimilarities. Seward stands at the tip-top of his profession as a

lawyer, and so did O'Connell. Seward made a sensation in the American senate; O'Connell did the same in the house of commons. Seward identifies himself with the party of freedom. O'Connell hated slavery, and "oppression made that wise man mad." Seward is charged with demagogism. O'Connell made himself all things to all men, that he might gain some.

3. Seward has won the sympathies of the masses, and is the pet of the liberty-loving people of the north. O'Connell was the idol of Ireland, and his memory will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen. Seward is dreaded as much by the old hunkers of this country, as O'Connell was feared by the tyrant Tories of Great Britain. Seward split the whig party; so did O'Connell. Seward is a practical temperance man; O'Connell was a pledged tee-totaler. Seward would like to be president of the United States; O'Connell desired to be king of Ireland.

4. Seward is a great man among great men. He is not so volcanic as Benton—not so logical as Webster—not so eloquent as Clay—not so brittle as Foote—not so jovial as Hale; but he can write a better letter than any of them. A little from his pen will go a great distance, and keep a long time. His classic style, his earnest air, his truthful manner, his uncommon sense, his perfect self-control, his thorough knowledge of the leading questions of the day, compel the attention and admiration of the hearer. He is never timid, never tame, never squeamish, never vulgar, never insulting. He is independent without egotism, modest without subserviency, dignified without pomposity, and sociable without affectation.

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## LESSON XCIII.

## A SACRED MEMORY.

WM. LEGGETT.

1. IF yon bright stars which gem the night,  
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,  
Where kindred spirits reünite,  
Whom death has torn asunder here,  
How sweet it were at once to die,  
And leave this blighted orb afar—  
Mix soul with soul, to cleave the sky,  
And soar away from star to star.
  2. But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,  
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
If, wandering through each radiant one,  
We failed to find the loved of this !  
If there no more the ties should twine,  
Which death's cold hand alone can sever,  
Ah ! then these stars in mockery shine,  
More hateful as they shine forever.
  3. It cannot be !—each hope and fear  
That blights the eye or clouds the brow,  
Proclaims there is a happier sphere,  
Than this bleak world that holds us now !  
There is a voice which sorrow hears,  
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain ;  
'Tis Heaven that whispers, "dry thy tears,  
The pure in heart shall meet again."
-

## LESSON XCIV.

## EULOGY ON WEBSTER.

RUFUS CHOATE.

1. But it is time that the eulogy was spoken. My heart goes back into the coffin there with him, and I would pause. I went, it is a day or two since, alone, to see again the home which he so dearly loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him, all habited as when

“His look drew audience still as night,  
Or summer’s noontide air,”

till the heavens be no more.

2. Throughout that spacious and calm scene, all things to the eye showed at first unchanged. The books in the library, the portraits, the table at which he wrote, the scientific culture of the land, the course of agricultural occupation, the coming in of harvests, fruit of the seed his own hand had scattered, the animals and implements of husbandry, the trees planted by him in lines, in copses, in orchards, by thousands, the seat under the noble elm on which he used to sit to feel the southwest wind at evening, or hear the breathings of the sea, or the not less audible music of the starry heavens, all seemed at first unchanged.

3. The sun of a bright day, from which, however, something of the fervors of midsummer were wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterances of life, and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best, were still there. The great mind still seemed to preside; the great presence to be with you. You might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality. Yet a moment more, and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name, and sacred to his memory.



4. And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolateness, and loneliness, and darkness with which you see it now, will pass away; the sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed; men will repair thither, as they are wont to commemorate the great days of history; the same glance shall take in, and the same emotions shall greet and bless the harbor of the Pilgrims and the tomb of Webster.

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## LESSON XCV.

## REMEMBER ME.

MOORE.

1. Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh, still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh, then remember me.
2. Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,—  
All the joys that bless thee  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh, then remember me.
3. When at eve thou rovest,  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh, then remember me;  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning;  
Oh, thus remember me.

4. Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its lingering roses,  
Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them ;  
Oh, then remember me.
5. When around thee, dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh, then remember me ;  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh, still remember me.
6. Then, should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee ;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee—  
Oh, then remember me.
- 

## LESSON XCVI.

## CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

H. W. BEECHER.

1. Now, gentlemen, civil and religious liberty is a thing that governments may declare and recognize, but which governments never make, any more than governments make a man. God made a man, and he never made one without the hope of liberty in him ; and if there be a man on this earth that has not got that, then he aint made !

2. And because this is a part of God's "talents" let to us, and let on interest, and which we are bound, as receiving it from Him, to trade well upon, therefore it is that every government and every nation that has citizens who are worthy to be called men, and are worthy to call their mothers "Mother"—therefore it is that every such nation is perpetually tending toward liberty—no matter under what oppressions—as a seed put under a rock, or under a board, or in the dark shadow of a wall, yet, so it has vitality, will attempt to grow, will seek the water, send its root down to it, and then seek out where light and heat may be found. So, put a man under what superincumbent oppression you please, there always will be reaching out a root that will have liberty—there always will be reaching out a stem for the light of God's precious civil and religious liberty!

3. But, gentlemen, it is an easy thing for us to speak about civil and religious liberty. It is easy for us who have it, to praise it. Oh, methinks we praise it, as I can imagine an old curmudgeon, to whom Providence has given gold, and who will not give it to the Hungarians—as I would give it, if I had it. And the first time I ever envied such a man was lately.

4. But I can imagine him dressed in velvet, with plush on which to rest his foot, flushed with wine, and surrounded with luxurious appliances, and fat and glowing in his abundance, this old usurer take out his gold, and talk and talk over and over about the benefits of life, while the beggars are on the sidewalk by his door, and get neither a crumb from his table nor a morsel of charity. I ask, what is the use of money to such a creature as that, except to damn him? So it is with every man who is talking, talking continually about civil and religious liberty. Now, I want to know what they *do* with civil and religious liberty.

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## LESSON XCVII.

## CASSIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. WELL, honor is the subject of my story ;  
I cannot tell what you, and other men,  
Think of this life ; but for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you ;  
We have both fed as well ; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
For, once upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber, chafing with its shores,  
Cæsar says to me, " Darest thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me, into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point ? "
2. Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it ;  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,  
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."   
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,  
Did I the tired Cæsar ; and this man  
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

3. He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;  
His coward lips did from their color fly;  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
Did lose its luster; I did hear him groan,  
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
"Alas!" it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"  
As a sick girl.
4.                   Ye gods! it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper, should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.  
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
Like a Colossus, and we, petty men,  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
Men, at some time, are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
5. Brutus, and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar!  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together: yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them: it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them: it is as heavy; conjure with 'em  
Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as Cæsar.
6. Now, in the name of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he hath grown so great? Age, thou art shamed;  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,  
 That her wide walls encompassed but one man?  
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked  
 The infernal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
 As easily as a king.

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## LESSON XCVIII.

HORACE GREELEY.

BUNGAY.

1. NOTWITHSTANDING his wayward whims—his eccentric manners—his love of the intangible ideal—his faith in Fourierism—his responses to spirit-rappers—his man-worship when Henry Clay was the human god—he is still the model editor, and the leader of the “press gang;” and the columns of *The Tribune* afford a panoramic view of the American world as it is. Greeley is a pen pugilist, (but never a bully,) and woe betide the unlucky wight that begins the assault. Is he a clergyman? then duodecimos, octavos, and quartos of ecclesiastical history will be hurled at his head, and he cannot dodge them, though he makes a coward’s castle of the pulpit.

2. Is he a political man? then he must be right, or he will be flagellated, if he ventures to measure lances with one who is a walking register, and familiar with every important political event that has transpired for the last twenty years. He has more than a usual knowledge of the past. His writings embrace every variety of style—classic beauty, exquisite poetry, graphic description, vapid commonplace, the full sun-blaze of originality, the moon in the mist, and the *ignis fatuus* light of whimsical nonsense.

3. It is but just, however, to say, that he rarely troubles his



readers with verbiage or pedantry. He gives us his immediate impressions of things, and his style depends somewhat upon the state of his health, and the leisure at his disposal. He does not stop to tack on syllables to make a sentence even, nor measure periods so that they will be as mathematically correct as the vibrations of a pendulum; but he dashes on, heedless of consequences. His widely circulated journal contains good specimens of acute wit, critical reasoning, solid argument, brilliant invective, profound philosophy, beautiful poetry, and moving eloquence, mixed with the opposites of these.

4. Mr. Greeley is entirely free from heartless bigotry or hypocritical obstinacy. He is benevolent in his disposition, affable and sociable in his manners, often speaks in public, and, owing to his fame as a writer, attracts considerable attention; but he is pretty sure to disappoint his hearers, for he has not sufficient eloquence as an orator, to buoy up the reputation he has won as a writer. His manner is uncouth, his matter often dry, and his person by no means prepossessing.

5. Here permit me to say, that his careless, slipshod, slovenly way of dressing his person, has rendered him a man of mark and remark. His white hat and white coat have been immortalized, because they are ever worn and everlasting. If this whig prophet had more dignity and more dandyism, he would be less popular with the masses, but a great favorite with uppercrustdom.

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## LESSON XCIX.

### TELL ON THE ALPS.

KNOWLES.

1. ONCE more I breathe the mountain air; once more  
I tread my own free hills! My lofty soul  
Throws all its fetters off; in its proud flight,

'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing  
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon  
With eye undazzled. O! ye mighty race  
That stand like frowning giants, fixed to guard  
My own proud land; why did ye not hurl down  
The thundering avalanche, when at your feet  
The base usurper stood? A touch, a breath,  
Nay, even the breath of prayer, ere now, has brought  
Destruction on the hunter's head; and yet  
The tyrant passed in safety. God of heaven!  
Where slept thy thunderbolts?

2.

O, liberty!

Thou choicest gift of Heaven, and wanting which  
Life is as nothing; hast thou then forgot  
Thy native home? Must the feet of slaves  
Pollute this glorious scene? It cannot be.  
Even as the smile of Heaven can pierce the depths  
Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom  
In spots where man has never dared to tread;  
So thy sweet influence still is seen amid  
These beetling cliffs. Some hearts still beat for thee,  
And bow alive to Heaven; thy spirit lives,  
Aye, and shall live, when even the very name  
Of tyrant is forgot.

3.

Lo! while I gaze

Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,  
The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes  
A crown of glory on his hoary head;  
O! is not this a presage of the dawn  
Of freedom o'er the world? Hear me, then, bright  
And beaming Heaven! while kneeling thus, I vow  
To live for freedom, or with her to die!

4. Oh ! with what pride I used  
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,  
And bless him that it was so. It was free—  
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free—  
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,  
And plow our valleys, without asking leave ;  
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow,  
In very presence of the regal sun !  
How happy was I in it then ! I loved  
Its very storms ! Yes, I have sat and eyed  
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
And think I had no master save his own !
5. Ye know the jutting cliff, round which a track  
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow  
To such another one, with scanty room  
For two abreast to pass ? O'ertaken there  
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,  
And while gust followed gust more furiously,  
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,  
And I have thought of other lands, where storms  
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just  
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free,  
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,  
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,  
Blow on ! this is the land of liberty !
-

## LESSON C.

## FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE.

H. W. BEECHER.

1. WITH such solemn convictions, no law, impious, infidel to God and humanity, shall have respect or observance at our hands. We desire no collision with it. We shall not rashly dash upon it. We shall not attempt a rescue, nor interrupt the officers, if they do not interrupt us. We prefer to labor peaceably for its early repeal, meanwhile saving from its merciless jaws as many victims as we can. But in those provisions which respect aid to fugitives, may God do so to us, yea and more also, if we do not spurn it as we would any other mandate of Satan.

2. If, in God's providence, fugitives ask bread or shelter, raiment or conveyance, at our hands, my own children shall lack bread before they ; my own flesh shall sting with cold ere they shall lack raiment. I will both shelter them, conceal them, or speed their flight ; and while under my shelter or under my convoy, they shall be to me as my own flesh and blood ; and whatever defense I would put forth for my own children, that shall these poor, despised, and persecuted creatures have in my house or upon the road.

3. The man who shall betray a fellow creature to bondage, who shall obey this law to the peril of his soul, and to the loss of his manhood, were he brother, son, or father, shall never pollute my hand with the grasp of hideous friendship, or cast his swarthy shadow across my threshold ! For such service to those whose helplessness and poverty make them peculiarly God's children, I shall cheerfully take the pains and penalties of this bill. Bonds and fines shall be honors ; imprisonment and suffering will be passports to fame not long to linger.

## LESSON CL.

## THE GROVES GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

BRYANT.

1. THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather, and roll back  
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered, to the Mightiest, solemn thanks,  
And supplication. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influences,  
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath, that swayed, at once,  
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed  
His spirit, with the thought of boundless power,  
And inaccessible majesty.

2. Ah! why  
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore,  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs,  
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,  
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer *one* hymn; thrice happy, if it find  
Acceptance in his ear.

3. Father, thy hand  
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,

Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
 And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,  
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old, and died,  
 Among their branches ; till, at last, they stood,  
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark—  
 Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold  
 Communion with his Maker.

4. Here, are seen  
 No traces of man's pomp, or pride ; no silks  
 Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes  
 Encounter ; no fantastic carvings show  
 The boast of our vain race, to change the form  
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here ; thou fill'st  
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,  
 That run along the summits of these trees,  
 In music ; thou art in the cooler breath,  
 That, from the inmost darkness of the place,  
 Comes scarcely felt ; the barked trunks, the ground,  
 The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.

5. My heart is awed within me, when I think  
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
 In silence round me ; the perpetual work  
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed  
 Forever. Written on thy works, I read  
 The lesson of thy own eternity.  
 Lo ! all grow old, and die : but see again,  
 How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,  
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—  
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
 Wave not less proudly, that their ancestors  
 Moulder beneath them.

6. Oh ! there is not lost  
 One of earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,



After the flight of untold centuries,  
The freshness of her far beginning lies,  
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate  
Of his arch enemy, death; yea, seats himself  
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms, and smiles,  
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe,  
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth  
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

7. There have been holy men, who hid themselves  
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
Their lives to thought, and prayer, till they outlived  
The generation born with them, nor seemed  
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
Around them; and there have been holy men,  
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.  
But let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and, in thy presence, reässure  
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,  
And tremble, and are still.

8. O God! when thou  
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,  
With all the waters of the firmament,  
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,  
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,  
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself  
Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
Its cities; who forgets not, at the sight  
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,  
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by!  
Oh! from the sterner aspects of thy face  
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath

Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach  
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of thy works.  
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

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## LESSON CII.

## ARCHIMEDES.

## WINTHROP.

1. ARCHIMEDES was born in the year 287 before the christian era, in the island of Sicily, and city of Syracuse. Of his childhood and early education we know absolutely nothing, and nothing of his family, save that he is stated to have been one of the poor relations of King Hiero, who came to the throne when Archimedes was quite a young man, and of whose royal patronage he more than repaid whatever measure he may have enjoyed. There is no more characteristic anecdote of this great philosopher than that relating to his detection of a fraud in the composition of the royal crown. Nothing, certainly, could more vividly illustrate the ingenuity, the enthusiasm, and the complete concentration and abstraction of mind, with which he pursued whatever problem was proposed to him.

2. King Hiero, or his son Gelon, it seems, had given out a certain amount of gold to be made into a crown, and the workman to whom it had been intrusted had at last brought back a crown of corresponding weight. But a suspicion arose that it had been alloyed with silver, and Archimedes was applied to by the king, either to disprove or to verify the allegation. The great problem, of course, was to ascertain the precise bulk of the crown in its existing form; for, gold being so much heavier than silver, it is obvious that if the weight had been in any de-

gree made up by the substitution of silver, the bulk would be proportionately increased. Now, it happened that Archimedes went to take a bath while this problem was exercising his mind, and, on approaching the bath tub, he found it full to the very brim. It instantly occurred to him that a quantity of water of the same bulk with his own body must be displaced before his body could be immersed.

3. Accordingly, he plunged in; and while the process of displacement was going on, and the water was running out, the idea suggested itself to him, that by putting a lump of gold of the exact weight of the crown into a vessel full of water, and then measuring the water which was displaced by it, and by afterward putting the crown itself into the same vessel after it had again been filled, and then measuring the water which this, too, should have displaced, the difference in their respective bulks, however minute, would be at once detected, and the fraud exposed. "As soon as he had hit upon this method of detection," we are told, "he did not wait a moment, but jumped joyfully out of the bath, and, running naked toward his own house, called out with a loud voice, that he had found what he had sought. For, as he ran, he called out in Greek, "Eureka, Eureka!"

4. No wonder that this veteran geometer, rushing through the thronged and splendid streets of Syracuse, naked as a pair of his own compasses, and making the welkin ring with his triumphant shouts—no wonder that he should have rendered the phrase, if not the guise, in which he announced his success, familiar to all the world, and that "Eureka, Eureka," should thus have become the proverbial ejaculation of successful invention and discovery in all ages, and in all languages, from that day to this! The solution of this problem is supposed to have led the old philosopher not merely into this ecstatic exhibition of himself, but into that line of hydrostatical investigation and experiment which afterward secured him such lasting renown.

And thus the accidents of a defective crown and an overflowing bath-tub gave occasion to some of the most remarkable demonstrations of ancient science.

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## LESSON CIII.

## PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.

WILLIS.

"PARRHASIUS, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pain and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*.

1. THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,  
A gray-haired and majestic old man,  
Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,  
And the last seller from his place had gone,  
And not a sound was heard but of a dog  
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,  
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,  
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
2. 'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun  
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes  
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere  
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street,  
Through which the captive gazed.
3. The golden light into the painter's room  
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole  
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,  
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere,  
Like forms and landscapes, magical they lay.  
Parrhasius stood, gazing, forgetfully,

Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay  
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,  
The vulture at his vitals, and the links  
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;  
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,  
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth  
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form  
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye,  
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl  
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip  
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

4. "Bring me the captive now!  
My hands feel skillful, and the shadows lift  
From my waked spirit airily and swift,  
And I could paint the bow  
Upon the bended heavens; around me play  
Colors of such divinity to-day.
5. "Ha! bind him on his back!  
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here!  
Quick! or he faints! stand with the cordial near!  
Now—bend him to the rack!  
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!  
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!
6. "So, let him writhe! How long  
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!  
What a fine agony works upon his brow!  
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!  
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!  
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!
7. "Pity' thee! So I do!  
I pity the dumb victim at the altar,  
But does the rob'd priest for his pity falter?  
I'd rack thee though I knew

A thousand lives were perishing in thine—  
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine ?

8. "Yet there's a deathless name!

A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,  
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn ;  
And though its crown of flame  
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,  
By all the fiery stars, I'd bind it on !

9. "Ay, though it bid me rifle

My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—  
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first ;  
Though it should bid me stifle  
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,  
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

10. "All—I would do it all—

Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—  
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot !  
O heavens—but I appal  
Your heart, old man ! forgive——ha ! on your lives  
Let him not faint !—rack him till he revives !

11. "Vain—vain—give o'er. His eye

Glazes apace. He does not feel you now ;  
Stand back ! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow !  
God ! if he do not die  
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse  
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips !

12. "Shivering ! Hark ! he mutters

Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—  
Another ? Wilt thou never come, oh, death !  
Look ! how his temples flutter !  
Is his heart still ? Aha ! lift up his head !  
He shudders, gasps, Jove help him ! so, he's dead.



13. How like a mounting devil in the heart  
Rules the unreigned ambition ! Let it once  
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow  
Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought,  
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on  
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns  
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring  
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,  
We look upon our splendor and forget  
The thirst of which we perish !  
O, if earth be all, and heaven nothing,  
What thrice-mocked fools we are !
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### LESSON CIV.

#### CHARACTER OF PITT.

GRATTAN.

1. THE secretary stood alone ; modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original, and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty ; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sank him to the vulgar level of the great ; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party ; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous.

2. France sank beneath him. With one hand, he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded, with the other, the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite ; and his schemes were to affect, not England, and the present age only,

but Europe, and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

3. The ordinary feelings which render life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulty, no domestic weakness reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came, occasionally, into our system, to counsel and to decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, and so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age; and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman; and talked much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, refuted her.

4. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate; peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments, and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not, like Murray, conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he, like Townshend, forever on the rack of exertion; but, rather, lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

5. Upon the whole, there was something in this man that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority—something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world, which should resound throughout the universe.

## LESSON CV.

## THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. THE quality of mercy is not strained ;  
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;  
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown :  
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But mercy is above this sceptered sway ;  
 It is enthroned in the heart of kings ;  
 It is an attribute to God himself :  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
 That in the course of justice none of us  
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy.

## LESSON CVI.

## REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

GEATTAN.

1. HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done?  
 He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his  
 speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a  
 violation of the privileges of the house. But I did not call him

to order—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

2. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times, when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

3. The right honorable gentleman has called me “an unimpeached traitor.” I ask why not “traitor,” unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him, it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him a fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament, and freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the house, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

4. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the house of lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to

the committee, there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

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## LESSON CVII.

## THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

POPE.

1. FATHER of all, in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !
2. Thou great first cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confin'd,  
To know but this, that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind ;
3. Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill ;  
And binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.
4. What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me more than hell to shun,  
That more than heaven pursue.
5. What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away ;  
For God is paid when man receives ;  
To enjoy is to obey.

6. Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.
7. Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw ;  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge thy foe.
8. If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way !
9. Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.
10. Teach me to feel another's woe ;  
To hide the fault I see :  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.
11. Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;  
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.
12. This day, be bread and peace my lot :  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
And let thy will be done.
13. To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all beings raise—  
All nature's incense rise !



## LESSON CVIII.

## CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

PHILLIPS.

1. HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

2. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

3. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic: and with a paricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he im-

poverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

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## LESSON CIX.

GOD GIVETH TO ALL ARIGHT.

MRS. LLOYD.

1. YOUNG NORAH sat at her cottage door,  
On an afternoon in May,  
Her baby crept on the soft greensward,  
And her little boy was at play.
2. The sun had placed on the children's cheeks  
His good-night kiss, but still  
He touched with gold the tall tree-tops,  
And tinted the distant hill.
3. The golden faded—a purple tinge  
Stole over the western sky,  
The creeping baby was hushed to sleep  
By the soft winds' lullaby.
4. Still the mother, wrapt in gloomy thoughts,  
Unheeded the falling dew,  
When the father came through the little gate,  
And sat on the threshold, too.
5. The young wife over his weary form  
A troubled, quick glance sent,  
Then she laid her hand on her husband's arm,  
And murmured her discontent.

6. "I was thinking just now of your life of toil,  
And I thought of our neighbor's, too;  
The days that bring only ease to him,  
Bring hardship alone to you.
7. "And I thought, if we only live to work,  
If our children must labor, too,  
For their daily bread, it were well for all  
If this weary life were through."
8. "Why, Norah, your thoughts are strange and wild,  
And your heart is wrong to-night;  
There's a righteous Giver above," he said,  
"Who giveth to all aright.
9. "I have worked to-day in the rich man's field,  
I have eat in the rich man's hall;  
His lands are broad, and his gold is bright  
But my riches are worth them all.
10. "His lands are broad—they were freely given,  
If again on the pallid cheek  
Of his beautiful, cherished, invalid wife,  
The roses of health might speak.
11. "His gold is bright—it would be to him  
A source of the purest joy,  
Could it buy a single germ of thought  
For the mind of his idiot boy.
12. "Nay, Norah, the little sleeper there—  
The boy that has climbed my knee,  
Thy love, dear wife, and our perfect health,  
Are the richest of gifts to me.
13. "For our hopeful future, our present good,  
I've a thankful heart to-night,"  
And Norah said, as she kissed her babe,  
"God giveth to all aright."

## LESSON CX.

## THE MISERIES OF WAR.

CHALMERS.

1. OH, tell me, if there be any relentings of pity in your bosom, how could you endure it, to behold the agonies of the dying man, as goaded by pain, he grasps the cold ground in convulsive energy; or, faint with the loss of blood, his pulse ebbs low, and the gathering paleness spreads itself over his countenance; or, wrapping himself round in despair, he can only mark, by a few feeble quiverings, that life still lurks and lingers in his lacerated body, or, lifting up a faded eye, he casts on you a look of imploring helplessness for that succor which no sympathy can yield him?

2. It may be painful to dwell thus, in imagination, on the distressing picture of one individual; but, multiply it ten thousand times; say how much of all this distress has been heaped together on a single field; give us the arithmetic of this accumulated wretchedness, and lay it before us with all the accuracy of an official computation, and, strange to tell, not one sigh is lifted up among the crowd of eager listeners, as they stand on tiptoe, and catch every syllable of utterance which is read to them out of the registers of death.

3. Oh, say what mystic spell is that which so blinds us to the suffering of our brethren; which deafens to our ear the voice of bleeding humanity, when it is aggravated by the shriek of dying thousands; which makes the very magnitude of the slaughter throw a softening disguise over its cruelties and its horrors; which causes us to eye, with indifference, the field that is crowded with the most revolting abominations, and arrests that sigh which each individual would, singly, have drawn from us, by the report of the many that have fallen and breathed their last in agony along with him!

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## LESSON CXI.

## THE TRUE GREATNESS OF OUR COUNTRY.

SEWARD.

1. BEHOLD here, then, the philosophy of all our studies on this grateful theme. We see only the rising of the sun of empire—only the fair seeds and beginnings of a great nation. Whether that glowing orb shall attain to a meridian height, or fall suddenly from its glorious sphere—whether those prolific seeds shall mature into autumnal ripeness, or shall perish yielding no harvest—depends on God's will and providence. But God's will and providence operate not by casualty or caprice, but by fixed and revealed laws.

2. If we would secure the greatness set before us, we must find the way which those laws indicate, and keep within it. That way is new and all untried. We departed early—we departed at the beginning—from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution—a revolution which was to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government—from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion—from under subjection to matter to dominion over nature. It was ours to lead the way, to take up the cross of republicanism and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire.

3. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine and oppression

and the sword crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that we alone are free, and great, and happy. Ambition for martial fame and the lust of conquest have entered the warm, living, youthful heart of the republic. Our empire enlarges. The castles of enemies fall before our advancing armies; the gates of cities open to receive them. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than even fabulous wealth opens under our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered, such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified under circumstances so new and peculiar.

4. Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the desk? They only reflect the actual condition of the public morals, and cannot change them. Shall we resort to the executive authority? The time has passed when it could compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the senate? Conspiracies, seditions, and corruptions, in all free countries, have begun there. Where, then, shall we go, to find an agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go, but there, where all republican virtue begins and must end—where the Promethean fire is ever to be rekindled, until it shall finally expire—where motives are formed and passions disciplined? To the domestic fireside and humble school, where the American citizen is trained.

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## LESSON CXII.

### EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.

MACAULAY.

1. "EDUCATE the people," was the first admonition addressed by Penn to the commonwealth he founded—"educate the people" was the last legacy of Washington to the republic of the



United States—"educate the people" was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson. Yes, of Jefferson himself; and I quote his authority with peculiar favor; for of all the eminent public men that the world ever saw, he was the one whose greatest delight it was to pare down the functions of governments to the lowest possible point, and to leave the freest possible scope for the exercise of individual exertion.

2. Such was the disposition—such, indeed, might be said to be the mission of Jefferson; and yet the latter portion of his life was devoted with ceaseless energy to the effort to procure the blessing of a state education for Virginia. And against the concurrent testimony of all these great authorities, what have you, who take the opposite side, to show? Against this splendid array of authority, you can oppose but one great philosopher, but one great teacher of wisdom, but one man distinguished for his services in the cause of letters and of humanity. Have you, I ask, anything else to oppose to the concurrent testimony of the wise, and the good, and the great of every age and of every clime? Nothing, except a clamor got up so recently as in 1846; a clamor in which those who engage condemn not only the wisest and the best of those who have gone before them, but even their former selves.

3. This new theory of government may at least claim the merit of originality. It signifies this, as I read it, if it signifies anything—all men have hitherto misconceived the proper functions of government, which are simply those of the great hangman of the age; the business of government is to do nothing for the repression of crime except by harsh and degrading means. From all other means, which operate by exalting the intellectual character—by disciplining the passions—by purifying man's moral nature—government is to be peremptorily excluded. The only means it may employ are those of physical force—of the lash, the gibbet, and the musket, and of the terror which they evoke.

4. The statesman who wields the destiny of an empire is to look calmly on while the population of cities and towns is hourly increasing. He knows that on the moral and intellectual culture of the bulk of that population the prosperity of the country, nay, more, perhaps the very foundations of the state may depend; no matter, he is not to dream of operating on their moral and intellectual nature. He is not to advance their knowledge. He may build barracks as many as he pleases—he may parade bayonets and ordnance to overawe them if he dreads their appeal to violence; if they break out into insurrection, he may send troops and artillery to mow them down for violating duties he never taught them; but of educating them he must not dream.

5. The same holds good of the rural districts. He may see, and shudder as he sees, the rural population growing up with as little christianity, as little civilization, as little enlightenment as the inhabitants of New Guinea, so that there is at every period a risk of a *jacquerie*—no matter, he is not to interfere. He must wait till the incendiary fires are blazing—till repeated attempts are made on the machinery of the district—till riots occur, such as disgraced this country in 1830 and 1831; and then begins his business, which is simply to hang, imprison, or transport the offenders. He sees seminaries for crime arising on all hands around him—seminaries which are eagerly attended by the youth of the population; but he must not endeavor to allure them from those haunts.

6. He may have a thorough conviction on his own mind that if he were to offer the means of wholesome instruction to those youth, a very great number of them would be drawn away from vice, and induced to dedicate their lives to an honorable purpose; but he dare not make the experiment. He must look calmly on with folded arms, and suffer those to become the cancers of the state who might have been made its power and its strength. He must remain inactive till the harvest of

crime is ripe, and then he must set about discharging the duties of his mission, which is, to imprison one man, to hang another, and to send a third to the antipodes.

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## LESSON CXIII.

### THE SEA AND ITS DEAD.

CHAPIN.

1. "HITHERTO shalt thou come, but no further ; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." There is no one portion of outward nature which so fitly represents the whole, as that of which these words are spoken — the vast, deep sea. It is the symbol of all that is wild and all that is lovely in the material world. Mottled with every hue—the verdure of the woodland, and the azure of the sky ; the crimson and gold of sunset, the procession of the clouds, and the glories of the night ; it is the mirror of all natural beauty. And yet this placid loveliness is only the repose of majesty—the play of inevitable power—for all terrestrial energies are in the springs of the sea and in the rolling of its billows. And as to the mystery of nature—this infinite wonder in which we are embosomed—even the starry heavens are not so pressible an emblem as this world of living waters ; fathomless, without a track, out of which continents emerge, and in which they sink.

2. I say, then, that the ocean may be fitly taken as a representative of the physical world and the divine mandate. "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further ; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,"—may properly be considered as addressed to the entire array of material forces. And those forces, as represented by this great deep, are in the first place within the limits of natural law. A wide domain is assigned to the

ocean—it envelops more than half the globe. Our continents and islands, on the map of the world, look small in comparison with its sweep.

3. And I need not say how feeble man is, and all his skill, before its willful fury. Say what we will, with all our familiarity and all our hardihood, our nature intuitively shudders at the thought of the sea. We cannot travel over it with the same quiet enjoyments that we feel upon the land. This is our birth-place and our home. That is naturally hostile to us. We cannot till it and plant it, and make it wear our image as the earth does. It never softens with our civilization. It retains no impression of humanity; it is wild nature forever—savage even in its calmest moods. We travel upon it as through a barbarian dominion with a flag of truce. The old sailor, with all his recklessness, takes from his occupation a solemn vein, as though he felt always the presence of uncontrollable power, and sailed in sight of death.

4. And this train of thought especially occurs to us when we speak of “the dead that are in the sea”—the legions that it has summoned to a hasty end, and that have “sunk like lead in its mighty waters.” And, as it seems to us, what an untimeliness in their dissolution! What ghastliness and horror in their taking away! Sometimes with one burst of waves, mingling time and eternity; sometimes with protracted suffering, expanding minutes into years, and with thoughts of hearts that are yearning for them, and expectant forms on which they would have gladly died, but which they shall press no more. Dying far away, too, in awful loneliness, with the black tempest lashing around them, or with grim, inevitable ice-walls shutting them in; nay, even in calm waters, with possible rescue at hand, but with selfishness and cowardice leaving them to their fate! Dying with their faces turned toward home, and the very air of its shores in their nostrils!

5. The dead that are in the sea! Because of them there

arises an agony of bereavement, as for none else. We mourn for those by whose death-beds we stand, in silent anguish taking a farewell look. But this does not pierce our hearts like the fate of those concerning whom there is only the vague record, "Lost at sea!"—gone down in a nameless death, perished in forms we know not how! gone down into the cold waters without a winding-sheet and without a kiss; nay, sometimes engendering a night-mare hope, worse than death or despair, that they may be still alive, lingering upon some obscure shore, carried off in some far-bound ship, or detained by some savage tribe, but yet to come back, even though many years have rolled away, and change our long sorrow into laughter.

6. The dead that are in the sea! The manly forms, the beautiful faces, the dear looks, the hands that still grasp their trust, the babes that still nestle in their mothers' bosoms, for which it has so often opened and closed the doors of its mighty sepulchre. We bide the chances where they lie with poetry, we surround them with the gorgeousness and "sinless trance" of the deep; or we adopt a higher strain, and say that, "in the metaphysics of the belief," it makes no difference where or what the grave is; but we cannot think peacefully of them, as we do of those who pass from us by disease or decay, and who sleep on the breast of their mother earth.

7. So we do not wonder, my friends, that there are thousands to whom the sea is only a terrible power, in whose ears it is chanting a perpetual requiem, and who think it a fitting symbol of those material forces which are so relentless and so cruel, and before which man is so impotent.

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## LESSON CXIV.

## THE PRICE OF ELOQUENCE.

C. COLTON.

1. MORE than twenty centuries ago, the orphan son of an Athenian sword-cutler, neglected by his guardians, and regarded as a youth of feeble promise, became, at the age of sixteen, enamored of eloquence. He resolved, with a strength of will and an ardor of enthusiasm to which nothing is insuperable, to be himself eloquent. This youth becomes successively the docile pupil of Callistratus, Isæus, Isocrates, and Plato. But his studies, though embracing a liberal and wide range of letters, philosophy, and science, are not confined to the academy or the public grove. We him daily ascending the Acropolis, and panting for breath as he gains the summit. Again he is seen laboriously climbing Olympus, the Hymettus, and every eminence where genius or the muses have breathed their inspiration.

2. His object, which he pursues with an ardor that never flags, and a diligence that never tires, is twofold, viz: to drink in the free and fresh inspirations of nature and art, and, by unremitting daily exercise, to give expansion to his chest, and strength and freedom of play to his lungs.

3. We see him again, when the tempest comes on, hurrying to the least frequented parts of the Piræus or Phalerus, and while the deafening thunders roar around him, and the deep and stirring eloquence of many waters expands and fills his soul, lifting his feeble and stammering voice, and essaying to give it compass, and flexibility, and power, while he "talks with the thunder as friend to friend, and weaves his garland of the lightning's wing."

4. We see this ardent Athenian youth again, amidst the profoundest solitudes of nature, holding communion with high and ennobling thoughts stirred within his bosom by the spirit of



the great and godlike, the sublime and beautiful, from every object of nature and of plastic art around him.

5. At length, day after day and night after night, for months, he is seen entering a solitary cave. How is he busied in that subterranean chamber? With his head half shaven, that he may not be tempted to appear too early in society or in public, we find him poring over the tomes of rhetoricians, historians, philosophers, and poets; with his pen, also, eight times transcribing Thucydides, that he may make his own, some portion of the terseness, energy, and fire of that historian.

6. After all this educational training of the greatest and best masters, living and dead—after all this self-imposed discipline of intellect and spirit, and when he has reached the age of ripe manhood, we go to witness his first effort in forensic eloquence.

7. The hisses of his fastidious auditory stifle and repress for a time the kindling energy and fervor of his soul, and his still embarrassed and stammering enunciation seems to jeopardize the cause he is pleading. At length he rises in a conscious mastery of his subject and of himself, and with the self-sustained dignity of the true orator, conciliates, convinces, moves, persuades, by the clearness, fitness, and force of his arguments, and the thrilling pathos and pungency of his appeals.

8. This is eloquence—the eloquence of the Athenian Demosthenes—the triumph of educational skill and self-discipline, united, indeed, with great powers, and with a lofty and indomitable force of will.

9. The meed which the concurrent suffrages of more than two thousand years, in every civilized nation of the globe, have awarded to this great orator, we readily concede to him. But in our admiration of the power of his eloquence, we are too willing to forget the laborious and pains-taking efforts of study and discipline by which he attained his unrivaled eminence in oratorical power.

## LESSON CXV.

## NEW ENGLAND AND THE UNION.

## PREFACE.

1. GLORIOUS New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the revolution; and far away in the horizon of thy past, gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our Pilgrim sires! But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birthplace, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

2. The sons of New England are found in every state of the broad republic! In the east, the south, and the unbounded west, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

3. We cannot do with less than the whole Union! to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows northern and southern blood: how shall it be separated? who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts

of our nature? We love the land of our adoption; so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

4. Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

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## LESSON CXVI.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S STYLE.

WHIPPLE.

1. EVERY great writer has a style of his own, constructed according to the character of his mind and disposition. The style of Mr. Webster has great merit, not only for its vigor, clearness, and compression, but for the broad impress which it bears of the writer's nature. It owes nothing to the usual tricks of rhetoric, but seems the unforced utterance of his intellect, and is eminently Websterian. There is a granite-like strength in its construction. It varies, from the simple force and directness of logical statement, to a fierce, trampling energy of manner, with each variation of his mind from calmness to excitement.

2. He appears moderately gifted with fluency. Were it not for the precision and grasp of his mind, he would probably be a hesitating extemporaneous speaker. But with a limited command of language, he has a large command of expression. He has none of the faults which spring from verbal fluency, and is never misled by his vocabulary. Words, in his mind, are not masters, but instruments. They seem selected, or rather clutched, by the faculty or feeling they serve. They never overload his meaning. Perhaps extreme readiness in the use

of language is prejudicial to depth and intensity of thinking. The ease with which a half-formed idea, swimming on the mind's surface, is clothed in equivocal words, and illustrated with vague images, is the "fatal facility" which produces mediocrity of thought.

3. In Mr. Webster's style, we always perceive that a presiding power of intellect regulates his use of terms. The amplitude of his comprehension is the source of his felicity of expression. He bends language into the shape of his thought; he never accomodates his thought to his language. The grave, high, earnest nature of the man looks out upon us from his well-knit, massive, compact sentences. We feel that we are reading the works of one whose greatness of mind and strength of passion no conventionalism could distort, and no exterior process of culture could polish into feebleness and affectation; of one who has lived a life, as well as passed through a college—who has looked at nature and man as they are in themselves, not as they appear in books. We can trace back expressions to influences coming from the woods and fields—from the fire-side of the farmer—from the intercourse of social life.

4. The secret of his style is not to be found in Kames or Blair, but in his own mental and moral constitution. There is a tough, sinewy strength in his diction, which gives it almost muscular power in forcing its way to the heart and understanding. Occasionally, his words are of that kind which are called "half-battles, stronger than most men's deeds." In the course of an abstract discussion, or a clear statement of facts, he will throw in a sentence which almost makes us spring to our feet. When vehemently roused, either from the excitement of opposition, or in unfolding a great principle which fills and expands his soul, or in paying homage to some noble exemplar of virtue and genius, his style has a Miltonic grandeur and roll, which can hardly be surpassed for majestic eloquence.

5. In that exulting rush of the mind, when every faculty is

permeated by feeling, and works with all the force of passion, his style has a corresponding swiftness and energy, and seems endowed with power to sweep all obstacles from its path. In those inimitable touches of wit and sarcasm, also, where so much depends on the selection and collocation of apt and expressive language, and where the object is to pelt and tease rather than to crush, his diction glides easily into colloquial forms, and sparkes with animation and point.

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## LESSON CXVII.

### FARMERS.

#### SEWARD.

1. FARMERS planted these colonies—all of them—and organized their governments. They were farmers who defied the British soldiery on Bunker Hill, and drove them back from Lexington. They were farmers—aye, Vermont farmers, who captured the fortress at Ticonderoga, and accepted its capitulation in the name of the “Great Jehovah and the continental congress,” and thus gave over the first fortified post to the cause of the revolution. They were farmers who checked British power at Saratoga, and broke it in pieces like a potter’s vessel at Yorktown.

2. They were farmers who reorganized the several states and the federal government, and established them all on the principles of equality and affiliation. In every state, and in the whole Union, they constitute the broad electoral faculty, and by their preponderating suffrages the vast and complex machine is perpetually sustained and kept in regular motion and operation. That it is in the main well administered, we all know by experienced security and happiness; that it might be better administered, our perpetual and intense passion for



change fully proves; that it is administered no better, results from what? From the fact that the electoral body, the farmers, intelligent and patriotic as they are, may nevertheless become more intelligent and more patriotic than they now are. The more intelligent and patriotic they become, the more effective will be their control, and the wiser their direction of the government. Is there not room? Nay, is there not need for more activity, energy, and efficiency, on their part, for their own security and welfare?

3. In the federal government commerce has its minister and department, the law its organ and representative, and the arts their commissioner and bureau. But the vast interest of agriculture has only a single desk and a subordinate clerk in the basement of the patent-office. It is scarcely better in the states. An empty charter of incorporation, with a scanty endowment, constitutes substantially all that has been anywhere done for agriculture. Gentlemen, I like not that it should be so.

4. Our nation is rolling forward in a high career, exposed to shocks and dangers. It needs the utmost wisdom and virtue to guide it safely; it needs the steady and enlightened direction which, of all others, the farmers of the United States can best exercise, because, being freeholders invested with equal power of suffrage, they are at once the most liberal and the most conservative element in the country.

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## LESSON CXVIII.

### THE MAYFLOWER.

EVERETT.

1. METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I



behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves.

2. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggering vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth—weak and weary from the voyage—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore—without shelter—without means—surrounded by hostile tribes.

3. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast?

4. Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease, was it the toil

ahawk, was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea ; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate ?

5. And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope ? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious ?

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## LESSON CXIX.

### A CALL TO LIBERTY.

WARREN.

1. NONE but they who set a just value upon the blessings of liberty, are worthy to enjoy her. Your illustrious fathers were her zealous votaries — when the blasting frowns of tyranny drove her from public view, they clasped her in their arms ; they cherished her in their generous bosoms ; they brought her safe over the rough ocean, and fixed her seat in this then dreary wilderness ; they nursed her infant age with the most tender care ; for her sake, they patiently bore the severest hardships ; for her support, they underwent the most rugged toils ; in her defense, they boldly encountered the most alarming dangers.

2. Neither the ravenous beasts that ranged the woods for prey, nor the more furious savages of the wilderness, could damp their ardor ! Whilst with one hand they broke the stubborn glebe, with the other they grasped their weapons, ever ready to protect her from danger. No sacrifice, not even their

own blood, was esteemed too rich a libation for her altar ! God prospered their valor ; they preserved her brilliancy unsullied ; they enjoyed her whilst they lived, and dying, bequeathed the dear inheritance to your care. And as they left you this glorious legacy, they have undoubtedly transmitted to you some portion of their noble spirit, to inspire you with virtue to merit her, and courage to preserve her. You surely cannot, with such examples before your eyes as every page of the history of this country affords, suffer your liberties to be ravished from you by lawless force, or cajoled away by flattery and fraud.

3. The voice of your fathers' blood calls to you from the ground, My sons, scorn to be slaves ! In vain we met the frowns of tyrants—in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of liberty—in vain we toiled—in vain we fought—we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders ! Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors, but, like them, resolve never to part with your birthright ; be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions, for the preservation of your liberties.

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## LESSON CXX.

### APPEAL IN BEHALF OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

#### STORY.

1. I CALL upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be ; resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

2. I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in

woman, the love of your offspring ; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

3. I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are ; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of your country.

4. I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

5. No, I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he, who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country.

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## LESSON CXXI.

### EULOGY ON JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

SEWARD.

1. I WILL not suffer myself to speak all I feel on this sad occasion. While the American people have lost a father and a guide—while humanity has lost her most eloquent, persevering,



and indomitable advocate—I have lost a patron, a guide, a counselor, and a friend—one whom I loved scarcely less than the dearest relations, and venerated above all that was mortal among men.

2. I speak in behalf of my associates. Great as he was, illustrious as his achievements were, he was one of us. He was a civilian, a lawyer, a jurist. His great mind was imbued with the science of our noble profession, and enriched with all congenial learning; and to these he added the ornaments of rhetoric and eloquence. Trained in constitutional law, in the school of its founders, Washington called him in precocious youth to the kindred field of diplomacy. That mission discharged, he returned to his profession, and devoted himself to it with assiduity until the people called him from the duty of expounding laws to the higher department of making laws.

3. Rising through various and very responsible departments of public service, he became chief-magistrate of the republic. There he impressed on its history an enduring illustration of a wise, peaceful, and enlightened administration, devoted to the cultivation of peace, to its arts and its interests, and to extending the sway of republican institutions over the continent, and yet in all things subordinate to the law and regulated by the law.

4. When he had thus filled the measure of the world's expectation and of his own generous ambition, he resumed his place in the national legislature, and devoted what remained of life to a long, arduous, and finally successful vindication of the constitutional liberty of speech, and of the universal, inalienable right of petition. Nor can we forget that, while thus engaged, he set a noble example for us, by returning again to the field of his early labors, the unpaid, unrivaled advocate of the Amistad captives.

5. Those unhappy fugitives, rescued by him from the oppression of two great nations, were restored to Africa, the first

of the many millions of her people of whom she had been despoiled by the avarice of our superior race. Whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning the principles and policy of the deceased, all men will now agree that he won among American statesmen, and eminently more than any other, the fame accorded to the most illustrious chevalier of France—the fame of a statesman *sans peur et sans reproche*.

6. It is fit that the death of such a citizen should be marked with all the testimonials of public grief, in order that his life may have its just influence on mankind. It is fit that it should be honored in this tribunal, the fame of which is not unknown throughout the world, and the records of which will remain forever. In behalf of the members of the bar, therefore, I move that such an expression be entered on the record, and that the court do then adjourn.

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## LESSON CXXII.

### FRENCH AGGRESSIONS.

#### PAINÉ.

1. THE solemn oath of America has ascended to heaven. She has sworn to preserve her independence, her religion, and her laws, or nobly perish in their defense, and be buried in the wrecks of her empire. To the fate of our government is united the fate of our country. The convulsions that destroy the one, must desolate the other. Their destinies are interwoven, and they must triumph or fall together.

2. Where, then, is the man, so hardened in political iniquity, as to advocate the victories of French arms, which would render his countrymen slaves, or to promote the diffusion of French principles, which would render them savages? Can it be doubted, that the pike of a French soldier is less cruel and



ferocious than the fraternity of a French philosopher? Where is the youth in this assembly, who could, without agonized emotions, behold the Gallic invader hurling the brand of devastation into the dwelling of his father; or with sacrilegious cupidity plundering the communion table of his God?

3. Who could witness, without indignant desperation, the mother who bore him, inhumanly murdered in the defense of her infants? Who could hear, without frantic horror, the shrieks of a sister, flying from pollution, and leaping from the blazing roof, to impale herself on the point of a halberd? "If any, speak, for him I have offended!" No, my fellow-citizens, these scenes are never to be witnessed by American eyes. The souls of your ancestors still live in the bosom of their descendants; and rather than submit this fair land of their inheritance to ravage and dishonor, from hoary age to helpless infancy, they will form one united bulwark, and oppose their breasts to the assailing foe.

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## LESSON CXXIII.

### REPLY TO WALPOLE.

#### PITT.

1. SIR, the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth; and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

2. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely, age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice ap-

pears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

3. But youth, sir, is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture; or, dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

4. In the first sense the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language: and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition, yet to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien, however matured by age, or modeled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

5. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them was the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my

country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice—whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

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## LESSON CXXIV.

### THE IDIOT'S TRIAL.

SEWARD.

1. THERE is proof, gentlemen, stronger than all this. It is silent, yet speaking. It is that idiotic smile which plays continually on the face of the maniac. It took its seat there while he was in the state prison. In his solitary cell, under the pressure of his severe tasks and trials in the work-shop, and during the solemnities of public worship in the chapel, it appealed, although in vain, to his task-masters and his teachers. It is a smile, never rising into laughter, without motive or cause—the smile of vacuity. His mother saw it when he came out of prison, and it broke her heart. John De Puy saw it and knew his brother was demented. Deborah De Puy observed it and knew him for a fool. David Winner read in it the ruin of his friend, Sally's son. It has never forsaken him in his later trials. He laughed in the face of Parker, while on confession at Baldwinsville. He laughed involuntarily in the faces of Warden, and Curtis, and Worden, and Austin, and Bigelow, and Smith, and Brigham, and Spencer.

2. He laughs perpetually here. Even when Van Arsdale showed the scarred traces of the assassin's knife, and when Helen Holmes related the dreadful story of the murder of her patrons and friends, he laughed. He laughs while I am plead-

ing his griefs. He laughs when the attorney-general's bolts would seem to rive his heart. He will laugh when you declare him guilty. When the judge shall proceed to the last fatal ceremony, and demand what he has to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon him, although there should not be an unmoistened eye in this vast assembly, and the stern voice addressing him should tremble with emotion, he will even then look up in the face of the court and laugh, from the irresistible emotions of a shattered mind, delighted and lost in the confused memory of absurd and ridiculous associations.

3. Follow him to the scaffold. The executioner cannot disturb the calmness of the idiot. He will laugh in the agony of death. Do you not know the significance of this strange and unnatural risibility? It is a proof that God does not forsake even the poor wretch whom we pity or despise. There are, in every human memory, a well of joys and a fountain of sorrows. Disease opens wide the one, and seals up the other forever.

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## LESSON CXXV.

### WRONGS OF THE INDIANS.

#### STORY.

1. If the Indians had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families?

They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, nor famine, or war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores—a plague which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.

2. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, “few and faint, yet fearless still.” The ashes are cold on their native hearths, The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not.

3. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission; but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is the general burial-ground of their race.

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## LESSON CXXVI.

## THE TOMAHAWK SUBMISSIVE TO ELOQUENCE.

NEAL.

1. TWENTY tomahawks were raised; twenty arrows drawn to their head. Yet stood Harold, stern and collected—at bay—parleying only with his sword. He waved his arm! Smitten with a sense of their cowardice, perhaps, or by his great dignity, more awful for his very youth, their weapons dropped, and their countenances were uplifted upon him, less in hatred than in wonder.

2. The old men gathered about him—he leaned upon his sabre. Their eyes shone with admiration; such heroic deportment, in one so young—a boy! so intrepid! so prompt! so graceful! so eloquent, too!—for, knowing the effect of eloquence, and feeling the loftiness of his own nature, the innocence of his own heart, the character of the Indians for hospitality, and their veneration for his blood, Harold dealt out the thunder of his strength to these rude barbarians of the wilderness, till they, young and old, gathering nearer and nearer in their devotion, threw down their weapons at his feet, and formed a rampart of locked arms and hearts about him, through which his eloquence thrilled and lightened like electricity. The old greeted him with a lofty step, as the patriarch welcomes his boy from the triumph of far-off battle; and the young clung to him and clung to him, and shouted in their self-abandonment, like brothers round a conquering brother.

3. “Warriors!” he said, “Brethren!”—(their tomahawks were brandished simultaneously, at the sound of his terrible voice, as if preparing for the onset.) His tones grew deeper, and less threatening. “Brothers, let us talk together of Logan! Ye who have known him, ye aged men! bear ye testimony to the deeds of his strength. Who was like him? Who could



resist him? Who may abide the hurricane in its volley? Who may withstand the winds that uproot the great trees of the mountain? Let him be the foe of Logan? Thrice in one day hath he given battle. Thrice in one day hath he come back victorious. Who may bear up against the strong man? the man of war? Let them that are young hear me. Let them follow the course of Logan. He goes in clouds and whirlwinds—in the fire and in the smoke. Let them follow him. Warriors! Logan was the father of Harold!”

4. They fell back in astonishment, but they believed him; for Harold’s word was unquestioned, undoubted evidence, to them that knew him.

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## LESSON CXXVII.

### THE MURDERER’S SECRET.

WEBSTER.

1. THE deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers held him in their soft, but strong embrace. The assassin enters through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon—he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

2. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of

light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death? It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poignard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and is safe!

3. Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything, as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man.

4. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery: especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest

circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret.

5. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself: it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth.

6. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him. And like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

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## LESSON CXXVIII.

### CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

PHILLIPS.

1. SUCH, sir, is the natural progress of human operations, and such the unsubstantial mockery of human pride. But I should, perhaps apologize for this digression. The tombs are at best a sad, although an instructive subject. At all events, they are ill

suited to such an hour as this. I shall endeavor to atone for it by turning to a theme which tombs cannot inurn, or revolution alter.

2. It is the custom of your board, and a noble one it is, to deck the cup of the gay with the garland of the great; and, surely, even in the eyes of its deity, his grape is not the less lovely when glowing beneath the foliage of the palm tree and the myrtle. Allow me to add one flower to the chaplet, which, though it sprung in America, is no exotic. Virtue planted it, and it is naturalized everywhere. I see you anticipate me—I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birth-place of such a man as Washington.

3. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us!

4. In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification—Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

5. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the

wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

6. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created!

“How shall we rank thee upon glory’s page,  
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage;  
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,  
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!”

7. Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! the lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

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## LESSON CXXIX.

### THE WRECK OF THE ARCTIC.

H. W. BEECHER.

1. It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer’s mountains, from the capitals of various nations; all of them saying



in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October, we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

2. And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

3. The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

4. And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur—home is not far away. And every morning it was still one night nearer home, and at evening one day nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it, and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and



passengers. At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

5. At a league's distance, unconscious, and at nearer approach unwarned ; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen, unfelt, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened *Vesta* dealt her deadly stroke to the *Arctic*. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave *Luce* (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect,) ordered away his boat with the first officer to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As *Gourley* went over the ship's side, O that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of *Paul* on a like occasion, "except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

6. They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters gaining upon the hold and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. O, had now that stern, brave mate, *Gourley*, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will—we may believe that we should not have to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of SINKING!

6. Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to

the green-fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

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## LESSON CXXX.

## THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

PHILLIPS.

1. THERE is, however, one subject connected with this trial, public in its nature, and universal in its interest, which imperiously calls for an exemplary verdict; I mean the liberty of the press—a theme which I approach with mingled sensations of awe, and agony, and admiration. Considering all that we too fatally have seen—all that, perhaps, too fearfully we may have cause to apprehend, I feel myself cling to that residuary safeguard, with an affection no temptation can seduce, with a suspicion no anodyne can lull, with a fortitude that peril but infuriates.

2. In the direful retrospect of experimental despotism, and the hideous prospect of its possible reänimation, I clasp it with the desperation of a widowed female, who, in the desolation of her house, and the destruction of her household, hurries the last of her offspring through the flames, at once the relic of her joy, the depository of her wealth, and the remembrancer of her happiness. It is the duty of us all to guard strictly this inestimable privilege—a privilege which can never be destroyed, save by the licentiousness of those who willfully abuse it.

3. No, it is not in the arrogance of power—no, it is not in

the artifices of law—no, it is not in the fatuity of princes—no, it is not in the venality of parliaments—to crush this mighty, this majestic privilege! Reviled, it will remonstrate; murdered, it will revive; buried, it will reascend. The very attempt at its oppression, will prove the truth of its immortality; and the atom that presumed to spurn, will fade away before the trumpet of its retribution. Man holds it on the same principle that he does his soul: the powers of this world cannot prevail against it, it can only perish through its own depravity.

4. What, then shall be his fate, through whose instrumentality it shall be sacrificed? Nay, more, what shall be his fate, who, intrusted with the guardianship of its security, becomes the traitorous accessory to its ruin? Nay, more, what shall be his fate by whom its powers, delegated for the public good, are converted into the calamities of private virtue; against whom, industry denounced, merit undermined, morals calumniated, piety aspersed, all through the means confided for their protection, cry aloud for vengeance? What shall be his fate? Oh, I would hold such a monster, so protected, so sanctified, and so sinning, as I would some demon, who, going forth, consecrated in the name of Deity, the book of life on his lips, and the dagger of death beneath his robe, awaits the sigh of piety as the signal of plunder, and unveils the heart's blood of confiding adoration.

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## LESSON CXXXI.

### THE PUBLIC INFORMER.

CURRAN.

1. BUT the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that

you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false?

2. I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often tranferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation to give evidence against their fellows; that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

3. Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the

grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent. There was an antidote—a juror's oath: but even that adamant chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

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## LESSON CXXXII.

### IRISH EMANCIPATION.

CURRAN.

1. THIS paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as a part of the libel. If they had waited another year, if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems was a libel to propose; in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? has the bigoted malignity of any individual been crushed? or has the stability of the government, or that of the country, been weakened? or is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they receive should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance?



2. If you think so, you must say to them, "You have demanded emancipation and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success, and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquility, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane at this moment to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate?

3. I put it to your oaths; do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure? to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving "universal emancipation!"

4. I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion is compatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what so



lemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation.

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### LESSON CXXXIII.

#### CHURCH AND STATE.

PHILLIPS.

1. THE theology of the question is not for me to argue, it cannot be in better hands than in those of your bishops; and I can have no doubt that when they bring their rank, their learning, their talents, their piety, and their patriotism to this sublime deliberation, they will consult the dignity of that venerable fabric which has stood for ages, splendid and immutable; which time could not crumble, nor persecution shake, nor revolution change; which has stood amongst us, like some stupendous and majestic Apennine, the earth rocking at its feet, and the heavens roaring round its head, firmly balanced on the base of its eternity; the relic of what was; the solemn and sublime memento of what must be.

2. Is this my opinion as a professed member of the church of England? Undoubtedly it is. As an Irishman, I feel my liberties interwoven, and the best affections of my heart as it were enfibred with those of my Catholic countrymen; and as a Protestant, convinced of the purity of my own faith, would I not debase it by postponing the powers of reason to the suspicious instrumentality of this world's conversion? No; surrendering as I do, with a proud contempt, all the degrading

advantages with which an ecclesiastical usurpation would invest me; so I will not interfere with a blasphemous intrusion between any man and his Maker.

3. I hold it a criminal and accursed sacrilege, to rob even a beggar of a single motive for his devotion; and I hold it an equal insult to my own faith, to offer me any boon for its profession. This pretended emancipation bill passing into a law, would, in my mind, strike not a blow at this sect or that sect, but at the very vitality of christianity itself. I am thoroughly convinced that the antichristian connection between church and state, which it was suited to increase, has done more mischief to the gospel interest, than all the ravings of infidelity since the crucifixion.

4. The sublime Creator of our blessed creed never meant it to be the channel of a courtly influence, or the source of a corrupt ascendancy. He sent it amongst us to heal, not to irritate; to associate, not to seclude; to collect together, like the baptismal dove, every creed and clime and color in the universe, beneath the spotless wing of its protection. The union of church and state only converts good christians into bad statesmen, and political knaves into pretended christians. It is at best but a foul and adulterous connection, polluting the purity of heaven with the abomination of earth, and hanging the tatters of a political piety upon the cross of an insulted Savior.

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## LESSON CXXXIV.

### TEMPTATIONS OF LARGE CITIES.

DEWEY.

1. How many youth are there, alas! and must we say of both sexes? who came from their native hills, pure as the streams that gush forth at their side, and have found in our

city, allurements, enticement, pollution, poverty, disease, and premature death. Look at that young man, if, indeed, vice and misery have left him yet young; look at him as he stands in the early morning, perhaps, at the entrance of some porter-house or grog-shop, pale, irresolute, destitute, friendless, not knowing where to go or what to do; fix your eye, ay, and a compassionate eye, upon him for one moment, and I will tell you his history.

2. A few years only have passed over him, since he was the cherished member of a happy country home. It was at that period that his own inclination, or family straits, led him to seek his fortune abroad in the world. What a moment is that, when the first great tie of nature is broken—the tie of home. The long pent-up and quiet tenderness of family affection swells in the eye of the mother, and trembles at her heart, as she busies herself with the little preparations necessary for the departure of her son; her charge till now, from infancy.

3. At length the day comes for him to bid adieu to the scenes of his early life. Amidst the blessings and prayers of kindred, with many precious words spoken to him, he turns away, himself moved to tears, perhaps, as he catches the last glance of the holy roof of his childhood. He comes to the great city, and for a time, probably, all is well with him. Home is dear to his heart, and the words of parental caution and of sisterly love are still in his ears; and the new scenes seem strange and almost sad to him. But, left alone in the city throng, he must seek companions.

4. And here, alas! is his first great peril. Could he have been acquainted with but two or three virtuous and agreeable families with whom to pass his leisure hours, all might still have been well. But left to chance for his associates, chance is but too likely to provide him with associates that will tempt him to go astray. Their apparently honest wonder at his country simplicity, their ridicule of his fears, their jeers at his

doubts and scruples, ere long wear off the first freshness of virtue.

5. He consents, for experiment's sake, it may be, to take one step with his evil advisers. That step sets the seal of doom upon his whole after career. Now, and from henceforth, every step is downward—downward—downward—till, on earth, there is no lower point to reach. And what though for a while he maintain some outward decency! What though he dress well and live luxuriously, and amass wealth to pamper his vices! It is but a cloth of gold spread over the fatal gangrene, that is eating into his vitals, and his very heart!

6. But, often, instead of that cloth of gold, are the rags of beggary, or the garb of the convict. Vice is expensive and wasteful. It wants means at the same time that it is losing credit. It must, without a rare fortune, descend to beggary or crime. How often does it find both mingled in its bitter cup! How many are there in this city who have descended from the high places of honor and hope, to a degradation of which once they never dreamed as possible!

7. Alas! how sad is the contrast between what that man is, and what he once was! But a little time ago, and he knew gentle nurture, and the music of kind words, and the holy serenity of nature, and quiet rural labor; the peace and plenty of a country home were around him; and a mother's gentle tone, and a sister's kind voice, were in his ears; and words of sweet and solemn prayer rose each morning and evening, perhaps, beneath the venerable roof where he dwelt; and now—in the prison or the poor-house, or in some dwelling more desolate, pent up with stifling filth and squalid wretchedness, amidst oaths, and blows, and blasphemies, he is pursuing his dark and desperate way to a grave, that already yawns to receive him!

8. And when he is buried—"his pale form shall not be laid with many tears" beneath the green fresh sod of his native

fields; but he hurried and huddled into some charnel-house, unwept, unhonored, unblessed, even there, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

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## LESSON CXXXV.

## THE SWORD AND THE PRESS.

CARLYLE.

1. WHEN Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in his steel, with his battle-ax on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and carnage, the pale looker-on might have fancied that Nature was in her death-throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in a sea of blood.

2. Yet it might be on that very gala-day of Tamerlane that a little boy was playing nine-pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important than that of twenty Tamerlanes. The Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, "passed away like a whirlwind," to be forgotten forever; and that German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself, through all countries and all times.

3. What are the conquests and the expeditions of the whole corporation of captains, from Walter the Penniless, to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with those movable types of Faust? Truly it is a mortifying thing for your conqueror to reflect how perishable is the metal with which he hammers with such violence; how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody foot-prints; and all that he achieved and skillfully piled together, will be but like his own canvas city of a camp—this evening



loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished,—“a few pits and heaps of straw.”

4. For here, as always, it continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest ; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind, that not by material but by moral power are men and their actions to be governed. How noiseless is thought ! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, no tumult of innumerable baggage-wagons attend its movements.

5. In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority ! for kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants ; it will rule not over, but in, all heads ; and with these solitary combinations of ideas, and with magic formulas, bend the world to its will. The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanic's Institute.

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## LESSON CXXXVI.

WORTH MAKES THE MAN.

PENN.

1. THAT people are generally proud of their persons, is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretense either to blood or beauty ; the one has raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often, for their sakes, and at their excitements. But to the first : what a pother has this noble blood made in the world, antiquity of name or family, whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother, was best descended or allied ?



what stock or what clan they come of? what coat of arms they gave? which had, of right, precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

2. For, first, what matter is it of whom any one is descended, that is not of ill fame, since 'tis his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather: to be sure, not in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favors the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honor to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth; but that was never found, no, not in the most blessed of families upon the earth—I mean Abraham's.

3. To be descended of wealth and titles fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth; those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two?

4. No, let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. 'Tis thus posited by God himself, that best knows how to apportion things with an equal and just hand. He neither likes nor dislikes by descent; nor does he regard what people were, but are. He remembers not the righteousness of any man that leaves his righteousness, much less any unrighteous man for the righteousness of his ancestor.

5. But if these men of blood please to think themselves

concerned to believe and reverence God in his holy scriptures, they may learn that in the beginning, he made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon all the face of the earth; and that we are descended of one father and mother—a more certain original than the best of us can assign. From thence go down to Noah, who was the second planter of the human race, and we are upon some certainty for our forefathers. What violence has rapt, or virtue merited since, and how far we that are alive are concerned in either, will be hard for us to determine but a few ages off us.

6. But, methinks, it should suffice to say, our own eyes see that men of blood, out of their gear and trappings, without their feathers and finery, have no more marks of honor by nature stamped upon them, than their inferior neighbors. Nay, themselves being judges, they will frankly tell us they feel all those passions in their blood that make them like other men, if not farther from the virtue that truly dignifies. The lamentable ignorance and debauchery that now rages among too many of our greater sort of folks, is too clear and casting an evidence in the point; and pray, tell me of what blood are they come?

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## LESSON CXXXVII.

### INFLUENCE OF INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

SEWARD.

1. NOR can we forget that it was Massachusetts that encountered first and suffered most from the tyranny which resulted in our national independence; that the first blood shed in that sacred cause flowed at Lexington, and that Liberty's earliest rampart was established upon Bunker's Hill. Nevertheless, the struggles and sacrifices of Massachusetts have, until now,

been known to us through traditions not her own, and seem to have been those of a distant, though an allied people; of a country separated from us by mountain barriers, such as divide every continent into states and empires.

2. But what a change is here! This morning's sun was just greeting the site of old Fort Orange as we took our leave, and now when he has scarcely reached the meridian, we have crossed that hitherto impassable barrier and met you here on the shore of the Connecticut, the battle ground of King Philip's cruel wars; and, before that sun shall set, we might ascend the Heights of Charlestown, or rest upon the rock that was wet with the blood that flowed from the weary feet of the Pilgrim Fathers.

3. Sir, you have well set forth the benefits which will result to you, to us, to our country, and to mankind, from the triumph of modern science over the physical obstructions to intercourse between the American communities. I can advert to but one of these results, the increasing strength of the states, and the perpetuity of the Union. New York, Massachusetts, and her sister states of New England, will no longer be merely confederate states. Their interests, their affections, and their sympathies will now be intermingled, and a common and indivisible destiny, whether of good or evil, awaits them all.

4. Had such connections existed when the British throne attempted to abridge the rights of the colonies, what power could have wounded Massachusetts when New York could have rushed to her defense? Could Great Britain and her savage allies have scourged so severely our infant settlements upon the Mohawk and the Susquehannah, if New England could have gone to her relief? How vain will be any attempt hereafter to array us against each other! Since Providence has been pleased to permit these states to be thus joined together, who shall put them asunder?

5. Rightly have you assumed that on this occasion we in-

dulge no jealousies of your prosperity, and no apprehensions of harm from your growing power or influence. The Hudson is beautiful in our eyes, for it flows through the land of our birth; and our institutions and marts overhang its waters. But if its shores be not the true and proper seat of commerce and of empire, or if we have not the virtues and the energies necessary to retain our vantage-ground, we shall not try to check the prosperity or the political ascendancy of our sister states.

6. Far from indulging such unworthy thoughts, we regard this and every other improvement as calculated to promote our own prosperity, and what is far more important than the advancement of our state, or of yours, THE UNION AND HARMONY OF THE WHOLE AMERICAN FAMILY. The bond that brings us into so close connection, is capable of being extended from your coast to the Mississippi, and of being fastened around not only New York and the first thirteen, but all the twenty-six states. This is the policy of New York and her ambition. We rejoice in your coöperation, and invite its continuance, until alarms of disunion shall be among the obsolete dangers of the republic.

7. New York has been addressed here in language of magnanimity. It would not become me to speak of her position, her resources, or her influence. And yet I may, without offending the delicacy of her representatives here, and of her people at home, claim that she is not altogether unworthy of admiration. Our mountains, cataracts, and lakes, cannot be surveyed without lifting the soul on high. Our metropolis and our inland cities, our canals and railroads, our colleges and schools, and our twelve thousand libraries, evince emulation, and a desire to promote the welfare of our country, the progress of civilization, and the happiness of mankind.

8. While we acknowledge that it was your Warren that offered up his life at Charlestown, your Adams and your Hancock who were the proscribed leaders in the revolution, and your

Franklin, whose wisdom swayed its councils, we cannot forget that Ticonderoga and Saratoga are within our borders; that it was a son of New York that fell in scaling the Heights of Abraham; that another shaped every pillar of the constitution, and twined the evergreen around its capital; that our Fulton sent forth the mighty mechanical agent that is revolutionizing the world, and that but for our Clinton, his lofty genius and undaunted perseverance, the events of this day and all its joyous anticipations, had slept together in the womb of futurity.

9. The grandeur of this occasion oppresses me. It is not as some have supposed, the first time that states have met. On many occasions, in all ages, states, nations and empires have come together; but the trumpet heralded their approach; they met in the shock of war; one or the other sunk to rise no more, and desolation marked for the warning of mankind, the scene of the fearful encounter. And if sometimes chivalry asked an armistice, it was but to light up with evanescent smiles the stern visage of war. How different is this scene! Here are no contending hosts, no destructive engines, nor the terrors, nor even the pomp of war. Not a helmet, sword or plume is seen in all this vast assemblage.

10. Nor is this a hollow truce between contending states. We are not here upon a cloth of gold and under a silken canopy to practice deceitful courtesies, nor in an amphitheater, with jousts and tournaments, to make trial of skill in arms preparatory to a fatal conflict. We have come here enlightened and fraternal states, without pageantry, or even insignia of power, to renew pledges of fidelity, and to cultivate affection and all the arts of peace. Well may our sister states look upon the scene with favor, and the nations of the earth draw from it good auguries of UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL PEACE.

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## LESSON CXXXVIII.

## SPECIMEN OF THE ELOQUENCE OF JAMES OTIS.

1. ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life—another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

2. We are two millions—one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we were ever, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

3. Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust. True, the specter is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

4. We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us, We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics and the fires



in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her—to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

5. But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne. In every instance those who take are to judge for those who pay. If this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

6. But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury, that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

## PART III.

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### COMICAL AND MUSICAL.

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#### LESSON I.

##### THE WHISKERS, OR POWER OF FASHION.

WOODWORTH.

1. THE kings who rule mankind with haughty sway,  
The prouder pope, whom even kings obey —  
Love, at whose shrine both popes and monarchs fall,  
And e'en self-interest, that controls them all —  
Possess a petty power when all combined,  
Compared with fashion's influence on mankind!  
For love itself will oft to fashion bow;  
The following story will convince you how:
2. A petit maitre wooed a fair,  
Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare;  
But vainly had preferred his claim,  
The maiden owned no answering flame;  
At length by doubt and anguish torn,  
Suspense, too painful to be borne,  
Low at her feet he humbly kneeled,  
And thus his ardent flame revealed:

3. Pity my grief, angelic fair,  
Behold my anguish and despair ;  
For you this heart must ever burn —  
O, bless me with a kind return ;  
My love no language can express,  
Reward it then, with happiness ;  
Nothing on earth, but you, I prize,  
All else is trifling in my eyes ;  
And cheerfully would I resign  
The wealth of worlds, to call you mine.  
But, if another gain your hand,  
Far distant from my native land,  
Far hence from you and hope I'll fly,  
And in some foreign region die."
- 4 The virgin heard, and thus replied :  
" If my consent to be your bride  
Will make you happy, then be blest ;  
But grant me, first, one small request ;  
A sacrifice I must demand,  
And in return, will give my hand."
5. " A sacrifice ! O speak its name,  
For you I'd forfeit wealth and fame ;  
Take my whole fortune — every cent —"  
" 'Twas something more than wealth I meant."  
" Must I the realms of Neptune trace ?  
O, speak the word — where'er the place,  
For you, the idol of my soul,  
I'd e'en explore the frozen pole ;  
Arabia's sandy desert tread,  
Or trace the Tigris to its head."
6. O no, dear sir, I do not ask,  
So long a voyage, so hard a task ;

You must — for ah ! the boon I want,  
I have no hope that you will grant."

"Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire  
To be the world's imperial sire?  
Express the wish, and here I vow,  
To place a crown upon your brow."

7. "Sir, these are trifles" — she replied —  
"But, if you wish me for your bride,  
You must — but still I fear to speak —  
You'll never grant the boon I seek."  
"O say !" he cried — "dear angel, say —  
What must I do, and I obey;  
No longer rack me with suspense,  
Speak your commands, and send me hence."
- 8 "Well, then, dear generous youth !" she cries,  
"If thus my heart you really prize,  
And wish to link your fate with mine,  
On one condition I am thine:  
'Twill then become my pleasing duty,  
To contemplate a husband's beauty;  
And, gazing on his manly face,  
His feelings and his wishes trace;  
To banish thence each mark of care,  
And light a smile of pleasure there.  
O let me then, 'tis all I ask,  
Commence at once the pleasing task;  
O let me, as becomes my place,  
Cut those huge whiskers from your face."
9. She said — but O, what strange surprise  
Was pictured in her lover's eyes!  
Like lightning, from the ground he sprung,  
While wild amazement tied his tongue.

A statue, motionless he gazed,  
 Astonished, horror-struck, amazed !  
 So looked the gallant Perseus, when  
 Medusa's visage met his ken ;  
 So looked Macbeth, whose guilty eye  
 Discerned an air-drawn dagger nigh ;  
 And so the prince of Denmark stared,  
 When first his father's ghost appeared.

10. At length our hero silence broke,  
 And thus in wildest accents spoke :  
 "Cut off my whiskers ! O ye gods !  
 I'd sooner lose my ears, by odds ;  
 Madam, I'd not be so disgraced,  
 So lost to fashion and to taste,  
 To win an empress to my arms,  
 Though blest with more than mortal charms.  
 My whiskers ! Zounds !" He said no more,  
 But quick retreated through the door,  
 And sought a less obdurate fair,  
 To take the beau with all his hair.

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## LESSON II.

### THE QUIET MR. SMITH.

FANNY FEEN.

"What a quiet man your husband is, Mrs Smith."

1. QUIET ! a snail is an "express train" to him ! If the top of this house should blow off, he'd just sit still and spread his umbrella ! He's a regular pussy-cat. Comes into the front door as though the entry was paved with eggs, and sits down in his chair as if there was a nest of kittens under the cushion.



He'll be the death of me yet. I read him all the horrid accidents, dreadful collisions, murders and explosions, and he takes it just easy as if I was saying the ten commandments.

2. He is never astonished, or startled, or delighted. If a cannon-ball should come through that window, he would'nt move an eye-lash. If I should make the voyage of the world, and return some fine day, he'd take off his spectacles, put them in the case, fold up the newspaper, and settle his dickey, before he'd be ready to say, "Good morning, Mrs. Smith." If he'd been born of a poppy he could'nt be more soporific.

3. I wonder if all the Smiths are like him. When Adam got tired of naming his numerous descendants, he said, "Let all the rest be called Smith!" Well, I don't care for that, but he ought to have known better than to call my husband Abel Smith. Do you suppose, if I were a man, I would let a woman support me? Where do you think Abel's coats, and cravats, and canes, and cigars, come from? Out of my brain! "Quiet!" — it's perfectly refreshing to me to hear of a comet, or see a locomotive, or look at a streak of chain-lightning! I tell you he is the expressed essence of chloroform.

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### LESSON III.

#### CAUDLEOLOGY.

JERROLD.

1. WELL, that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I am very certain he would'nt spoil. Take cold indeed? He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella.

2. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it is'nt St. Swithin's day! Do

you hear it against the windows? Nonsense! you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that. Do you hear it, I say? O, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; he return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella!

3. There, do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs, and for six weeks: always six weeks; and no umbrella. I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No, they shall stop at home and never learn anything, (the blessed creatures,) sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

4. But I know why you lent the umbrella; oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow; you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me! you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No, and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours!

5. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least. Sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence: for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and begging your children, buying umbrellas!

6. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow—I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and

you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man.

7. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold; it always does; but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up, for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course.

8. Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy, to please you, or anybody else. Gracious knows! it is'nt often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once; better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

9. O, that rain—if it is't enough to break in the windows! Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's, I am sure I can't tell; but if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella—no, and you shan't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! and it was only last week, I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you!

10. O, it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

11. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor, dear children will be

used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Yes, when your poor, patient wife is dead and gone, then you'll marry that mean little widow Quilp, I know you will.

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## LESSON IV.

### PLEADING AT THE BAR.

LAFAYETTE BIGELOW PARTINGTON, ESQ.

1. MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT—*Gentlemen of the Jury*—You sit in that box as the great reservoir of Roman liberty, Spartan fame, and Grecian polytheism. You are to swing the great flail of justice and electricity over this immense community, in hydraulic majesty, and conjugal superfluity. You are the great triumphal arch on which evaporates the even scales of justice and numerical computation. You are to ascend the deep arcana of nature, and dispose of my client with equiponderating concatenation, in reference to his future velocity and reverberating momentum.

2. Such is your sedative and stimulating character. My client is only a man of domestic eccentricity and matrimonial configuration, not permitted, as you are, gentlemen, to walk in the primeval and lowest vales of society, but he has to endure the red-hot sun of the universe, on the heights of nobility and feudal eminence. He has a beautiful wife of horticultural propensities, that hen-pecks the remainder of his days with soothing and bewitching verbosity, that makes the nectar of his pandemonium as cool as Tartarus.

3. He has a family of domestic children, that gather around the fireplace of his peaceful homicide in tumultuous consanguinity, and cry with screaming and rebounding pertinacity for bread, butter, and molasses. Such is the glowing and overwhelming character and defeasance of my client, who stands

convicted before this court of oyer, terminer, and *lex non scripta*, by the persecuting pettifogger of this court, who is as much exterior to me as I am interior to the judge, and you, gentlemen of the jury.

4. This Borax of the law here, has brought witnesses into this court, who swear that my client stole a firkin of butter. Now, I say, every one of them swore to a lie, and the truth is concentrated within them. But if it is so, I justify the act on the ground that the butter was necessary for a public good, to tune his family into harmonious discord. But I take other mountainous and absquatulated grounds on this trial, and move that a quash be laid upon this indictment.

5. Now, I will prove this by a learned expectoration of the principle of the law. Now butter is made of grass, and it is laid down by St. Peter Pinder, in his principle of subterraneous law, that grass is *conchant* and *levant*, which in our obicular tongue means that grass is of a mild and free nature; consequently, my client had a right to grass and butter both.

6. To prove my second great principle, "let facts be submitted to a candid world." Now butter is grease, and Greece is a foreign country, situated in the emaciated regions of Liberia and California; consequently my client cannot be tried in this horizon, and is out of the benediction of this court. I will now bring forward the *ultimatum respondentia*, and cap the great climax of logic, by quoting an inconceivable principle of law, as laid down in Latin, by Pothier, Hudibras, Blackstone, Hannibal, and Sangrado. It is thus: *Haec hoc morus multicaulis, amensa at thoro, ruta baga centum*. Which means in English, that ninety-nine men are guilty where one is innocent.

7. Now, it is your duty to convict ninety-nine men first; then you come to my client, who is innocent and acquitted according to law. If these great principles shall be duly depreciated in this court, then the great north pole of liberty, that has stood so many years in pneumatic tallness, shading the republican re-



gions of commerce and agriculture, will stand the wreck of the Spanish inquisition, the pirates of the hyperborean seas, and the marauders of the Aurora Bolivar! But, gentlemen of the jury, if you convict my client, his children will be doomed to pine away in a state of hopeless matrimony; and his beautiful wife will stand lone and delighted, like a dried up mullain-stalk in a sheep-pasture.

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## LESSON V.

### PHAETHON, OR THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

JOHN G. SAXE.

1. DAN Phaëthon,—so the histories run,—  
 Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun;  
 Or rather of Phœbus,—but as to his mother,  
 Genealogists make a deuce of a pother,  
 Some going for one, and some for another!  
 For myself, I must say as a careful explorer,  
 This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora.
2. Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun  
 To elevate funds and depreciate fun,  
 Drove a very fast coach by the name of "The Sun;"  
     Running, they say,  
     Trips every day,  
 (On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way,)  
 All lighted up with a famous array  
 Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,  
 And dashing along like a gentleman's "shay,"  
 With never a fare, and nothing to pay!  
 Now Phaëthon begged of his doting old father,  
 To grant him a favor, and this the rather,



Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,  
That he wasn't by any means Phœbus's boy!  
Intending, the rascally son of a gun,  
To darken the brow of the son of the Sun!

3. "By the terrible Styx!" said the angry sire,  
While his eye flashed volumes of fury and fire,  
"To prove your reviler an infamous liar,  
I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire!"  
    "Then by my head,"  
        The youngster said,  
    "I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed!—  
For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,  
Like a seat on the box, and a dashing drive!"  
    "Nay Phaëthon don't—  
    I beg you won't,—  
Just stop a moment and think upon't!
4. "You're quite too young," continued the sage,  
"To tend a coach at your early age!  
    Besides, you see,  
    'Twill really be  
Your first appearance on any stage!  
    Desist, my child,  
    The cattle are wild,  
And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled,'  
Depend upon't, the coach will be 'spiled'—  
They're not the fellows to draw it mild!  
    Desist, I say,  
    You'll rue the day,—  
So mind and don't be foolish, Pha!"  
    But the youth was proud,  
    And swore aloud,  
'Twas just the thing to astonish the crowd,—  
He'd have the horses and wouldn't be cowed!

5. In vain the boy was cautioned at large,  
 He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,  
 And vowed that any young fellow of force,  
 Could manage a dozen coursers, of course!  
 Now Phœbus felt exceedingly sorry  
 He had given his word in such a hurry,  
 But having sworn by the Styx, no doubt  
 He was in for it now, and could'n't back out.
  
6. So calling Phaëthon up in a trice,  
 He gave the youth a bit of advice:—  
     *"Parce stimulis, utere loris?"*  
 (A "stage direction," of which the core is,  
 Don't use the whip,—they're ticklish things—  
 But, whatever you do, hold on to the strings!)  
 Remember the rule of the Jehu tribe is,  
     *"Medio tutissimus ibis,"*  
 As the judge remarked to a rowdy Scotchman,  
 (Who was going to quod between two watchmen!)  
 So mind your eye and spare your goad,  
 Be shy of the stones, and keep in the road!
  
7. Now Phaëthon, perched in the coachman's place,  
 Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,  
 Fast as coursers running a race,  
 Or bounding along in a steeple chase!  
 Of whip and shout there was no lack,  
     "Crack—whack—  
     Whack—crack,"  
 Resounding along the horses' back!—  
 Frightened beneath the stinging lash,  
 Cutting their flanks in many a gash.
  
8. On—on they sped as swift as a flash,  
 Through thick and thin away they dash,

(Such rapid driving is always rash!)  
 When all at once, with a dreadful crash,  
 The whole establishment went to smash!

And Phaëthon, he,  
 As all agree,  
 Off the coach was suddenly hurled,  
 Into a puddle, and out of the world!

## MORAL.

9. Don't rashly take to dangerous courses,—  
 Nor set it down in your table of forces,  
 That any one man equals any four horses!  
     Don't swear by the Styx!—  
     It's one of Old Nick's  
     Diabolical tricks  
 To get people into a regular "fix,"  
 And hold 'em there as fast as bricks!
- 

## LESSON VI.

## HODGE AND THE VICAR.

## ANONYMOUS.

1. HODGE, a poor, honest, lazy lout,  
     Not over-stocked with learning,  
 Chanced, on a summer's eve, to meet,  
     The vicar home returning.
2. "Ah! master Hodge," the vicar cried,  
     "What, still as wise as ever?  
 The people in the village say  
     That you are wondrous clever."

3. "Why, master parson, as to that  
I beg you'll right conceive me,  
I do na' brag, but yet I know  
A thing or two, believe me."
4. "We'll try your skill," the parson cried,  
"For learning what digestion :  
And this you'll prove, or right or wrong,  
By solving me a question :
5. "Noah of old three babies had,  
Or grown-up children rather ;  
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were called :  
Now, who was Japhet's father ?"
6. "Rat it !" cried Hodge, and scratched his head,  
"That does my wits belabor :  
But howsomde'er I'll homeward run,  
And ax old Giles, my neighbor."
7. To Giles he went, and put the case  
With circumspect intention :  
"Thou fool !" cried Giles, "I'll make it clear  
To thy dull comprehension.
8. "Three children has Tom Long, the smith,  
Or cattle-doctor, rather ;  
Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are called :  
Now, who is Harry's father ?"
9. "Adzooks ! I have it," Hodge replied,  
"Right well I know your lingo ;  
Who's Harry's father ? stop—here goes—  
Why Tom Long Smith, by jingo."
10. Away he ran to find the priest  
With all his might and main,

Who with good humor instant put  
The question once again.

11. "Noah of old three babies had,  
Or grown-up children rather;  
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were called:  
Now, who was Japhet's father?"
12. "I have it now," Hodge grinning cried,  
"I'll answer like a proctor;  
Who's Japhet's father? now I know;  
Why, Tom Long Smith, the doctor!"

## LESSON VII.

LOVE, MURDER, AND MATRIMONY—ALMOST.

ANONYMOUS.

1. IN Manchester a maiden dwelt,  
Her name was Phoebe Brown,  
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,  
And she was considered by good judges to be by  
all odds the best looking girl in town.
2. Her age was nearly seventeen,  
Her eyes were sparkling bright,  
A very lovely girl she was,  
And for about a year and a half there had been a  
young man paying his attention to her by the name of Reuben  
Wright.
3. Now Reuben was a nice young man  
As any in the town,  
And Phoebe loved him very dear,  
But, on account of his being obliged to work for a  
living, he never could make himself agreeable to old Mr. and  
Mrs. Brown.

4. Her parents were resolved  
Another she should wed,  
A rich old miser in the place,  
And old Brown frequently declared, that rather  
than have his daughter marry Reuben Wright, he'd sooner  
knock him in the head.

5. But Phoebe's heart was brave and strong,  
She feared not her parent's frowns,  
And as for Reuben Wright so bold,  
I've heard him say more than fifty times that, (with  
the exception of Phoebe,) he didn't care a cent for the whole  
race of Browns.

6. So Phoebe Brown and Reuben Wright  
Determined they would marry ;  
Three weeks ago last Tuesday night,  
They started for old Parson Webster's, determined  
to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, though it was  
tremendous dark, and rained like the old Harry.

7. But Captain Brown was wide awake,  
He loaded up his gun,  
And then pursued the loving pair ;  
He overtook 'em when they'd got about half way  
to the Parson's, and then Reuben and Phoebe started off upon  
the run.

8. Old Brown then took a deadly aim  
Toward young Reuben's head,  
But, oh ! it was a bleeding shame,  
He made a mistake, and shot his only daughter,  
and had the unspeakable anguish of seeing her drop right down  
stone dead.

9. Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,  
And vengeance crazed his brain,



He drew an awful jack-knife out,  
 And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or sixty  
 times, so that it's very doubtful about his ever coming to again.

10. The briny drops from Reuben's eyes  
 In torrents poured down,  
 He yielded up the ghost and died,  
 And in this melancholy and heart-rending manner  
 terminates the history of Reuben and Phœbe, and likewise old  
 Captain Brown.

## LESSON VIII.

### THE MODERN BELLE.

#### STARK.

1. SHE sits in a fashionable parlor,  
 And rocks in her easy chair ;  
 She is clad in silks and satins,  
 And jewels are in her hair ;  
 She winks, and giggles, and simpers,  
 And simpers, and giggles, and winks,  
 And though she talks but little,  
 'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.
2. She lies a-bed in the morning,  
 Till nearly the hour of noon,  
 Then comes down snapping and snarling,  
 Because she was called so soon !  
 Her hair is still in papers,  
 Her cheeks still fresh with paint ;  
 Remains of her last night's blushes,  
 Before she intended to faint.

3. She doats upon men unshaven,  
And men with "flowing hair,"  
She's eloquent over mustaches,  
They give such a foreign air!  
She talks of Italian music,  
And falls in love with the moon,  
And if a mouse were to meet her,  
She would sink away in a swoon.
4. Her feet are so very little,  
Her hands are so very white,  
Her jewels so very heavy,  
And her head so very light;  
Her color is made of cosmetics,  
(Though this she will never own,)  
Her body's made mostly of cotton,  
Her heart is made wholly of stone.
5. She falls in love with a fellow,  
Who swells with a foreign air;  
He marries her for her money,  
She marries him for his—hair!  
One of the very best matches—  
Both are well mated in life;  
She's got a fool for a husband,  
He's got a fool for a wife!"

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## LESSON IX.

### AN OLD MAID'S DECISION.

FANNY FERN.

1. THERE she is, a poor, lone spinster, in a nicely furnished room—sofa big enough for two; two arm chairs, two bureaux, two looking glasses—everything hunting in couples except her—

self! I don't wonder she's frantic. She read in her childhood that "matches were made in heaven," and although she's well aware there are some lucifer matches, yet she has never had a chance to try either sort. She has heard that there "never was a soul created, but its twin was made somewhere," and she's a melancholy proof that 't is a mocking lie.

2. She gets tired sewing—she can't knit forever on that eternal stocking—(besides, *that* has a *fellow* to it, and is only an aggravation to her feelings.) She has read till her eyes are half blind,—there's nobody to agree with her if she likes the book, or argue the point with her if she don't. If she goes out to walk, every woman she meets has her husband's arm. To be sure, half of 'em are ready to scratch each other's eyes out; but that's a little business matter between themselves.

3. Suppose she feels devotional, and goes to evening lectures, some ruffianly coward is sure to scare her to death on the way. If she takes a journey, she gets hustled and boxed round among cab-drivers, and porters, and baggage-masters; her band-box gets knocked in, her trunk gets knocked off, and she's landed at the wrong stopping place.

4. If she wants a load of wood, she has to pay twice as much as a man would, and then she gets cheated by the man that saws and splits it. She has to put her own money into the bank and get it out, hire her own pew, and wait upon herself into it. People tell her "husbands are often great plagues," but she knows there are times when they are indispensable. She is very good looking, black hair and eyes, fine figure, sings and plays beautifully, "but she can't be an old maid, and what's more—she won't."

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## LESSON X.

## SOUR GRAPES.

ANONYMOUS.

1. My love, thou'rt fairer than the dawn  
Of April's brightest day,  
And the beauty of thy cheek outvies  
The loveliest tints of May!
2. The odoriferous perfumes  
That load the spicy gale,  
To thy sweet, life-inspiring breath,  
Are virtueless, and stale.
3. O, how enchantingly around  
That polished neck of thine,  
Those artless raven-tresses bright,  
In glossy ringlets twine!
4. And then they wave so feelingly  
O'er fields of purest pearl,  
Ten thousand beauties sport around  
Each captivating curl!
5. Those eyes, do turn them, dear, away  
So ravishingly they roll,  
Those sun-eclipsing diamonds,  
They pierce my inmost soul.
6. Those lips, how do they sparkle forth  
The ruby's brightest glow,  
And thy neck outshines in purity  
The winter's drifted snow!
7. Thy voice, O how divinely sweet,  
'Tis like the seraph's note,

And, fairy-like, an angel form  
Seems in the air to float.

8. Words cannot tell, nor thought can dream  
The pangs I undergo  
For thee—and wilt thou not be mine  
My lovely angel! No!
9. Zounds! you red-haired, freckled thing—  
You garlic-breathed old maid!  
You raw-boned, crooked, overgrown,  
Ungainly, croaking jade!
10. What! rid of thee? Ye lucky stars!  
I'm thunder-struck with joy!  
I wouldn't marry such a chub  
For all the wealth of Troy!

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## LESSON XI.

### TRAGIC FATE OF MRS. CAUDLE.

ANONYMOUS.

1. MR. CAUDLE had a scolding wife,  
(A most uncommon thing in life;)  
His days and nights were spent in strife unceasing.  
Her tongue went glibly all day long,  
Sweet contradiction, still her song,  
And all the poor man did was wrong, and ill-done.
2. A truce without doors, or within,  
From speeches long as tradesmen spin  
Or rest from her eternal din, he found not.  
He every soothing art displayed;  
Tried of what stuff her skin was made:  
Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed, to take her.



3. Once, walking by a river's side,  
In mournful terms "My dear!" he cried,  
"No more let feuds our peace divide—I'll end them.  
Weary of life, and quite resigned,  
To drown I have made up my mind,  
So tie my hands as fast behind as can be,—
  4. "Or nature may assert her reign,  
My arms assist, my will restrain,  
And, swimming, I once more regain my troubles."  
With eager haste the dame complies,  
While joy stands glistening in her eyes;  
Already, in her thoughts, he dies before her.
  5. "Yet, when I view the rolling tide,  
Nature revolts"—he said; "beside,  
I would not be a suicide, and die thus.  
It would be better, far, I think,  
While close I stand upon the brink,  
You push ine in,—nay, never shrink—but do it.
  6. To give the blow the more effect,  
Some twenty yards she ran direct,  
And did what she could least expect she should do.  
He slips aside himself to save,  
So souse! she dashes in the wave,  
And gave, what ne'er before she gave—much pleasure.  
"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;  
"Thou best of wives"—the man replied,  
"I would, but you my hands have tied—Heaven help you."
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## LESSON XII.

## LAMENT OF A YOUNG LADY.

ANONYMOUS.

1. It's really very singular,  
I cannot make it out,  
I've many beaux, yet none propose—  
What are they all about?  
There's Mr. Bailey comes here daily,  
To dinner and to doze;  
He smiles and sighs, looks very wise,  
And yet he don't propose.
2. I'm sonnetized, I'm poetized,  
I'm paragraphed on paper;  
They vow, although I'm very stout,  
My waist is very taper;  
That I've a very Grecian face,  
And rather a Grecian nose,  
Yet seeing this, it's quite amiss,  
That none of them propose.
3. That Colonel Tancers, of the Lancers,  
Sometimes looks speechless things;  
He smiles and sighs, and coal black eyes,  
And O, the songs he sings!  
He does not want encouragement,  
Enough of that, Heaven knows!  
And then his air, so militaire—  
O, if he would propose!
4. They steal my pocket handkerchief—  
They pray for locks of hair—  
They ask me for my hand—to dance,  
They praise my grace and air;

There's Mr. Dyson, fond of hyson,  
 I wonder he don't close :  
 I make his tea, he smiles on me,  
 And yet he don't propose !

5. At park or play, by night or day,  
 They follow me about ;  
 Riding or walking, singing or talking,  
 At revel, masque, or rout !  
 My father thinks it very hard,  
 That out of all the beaux,  
 Who come to dine, and drink his wine,  
 None of them will propose.

6. Yes, it is very singular,  
 I've half a mind to pout ;  
 Of all the beaux, none will propose—  
 What do they dream about ?  
 However, now my mind's resolved :  
 In poetry or prose,  
 Whate'er ensue, or false or true,  
 One of them shall propose.

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### LESSON XIII.

#### THE OLD BACHELOR.

BY A MAD POET.

1. In the vast flower-field of human affection, there is not a more miserable being than the old bachelor. He is the very scare-crow of human happiness. He scares away the little birds of love that come to steal the hemlock seeds of loneliness and despair. See him come home at night, wet and hungry ; he finds a cold hearth, a barren table, and a lonely pillow, that looks like the white urn of earthly enjoyment.

2. See him in the afternoon of his days, when his life is sinking to its sundown. Not a solitary star of memory gleams over the dusk of his opening grave. No devoted wife to bend like a blessing over his dying bed ; no lovely daughter to draw his icy hand into the fond embrace of hers, and warm his freezing heart with the reviving fires of filial affection ; no manly boy to link his breaking name with the golden chain of honorable society, and bind his history in the vast volume of the world, he must soon leave forever.

3. It will soon be said, that he has eat, and drunk, and died ; and earth is glad it is rid of him, for he has done little else than cram his soul into the circumference of a sixpence, and no human being but his washerwoman will breathe a sigh at his funeral.

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#### LESSON XIV.

##### WOMAN DESIGNED TO BE ADMIRER AND MARRIED.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Poor friar Philip lost his wife,  
The charm and comfort of his life ;  
He mourned her just like modern men,  
For ladies were worth having then.  
The world was altered in his view,  
All things put on a yellow hue ;  
Even ladies, once his chief delight,  
Were now offensive to his sight ;  
In short, he pined and looked so ill,  
The doctor hoped to make a bill.
2. At last he made a vow to fly,  
And hide himself from every eye ;

Take up his lodgings in a wood,  
To turn a hermit, and grow good.  
He had a son you now must know,  
About a twelve-month old or so ;  
Him, Philip took up in his arms,  
To snatch him from all female charms,  
Intending he should never know,  
There were such things as girls below,  
But lead an honest hermit's life,  
Lest he, likewise, might lose his wife.

3. The place he chose for his retreat,  
Was once a lion's country seat ;  
Far in a wild, romantic wood,  
The hermit's little cottage stood,  
Hid, by the trees, from human view  
The sun himself could scarce get through :  
A little garden, tilled with care,  
Supplied them with their daily fare ;  
Fresh water-cresses from the spring,  
Turnips, or greens, or some such thing ;  
Hermits don't care much what they eat,  
And appetite can make it sweet !
4. 'Twas here our little hermit grew,  
His father taught him all he knew,  
Adopting, like a cheerful sage,  
His lessons to the pupil's age.  
At five years old he showed him flowers,  
Taught him their various names and powers,  
Taught him to blow upon a reed,  
To say his prayers, and get the creed.
5. At ten, he lectured him on herbs,  
(Better than learning nouns and verbs,)

The names and qualities of trees,  
Manners and customs of the bees ;  
Then talked of oysters full of pearls,  
But not one word about the girls.  
At fifteen years, he turned his eyes  
To view the wonders of the skies ;  
Called all the stars by their right names,  
As you would call on John or James ;  
And showed him all the signs above,  
But not a whisper about love.

6. And now his sixteenth year was nigh,  
And yet he had not learned to sigh ;  
Had sleep and appetite to spare ;  
He could not tell the name of care ;  
And all because he did not know  
There were such things as girls below.  
But now a tempest raged around,  
The hermit's little nest was drowned ;  
Good bye then, too, poor Philip's crop,  
It did not leave a turnip-top.  
Poor Philip grieved, and his son too,  
They prayed—they knew not what to do ;  
If they were hermits, they must live,  
And wolves have not much alms to give.

7. Now, in his native town he knew  
He had disciples—rich ones too,  
Who would not let him beg in vain,  
But set the hermit up again.  
But what to do with his young son—  
Pray tell me what would you have done ?  
Take him to town he was afraid,  
For what if he should see a maid !



In love, as sure as he had eyes,  
Then any quantity of sighs !  
Leave him at home ? the wolves, the bears !  
Poor Philip had a father's fears.

8. In short, he knew not what to do,  
But thought at last, to take him too;  
And so, with truly pious care,  
He counts his beads in anxious prayer,  
Intended as a sort of charm,  
To keep his darling lad from harm ;  
That is from pretty ladies' wiles,  
Especially their eyes and smiles ;  
Then brushed his coat of silver gray,  
And now you see them on their way.
9. It was a town, they all agree,  
Where there was everything to see,  
As paintings, statues, and so on,  
All that men love to look upon.  
Our little lad, you may suppose,  
Had never seen so many shows ;  
He stands with open mouth and eyes,  
Like one just fallen from the skies ;  
Pointing at everything he sees—  
What's this ? what's that ? O here, what these ?  
At last he spies a charming thing,  
That men call angel when they sing—  
Young lady, when they speak in prose—  
Sweet thing ! as everybody knows.  
Transported, ravished, at the sight ;  
He feels a strange, but sweet delight.  
“What's this ! what's this ! O heavens !” he cries,  
“That looks so sweetly with its eyes:

O, shall I catch it? is it tame?  
 What is it, father? what's its name?

10. Poor Philip knew not what to say,  
 But tried to turn his eyes away;  
 He crossed himself and made a vow,  
 "'Tis as I feared, all's over now;  
 Then, pr'ythee have thy wits let loose?  
 It is a bird, men call a goose."  
 "A goose! O pretty, pretty thing!  
 And will it sing, too, will it sing?  
 O come, come quickly, let us run,  
 That's a good father, catch me one!  
 We'll take it with us to our cell,  
 Indeed, indeed, I love it well!"

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## LESSON XV.

### A POLITICAL STUMP SPEECH.

OBADIAH PARTINGTON SWIPES.

1. FELLOW CITIZENS:—We have met here to investigate the ethereal contaminations of this terraqueous government of the firmament below. We may elucidate the praises of the invisible Scott, who has fought with wise and deleterious conflagration over the plains of Mexico, through Bhering's straits to Hudson's bay. And let me tell you, that the names of the invincible Pierce, and the oleaginous Van Buren, shall travel down to receding generations, gloriously enrolled on the records of perpetuity and glory. Yes, they shall live on, and shine on, when the Columbian principles of Hale and Julien shall be dis-embogued into the unforgotten regions of ambiguous fame.

2. But I have been accused of going for the sub-treasury and the fugitive slave labor. Now, that's a lie! and I am prepared to come down upon that base calumniator of innocence and beauty, like a thousand of brick! I'll hurl at him the gauntlet of egotism and pomposity, through the innumerable regions of Mozambique and Santa Fe De Bogota; and rush down on him like an avalanche on the plains of De Laplata, before I'll stand the charge! The sub-treasury means to watch the money. Now I say one man is enough to watch our money. I had rather have one man to watch my money, my life, and my country, too, than to have a thousand, because Homer, the greatest poet that ever flourished in umbrageous England, says, in beautiful ambidexter, Latin verse—

'He thal steals my purse, steals trash.'

3. But about our eternal improvements. What, in the name of the invisible Jackson, do we want to make so many railroads and canals for? What do we want any more water for in these United States? We have got water enough. The water in canals aint good for nothing but to float boats in, the best way you can fix it. They want to go on making railroads and canals, until our country shall equal in magnanimity the great and philosophic Pacific ocean.

4. And now, to conclude, fellow-citizens, let me tell you, that the memory of the whig and democratic democracy of our great democratic constitution, shall be hung upon a star and shine forever in odoriferous amalgamation in the terraqueous firmament on high, in one eternal bustification!

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## LESSON XVI.

THE LITTLE ORATOR—A PARODY.

ANONYMOUS.

1. You'd scarce expect a boy like me,  
To get up here where all can see,  
And make a speech as well as those  
Who wear the largest kind of clothes.
  2. I think it was in olden time,  
That some one said in funny rhyme,  
Tall aches from little toe-corns grow,  
Large screams from little children flow.
  3. And if that rhymers told the truth,  
Though I am now a little youth,  
Perhaps I'll make as great a noise,  
As some who are much older boys.
  4. I will not speak of Greece and Rome,  
But tell you what I've learned at home;  
And what was taught me when at school,  
While sitting on a bench or stool.
  5. I've learned to talk, and read, and spell,  
And don't you think that's pretty well  
For such a little boy as I?  
But I must leave you—so good bye!
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## LESSON XVII.

## SOLILOQUY OF A HOUSEMAID.

FANNY FERN.

1. OH, dear, dear! Wonder if my mistress *ever* thinks I am made of flesh and blood? Five times, within half an hour, I have trotted up stairs, to hand her things that were only four feet from her rocking-chair. Then, there's her son, Mr. George,—it does seem to me, that a great able-bodied man like him, needn't call a poor tired woman up four pair of stairs to ask "what's the time of day?" Heigho!—its "*Sally* do this," and "*Sally* do that," till I wish I never had been baptized at all; and I might as well go farther back, while I am about it, and wish I had never been born.

2. Now, instead of ordering me round so like a dray horse, if they would only look up smiling-like, now and then; or ask me how my "rheumatiz" did; or say good morning Sally; or show some sort of interest in a fellow-cretur, I could pluck up a bit of heart to work for them. A kind word would ease the wheels of my treadmill amazingly, and wouldn't cost *them* anything, either.

3. Look at my clothes, all at sixes and sevens. I can't get a minute to sew on a string or button, except at night; and then I'm so sleepy it is as much as ever I can find the way to bed; and what a bed it is, to be sure! Why, even the pigs are now and then allowed clean straw to sleep on; and as to bed-clothes, the less said about them the better; my old cloak serves for a blanket, and the sheets are as thin as a charity school soup. Well, well; one would n't think it, to see all the fine glittering things down in the drawing-room. Master's span of horses, and Miss Clara's diamond ear-rings, and mistress's rich dresses. I *try* to think it is all right, but it is no use.

4. To-morrow is Sunday—"day of *rest*," I believe they *call*

it. H-u-m-p-h!—more cooking to be done—more company—more confusion than on any other day in the week. If I own a soul I have not heard how to take care of it for many a long day. Wonder if my master and mistress calculate to pay me for *that*, if I lose it? It is a *question* in my mind. Land of Goshen! I aint sure I've got a mind—there's the bell again!

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## LESSON XVIII.

## THE COLD WATER MAN.

JOHN G. SAXE.

1. There lived an honest fisherman,  
I knew him passing well—  
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,  
Within a little dell.
2. A grave and quiet man was he,  
Who loved his hook and rod ;  
So even ran his line of life,  
His neighbors thought it odd.
3. For science and for books, he said,  
He never had a wish ;  
No school to him was worth a fig,  
Except a "school" of fish.
4. This single-minded fisherman  
A double calling had,—  
To tend his flocks, in winter-time,  
In summer fish for shad.
5. In short this honest fisherman,  
All other toils forsook ;  
And though no vagrant man was he,  
He lived by "hook and crook.



6. All day that fisherman would sit  
    Upon an ancient log,  
And gaze into the water, like  
    Some sedentary frog.
7. A cunning fisherman was he ;  
    His angles all were right ;  
And when he scratched his aged poll,  
    You'd know he'd got a bite.
8. To charm the fish he never spoke,  
    Although his voice was fine ;  
He found the most convenient way,  
    Was just to "drop a line."
9. And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,  
    If made to speak to-day,  
Would own with grief, this angler had  
    A mighty "taking way."
10. One day, while fishing on the log,  
    He mourned his want of luck,—  
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,  
    And jerking—caught a duck !
11. Alas ! that day, the fisherman  
    Had taken too much grog ;  
And being but a landsman, too,  
    He couldn't "keep the log."
12. In vain he strove with all his might ;  
    And tried to gain the shore ;  
Down, down he went to feed the fish  
    He'd baited oft before !
13. The moral of this mournful tale  
    To all is plain and clear :—  
A single "drop too much" of rum.  
    May make a watery bier.

14. And he who will not "sign the pledge,"  
 And keep his promise fast,  
 May be, in spite of fate, a stark  
 Cold-water man, at last!
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## LESSON XIX.

TOBY TOSSPOT.

COLMAN.

1. ALAS! what pity 'tis that regularity,  
 Like Isaac Shove's is such a rarity,  
 But there are swilling wights in London town  
 Termed jolly dogs, choice spirits, alias swine,  
 Who pour in midnight revel, bumpers down,  
 Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.  
 These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on,  
 Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,  
 Lose half men's regular estate of sun,  
 By borrowing too largely of the moon.
2. One of this kidney—Toby Tossopot hight—  
 Was coming from the Bedford late at night,  
 And being Bacchi plenus,—full of wine,  
 Although he had a tolerable notion,  
 Of aiming at progressive motion,  
 Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine.
3. He worked with sinuosities, along,  
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork,  
 Not straight like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong—a fork.
4. At length, with near four bottles in his pate,  
 He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,

When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"  
And being civil beyond measure,  
"Ring it!" says Toby—"Very well;  
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."  
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,  
Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.

5. He waited two full minutes—no one came;  
He waited full two minutes more,—and then,  
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame;  
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."
6. But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright,  
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,  
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,  
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.
7. At length he wisely to himself doth say, calming his fears,  
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away;"  
When peal the second rattled in his ears!
8. Shove jumped into the middle of the floor;  
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,  
He groped down stairs, and opened the street door,  
While Toby was performing peal the third.
9. Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,—  
And saw he was a strapper stout and tall,  
Then put this question:—"Pray, sir, what d'ye want?"  
Says Toby,—"I want nothing sir, at all!"
10. "Want nothing!—sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow,  
As if you'd jerk it off the wire."  
Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—  
"I pulled it, sir, at your desire."

11. "At nine!"—"Yes, yours; I hope I've done it well;  
 High time for bed, sir; I was hastening to it;  
 But if you write up—'Please to ring the bell,'  
 Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

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## LESSON XX.

### PAY THE PRINTER.

DOW, JR.

TEXT.—"If ye are honest, honorable men, go ye and pay the printer."

1. MY DEAR FRIENDS:—The debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal, provided he has one, is the debt due the printer. It presses harder on one's bosom than the nightmare, galls the soul, frets and chafes every ennobling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it drier than the surface of a roasted potato. A man who wrongs the printer out of a single red cent, can never expect to enjoy the comforts of this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other.

2. Oh, you ungrateful sinners! If you have hearts moistened with the dew of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation who has not settled his account with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold up your heads in society like a giraffe; be respected by the wise and good—free from the tortures of a guilty conscience, the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling into the clutches of lawyers, which is about one and the same thing. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer.

3. You will not wait for to-morrow, because there is no to-morrow; it is but a visionary receptacle for unredeemed prom-

ises—an addled egg in the great nest of the future; the debtor's hope, the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low-minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will pay the printer, as you have no reputation to lose, no character to sustain, no morals to cultivate. But, let me tell you, my friends, that if you don't do it; your path to the tomb will be strewn with thorns, you will have to gather your daily food from brambles; your children will die of dysentery, and yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health.

4. I once called upon a sick person whom the doctor had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker? He said he thought he had squared up. I inquired if he had forgiven all his enemies. He replied yes. I then asked him if he had paid his printer. He hesitated a moment and then said, he believed he owed him about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid good-bye to the world. His desires were immediately gratified, and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, at peace with his conscience, his God, and the whole world. Let him be an example for you, my friends. Patronize the printer, take his paper and pay for it in advance, and your days will be long upon the earth and overflowing with the honey of happiness.

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## LESSON XXI.

### LECTURE ON MATRIMONY.

FANNY FERN.

1. Now, girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something sensible, and stop building air castles, and talking of lovers and honeymoons; it makes me sick, it's perfectly antimonial. Love is a farce—matrimony.



is a humbug—husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neros, Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours.

2. The honeymoon is short lived as a lucifer match ; after that you may wear your wedding dress at the wash-tub, and your night-cap to meeting, and your husband would n't know it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it was the last meal he should eat this side of Jordan ; when he gets through he will aid your digestion—while you are sipping your first cup of coffee—by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesterday, if the charcoal is all out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought.

3. Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper, that you have not had a chance to read, gives two or three whiffs of smoke, sure to give you a headache for the afternoon, and just as his coat-tail is vanishing through the door, apologizes for not doing "that errand" for you yesterday—thinks it doubtful if he can to-day—"so pressed with business." Hear of him at 11 o'clock, taking an ice cream with some ladies at Vinton's, while you are at home new lining his coat-sleeves.

4. Children by the ears all day, can't get out to take the air, feel as crazy as a fly in a drum ; husband comes home at night, nods a "how d' ye do, Fan," boxes Charley's ears, stands little Fanny in the corner, sits down in the easiest chair in the warmest corner, puts his feet up over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug nose grows blue with the cold ; reads the newspaper all to himself, solaces his inner man with a hot cup of tea, and just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing gown and slip-



pers, and begins to reckon up the family expenses! after which, he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores till nine o'clock.

5. Next morning ask him to leave you "a little money," he looks at you as if to be sure that you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long enough and strong enough to inflate a bellows, and asks you "what you want with it, and if a half a dollar won't do." Gracious king! as if those little shoes, and stockings, and petticoats could be had for half a dollar!

6. Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots or lap dogs—but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over; it makes my sides ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, and economise, AND DIE, and your husband will marry again, and take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire-board, and—but what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get; there's a sort of bewitchment about it somehow. I wish one half of the world warn't fools, and t'other half idiots, I do. Oh, dear!

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## LESSON XXII.

### SPEECH AT A DEBATING SOCIETY.

BY A SPECTATOR.

QUESTION:—Which is the greatest evil, a scolding wife or a smoking chimney?

1. MR. PRESIDENT:—I have been almost mad a listening to the debate of these 'ere youngsters. They don't know anything about the subject. What do they know about the evils

of a scolding wife? Wait till they have one for twenty years, and been hammered, and jammed, and slammed, all the while; and wait till they have been scolded because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, because they come too soon to dinner, because they were one minute too late, because they sung, because they tore their trowsers, because they invited a neighbor woman to call again, no matter whether they could or not,—before they talk about the evils of scolding.

2. Why, Mr. President, I had rather hear the clatter of hammers and stones, twenty tin-pans and nine brass-kettles, than the din, din, of a scolding wife. Yes-sir-ee, I would; to my mind, Mr. President, a smoking chimney is no more compared to a scolding wife, than a little nigger is to a dark night.

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## LESSON XXIII.

SCENE ON THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL.

BUFFALO COURIER.

1. DEEP in a lonely glen, by rugged cliffs  
Surrounded, and hemmed in, there had been reared  
A rustic hamlet. Its low cottage  
Was neat and comely, and its single spire  
Peered up amid the rocks that beetled round,  
And humbly pointed out the way to heaven.  
'Twas a wild spot, where nature loved to rear  
Her rustic noblemen. The village school  
From which rich stores of knowledge had been won,  
Stood close beside a precipice, whose top  
With a broad, solid rock was covered o'er.

Here oft the village children would resort  
For sport and pastime; heedless of the cliff  
Which stretched so close beside them, heedless, too,  
Of many a prudent matron's warning voice,  
Or the good teacher's wise and solemn look,  
As he gazed down into the dark abyss,  
And shook his head, and bade them stand aloof.

2. Bright rose the sun the morn that ushered in  
The month of storms; from rock, and brier, and tree,  
The frost-work glittered like a diamond robe.  
The ice-bound stream was loosing fast her chain,  
And summer seemed awaking from her sleep.  
The village lads their wonted haunts had sought,  
To spend their holiday; and wild and high,  
Rung out upon the air their shouts of glee.  
Long time they gamboled, till the sun had climbed  
With silent, lingering step, half-way mid-heaven,  
And in their childish joyousness forgot,  
The frowning precipice; when one wild youth,  
Marked out his headling course toward the cliff,  
And on a sudden shrieked and disappeared!  
With horror-stricken looks the startled group,  
Gazed for a moment,—then in one wild scream,  
They burst, and, frightened, fled.

3. The alarm was spread,  
From cot to cot, even to the hamlet's verge,  
And every hut, and every humble shed  
Gave forth into the street its stated train,  
With anxious look, to question who was lost.  
He was a widowed mother's only son,  
And every breast in sympathy awoke,  
When she—the stricken—from her cot rushed forth,

And led toward the cliff. The hurrying crowd  
 Pressed close upon her track, with hooks and ropes  
 Preparing, as they went, that they might bring  
 Back from the deep abyss the mangled boy,—  
 A last poor consolation for a friend.

4. They reached the spot, and, by a mother's tears  
 Urged on, made ready for the dire descent,  
 Down that dark precipice, when suddenly,  
 Peering above the rocks, the widow's son  
 Cried, "April Fool!"

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## LESSON XXIV.

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.

ANONYMOUS.

1. A fellow near Kentucky's clime,  
 Cries, "boatman do not tarry,  
 And I'll give thee a silver dime,  
 To row us o'er the ferry."
2. "Now who would cross the Ohio,  
 This dark and stormy water?"  
 "O, I am this young lady's beau,  
 And she's John Thompson's daughter.
3. "We've fled before her father's spite,  
 With great precipitation,  
 And should he find us here to-night,  
 I'd lose my reputation.
4. "They've missed the girl and purse besides,  
 His horsemen hard have pressed me,  
 And who will cheer my bonny bride,  
 If yet they will arrest me?"

5. Out spoke the boatman then, in time,  
    “You shall not fail, don’t fear it;  
    I’ll go; not for your silver dime,  
    But for your manly spirit.
6. “And by my word, the bonny bird  
    In danger shall not tarry,  
    For though a storm is coming on,  
    I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”
7. By this the wind more fiercely rose,  
    The boat was at the landing,  
    And with the drenching rain their clothes  
    Grew wet where they were standing.
8. But still, as wilder rose the wind,  
    And as the night grew drearer,  
    Just back a-piece came the police,  
    Their trampling sounded nearer.
9. “Oh, haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,  
    “It’s anything but funny,  
    I’ll leave the light of loving eyes.  
    But not my father’s money.”
10. And still they hurried in the face  
    Of wind and rain unsparing;  
    John Thompson reached the landing place,  
    His wrath was turned to swearing.
11. For, by the lightning’s angry flash,  
    His child he did discover;  
    One lovely hand held all his cash,  
    And one was round her lover!”
12. “Come back, come back!” he cried in woe,  
    Across the stormy water;  
    “But leave the purse and you may go,  
    My daughter, O, my daughter!”



13. 'Twas vain—they reached the other shore,  
(Such dooms the fates assign us,)  
The gold he'd piled went with his child,  
And he was left there, minus.
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## LESSON XXV.

## ADDRESS TO YOUNG LADIES.

DOW, JR.

1. LADIES, you caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks; you pale pets of the parlor, vegetating in an unhealthy shade with a greenish white complexion, like that of a potato sprout in a dark cellar, why don't you go out in the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps, and vigor to your frames?

2. Take early morning exercise—let loose your corset strings, and run up a hill on a wager, and down again for fun. Roam in the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and go home with an excellent appetite. Liberty thus exercised and enjoyed, will render you healthy, blooming, and beautiful—as lovely as the graces, and as prolific as Deverra.

3. The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking, mend her frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the hogs, milk the cows, and be a lady withal in company, is just the sort of a girl for me, or any other young man to marry; but you, ye pining, lolling, screwed up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, putty-faced, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness; you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after fourteen chickens.

4. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking,

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more liberty, and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen, and less parlor; more leg exercise, and less sofa; more frankness, and less mock modesty; more corned beef, and less bishop. Loosen yourselves a little; enjoy more liberty, and less restraint by fashion. Breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something nearly as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed.

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## LESSON XXVI.

### SOLILOQUY OF A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

1. BLESS me! I'm thirty-nine to-day; six feet in my stockings, black eyes, curly hair, tall and straight as a cedar of Lebanon, and still a bachelor! Well, it's an independent life at least;—no it isn't either! Here's these new gloves of mine full of little rips; string off one of my most faultless dickeys; nice silk handkerchief in my drawer wants hemming; top button off the waistband of my pants; what's to be done?

2. How provoking it is to see those married people looking so self-satisfied and consequential, at the heads of their families, as if they had done the state a great service. Why, as to the children, they are as plenty as flies in August, and about as troublesome; every alley, and court, and garret, are swarming with 'em; they're no rarity, and any poor, miserable wretch can get a wife, enough of them, too, such as they are. It's enough to scare a man to death to think how much it costs to keep one.

3. Young folks have to begin now where their fathers and mothers left off. Silks and satins, ribbons and velvets, feathers and flowers, cuff-pins and bracelets, gim-cracks and fold-erols; and there's no help for it in any case; for if I married a woman I loved, and the dear little thing should ask me for

my scalp, I should give it to her, I know I should. Then there's the tapestry carpets, and mirrors, and sofas, and ottomans, and damask curtains, and pictures, and crockery, and (you must look at the subject in all its bearings,) little jackets, and frocks, and wooden horses, and dolls, and pop-guns, and ginger-bread,—don't believe I can do it, by Jupiter!

4. But then, here I sit, with the toe of my best boot kicking the grate, for the want of something to do; it's coming awful cold, dreary weather, long evenings, can't go to concerts forever, and when I do, my room looks so much the gloomier when I come back, and it would be cozy to have a nice little wife to chat and laugh with. I've tried to think of something else, but I can't; if I look in the fire, I am sure to see a pair of bright eyes; even the shadows on the wall take fairy shapes; I'm on the brink of ruin—I feel it; I shall read my doom in the marriage list before long—I know I shall.

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## LESSON XXVII.

### RAPS ON THE LAPSTONE.

#### BUNGAY.

1. OLD Crispin wore a paper cap,  
And an apron made of leather;  
He sat upon his bench to rap  
Soles (not spirits) hours together.
2. He said his last days were his best,  
Though he felt the thread unwinding;  
His heart waxed warm within his vest,  
And what he closed was binding.

3. When others spoke of this world's weal,  
Crispin pointed to an upper ;  
He had the wondrous skill to *heel*,  
But gave his earthly *awl* for supper.
  4. He *heeled* more than the doctors did,  
And helped the *soles* more than the preacher ;  
For a *quid pro quo* he gave a *quid*,  
And used the *strap* more than the teacher.
  5. Aye, Crispin was a good old man,  
Yet sometimes he would *bristle*,  
But do the very best we can,  
"A pig's tail will not make a whistle."
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## LESSON XXVIII.

## LECTURE ON CALIFORNIA.

DOW, JR.

1. MY HEARERS :—I know very well what will procure you bliss by the hogshead ; it is that wretched, filthy stuff, called money. That it is that keeps your souls in a flutter, and sets you jumping like a lot of chained monkeys at the sight of a string of fish. You think if you only possessed a certain heap of lucre, you would be off in lavender, make mouths at care, say "how are you ?" to sorrow, laugh at time, and feel happy as an oyster in June.

2. O, yes ! if you only had enough of the trash, I would admit you might feel satisfied, and, of course, contented ; but in such cases more requires more, (according to Daboll and rum,) the last more requires most, most wants more yet ; and so on to the end of everlasting. There is no such thing as the

end of worldly wishes for worldly riches. As well might the sow be supposed to get enough of wallowing in the mire, as for a mortal to be satisfied with the rolling in the carrion of wealth. So false are your ideas of the means to obtain happiness, that you would, if you could, coax angels from the skies to rob them of the jewels in their diadems. I haven't the least doubt of it.

3. My dear friends, I will tell you how to enjoy as much bliss as heaven can afford to human. Be contented with what you have—no matter how poor it is, until you have an opportunity to get something better. Be thankful for every crumb that falls from the table of Providence, and live in constant expectation of having the luck to pitch upon a whole loaf. Have patience to put up with present troubles, and console yourselves with the idea that your situations are paradises compared with others.

4. When you have enough to eat to satisfy hunger, enough to drink to quench thirst, enough to wear to keep you decent and comfortable, just enough of what is vulgarly called "tin" to procure you a few luxuries, when you owe no one, and no one owes you, not even a grudge, then if you are not happy, all the gold in the universe cannot make you so.

5. A man much wiser than I, once said, give me neither poverty nor riches; and I look upon him as one of the greatest philosophers the world ever produced. All he wanted was a contented mind, sufficient bread and cheese, and a clean shirt. Take pattern after him, O ye disconcerted mortals, who vainly imagine that bliss is to be found in the palaces of wealth and opulence.

6. My hearers, if you consider all creation too poor to afford you a single penny-worth of true blessedness, you must pray to be reconciled to its poverty. Grease your prayers with faith, and send them up in earnestness, hot from the soul's oven. This manufacturing cold petitions with the lips, while

the heart continually cries gammon, is of no more use than talking Choctaw to Chinese.

7. Heaven understands no gibberish ; it knows only the pure, simple language of the spirit—the soul's vernacular. So, when you pray, do it in as simple a manner as possible, but with red hot earnestness, and your souls will find rest wherever you are—whether nibbling at a crust in Poverty Hollow, or half starving in California, while endeavoring to transmogrify a bag of gold dust into an Indian meal pudding.

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## LESSON XXIX.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

MRS. GILMAN.

1. WILL WAG went to see Charley Quirk,  
More famed for his books than his knowledge,  
In order to borrow a work  
He had sought for in vain over college.
  2. But Charley replied, "My dear friend,  
You must know I have sworn and agreed,  
My books from my room not to lend,  
But you may sit by my fire and read.
  3. Now it happened by chance on the morrow,  
That Quirk, with a cold, quivering air,  
Came, his neighbor Will's bellows to borrow,  
For his own they were out of repair.
  4. But Willy replied, "My dear friend,  
I have sworn and agreed, you must know,  
That my bellows I never will lend,  
But you may sit by my fire and blow."
-

## LESSON XXX.

ORATOR PUFF.

ANONYMOUS.

1. MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,  
     The one, squeaking thus, and the other down so ;  
 In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice,  
     For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.  
         Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,  
         One voice for an orator's surely enough.
  
  2. But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,  
     So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,  
     That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,  
     " My voice is for war," ask'd him, " Which of them, pray ?"  
         Oh ! oh ! &c.
  
  3. Reeling homeward one evening, top-heavy with gin,  
     And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,  
     He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,  
     " Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down.  
         Oh ! oh ! &c.
  
  4. " Good Lord ! " he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,  
     " Help me out ! help me out ! I have broken my bones ! "  
     " Help you out ? " said a Paddy, who pass'd, " what a  
         bother !  
     Why, there's two of you there ; can't you help one an-  
         other ? "  
         Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,  
         One voice for an orator's surely enough.
-



## LESSON XXXI.

## THE GRAHAM SYSTEM.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Oh! wondrous age, surpassing ages past!  
When mind is marching at a quick-step pace;  
When steam and politics are flying fast,  
When roads to rails, and wine to tea give place;  
When great reformers race, and none can stay 'em—  
Oh! Jackson, Tappan, Symmes, Sam Patch and Graham!
2. The last shall be the first—'twere shame to think  
That thou, starvation's monarch, could'st be beaten;  
Who proved that drink was never made to drink,  
Nor food itself intended to be eaten:  
That Heaven provided for our use instead,  
The sand and saw-dust which compose thy bread.
3. A startling truth!—we question while we stare—  
A ling'ring doubt still haunts the imagination,  
That God ne'er meant to stint us in our fare;  
No doubt a prejudice of education;  
For fact is fact—this ought to make us humble—  
Our brains confess it, though our stomachs grumble.
4. But why on us pursue thy cruel plan?  
Oh, why condemn us thus to bread and water?  
Perchance thou countest all the race of man,  
As rogues and culprits who deserve no quarter;  
And 'tis thy part to punish, not to spare,  
By putting us upon state-prison fare.
5. All flesh is poison, in thy sapient eyes;  
No doubt thou'rt right, and all mankind are wrong;  
But still, in spite of us, the thought will rise,  
How, eating poison, men have lived so long;

Mayhap thou meanest a slow poison, then,  
Which takes effect at three-score-years-and-ten.

6. Our table treasures vanish one by one,  
Beneath thy wand, like Sancho's, they retire ;  
Now steaks are rare, and mutton-chops are done,  
Veal's in a stew, the fat is in the fire ;  
Fish, flesh, and fowl are ravish'd in a trice—  
"Insatiate Graham ! could not one suffice ?"
7. When wine was banished by the cruel fates,  
Oh, gentle tea, for thee I trembled then ;  
"The cup which cheers but not inebriates,"  
Not even thou must grace our boards again !  
Imperial is dethroned, as I forboded ;  
Bohea is dish'd, gunpowder is exploded !
8. Venison is vile, a cup of coffee curst,  
And food that's fried, or fricasseed, forgot ;  
Duck is destruction, wine of woes is worst,  
Clams are condemned, and poultry's gone to pot ;  
Pudding and pork are under prohibition,  
Mustard is murder, pepper is perdition !
9. But dread'st thou not some famished foe may rise,  
With vengeful arm, and break thy daring jaw ?  
Thou robber of our vitals' best supplies,  
Beware ! "there is no joking with the maw,"  
Nor hope the world will in thy footsteps follow,  
Thy bread and doctrine are too hard to swallow.

## LESSON XXXII.

MADE TO SELL.

ANONYMOUS.

1. A FELLOW, in a market-town,  
Most musical, cried razors, up and down,  
And offered twelve for eighteen-pence ;  
Which, certainly, seem'd wondrous cheap,  
And, for the money, quite a heap,  
That every man would buy, with cash and sense.
2. A country bumpkin the great offer heard ;  
Poor Hodge who suffer'd by a broad, black beard,  
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose,  
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,  
And proudly to himself in whispers said—  
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.
3. "No matter if the fellow be a knave,  
Provided that the razors shave ;  
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."  
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went  
Smiling, in heart and soul content,  
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.
4. Being well lathered from a dish or tub,  
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
Just like a hedger cutting furze ;  
'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried ;  
All were impostors. "Ah !" Hodge sighed,  
"I wish my eighteen-pence was in my purse."
5. In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
He cut, and dug, and whined, and stamped, and swore ;  
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry  
faces,  
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,  
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;  
So kept it, laughing at the steel and suds.

6. Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,  
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,  
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.  
"Razors!" a vile, confounded dog!  
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

7. Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun,  
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,  
That people flay themselves out of their lives;  
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,  
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,  
With razors just like oyster-knives.

8. "Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,  
To cry up razors that can't shave."  
"Friend," quoth the razor man, "I'm not a knave;  
As for the razors you have bought,  
Upon my soul, I never thought  
That they would shave."

9. "Not think they'd shave," quoth Hodge, with wondering  
eyes,  
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell,  
"What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries;  
"Made," quoth the fellow, with a smile, "to sell!"

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## LESSON XXXIII.

## THE MAD MAN AND HIS RAZOR.

ANONYMOUS.

1. His eye was stern and wild, his cheek  
Was pale and cold as clay ;  
Upon his tightened lip a smile  
Of dreadful meaning lay.
2. He mused awhile, but not in doubt,  
No trace of doubt was there ;  
It was the steady, solemn pause  
Of resolute despair.
3. Once more he looked upon the scroll,  
Once more its words he read,  
Then calmly, with unflinching hand,  
Its folds before him spread.
4. I saw him bare his throat, and seize  
The blue, cold, glittering steel,  
And grimly try the tempered edge  
He was so soon to feel.
5. A sickness crept upon my heart,  
And dizzy swam my head ;  
I could not stay, I could not cry,  
I felt benumbed and dead.
6. Black, icy horror struck me dumb,  
And froze my senses o'er ;  
I closed my eyes in utter fear,  
And strove to think no more.
7. Again I looked—a fearful change  
Across his face had passed ;  
He seemed to gasp—on cheek and lip  
A flaky foam was cast.

8. He raised on high the glittering blade—  
 Then first I found a tongue :  
 “ Hold, madman ! stay the frantic deed ! ”  
 I cried, as forth I sprung.
9. He heard me, but he heeded not,  
 One glance around he gave,  
 And ere I could arrest his hand,  
 He had begun to shave !
- 

## LESSON XXXIV.

## FIRM RESOLUTION.

ANONYMOUS.

1. No ! I will never see him more,  
 Since thus he likes to roam ;  
 And when his cab stops at the door,  
 John, say I'm not at home !  
 He smiled last night when Julia smiled,  
 (They must have met before,)  
 If thus by her he is beguiled,  
 I'll never see him more !
- I'll sing no more the songs he loves,  
 Nor play the waltzes o'er ;  
 Nor wear the colors he approves,  
 I'll never please him more !  
 I'll conquer soon love's foolish flame  
 As thousands have before,  
 Look strange whene'er I hear his name  
 And ne'er pronounce it more !



3. The plait of hair I must resign,  
 That next my heart I wore;  
 He, too, must yield that tress of mine,  
 He stole when truth he swore.  
 The miniature I used trace,  
 And feel romantic o'er,  
 I'll tear from its morocco case,  
 And never kiss it more!
4. This ring, his gift, I must return,  
 (It makes my finger sore!)  
 Then there's his letters—those I'll burn,  
 And trample on the floor!  
 His sonnet, that my album graced,  
 (My tears thus blot it o'er,)  
 The leaves together thus I'll paste,  
 And ne'er behold it more!
5. I'll waltz and flirt with Ensign G——,  
 (Though voted oft a bore!)  
 In short, I'll show my heart is free,  
 And sigh for him no more!  
 If we should meet, his eye shall shrink  
 My scornful glance before;  
 Pshaw! that's his knock! here, John, I think  
 I'll see him just once more!
- 

## LESSON XXXV.

TIT FOR TAT—COQUETRY PUNISHED.

ANONYMOUS.

1. ELLEN was fair, and knew it, too,  
 As other village beauties do,  
 Whose mirrors never lie;

Secure of any swain she chose,  
She smiled on half a dozen beaux,  
And reckless of a lover's woes,  
She cheated these and taunted those  
"For how could any one suppose  
A clown could take her eye?"

2. But whispers through the village ran,  
That Edgar was the happy man,  
The maid designed to bless;  
For, wheresoever moved the fair,  
The youth was, like her shadow, there,  
And rumor boldly matched the pair—  
For village folks will guess.
3. Edgar did love, but still delayed  
To make confession to the maid,  
So bashful was the youth;  
But let the flame in secret burn,  
Certain of meeting a return,  
When from his lips the fair should learn,  
Officially, the truth.
4. At length, one morn, to taste the air,  
The youth and maid, in one horse chair,  
A long excursion took.  
Edgar had nerved his bashful heart,  
The sweet confession to impart,  
For ah! suspense had caused a smart,  
He could no longer brook.
5. He drove, nor slackened once his reins,  
Till Hempstead's wide extended plains  
Seemed joined to skies above;  
Nor house, nor tree, nor shrub was near,  
The rude and dreary scene to cheer,

Nor soul within ten miles to hear,  
And still poor Edgar's silly fear,  
Forbade to speak of love.

6. At last, one desperate effort broke  
The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke,  
With most persuasive tone ;  
Recounted past attendance o'er,  
And then, by all that's lovely, swore  
That he would love for evermore,  
If she'd become his own.
7. The maid, in silence, heard his prayer,  
Then, with a most provoking air,  
She tittered in his face ;  
And said, " 'Tis time for you to know,  
A lively girl must have a beau,  
Just like a reticule, for show ;  
And at her nod to come and go,  
But he should know his place.
8. " Your penetration must be dull,  
To let a hope within your skull  
Of matrimony spring.  
Your wife ! ha, ha ! upon my word,  
The thought is laughably absurd,  
'As anything I ever heard—  
I never dream'd of such a thing
9. The lover sudden dropp'd his rein,  
Now on the center of the plain—  
" The linch-pin's out ! " he cried ;  
" Be pleased, one moment, to alight,  
Till I can set the matter right,  
That we may safely ride."

10. He said, and handed out the fair,  
 Then laughing, crack'd his whip in air,  
 And wheeling round his horse and chair,  
 Exclaimed, "Adieu, I leave you there  
 In solitude to roam."  
 "What mean you, sir," the maiden cried,  
 "Did you invite me out to ride,  
 To leave me here, without a guide?  
 Nay, stop, and take me home."
11. "What! take you home!" exclaim'd the beau,  
 "Indeed, my dear, I'd like to know  
 How such a hopeless wish could grow,  
 Or in your bosom spring!  
 What! take Ellen home? ha, ha! upon my word,  
 The thought is laughably absurd,  
 As anything I ever heard;  
 I never dream'd of such a thing."
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## LESSON XXXVI.

MARRIAGE PRO AND CON—ACCOUNT CURRENT.

ANONYMOUS.

WOMAN, DR.

1. OH, the woe that woman brings!  
 Source of sorrow, grief, and pain!  
 All our evils have their springs,  
 In the first of female train.
2. Eve, by eating, led poor Adam  
 Out of Eden and estray;  
 Look for sorrow still, where madam,  
 Pert and proud, directs the way.

P

3. Courtship is a slavish pleasure,  
Soothing a coquettish train ;  
Wedded, what the mighty treasure ?  
Doomed to drag a golden chain.
  4. Noisy clack and constant brawling,  
Discord and domestic strife ;  
Empty cupboard, children bawling,  
Scolding woman made a wife.
  5. Gaudy dress and haughty carriage,  
Love's fond balance fled and gone ;  
These, the bitter fruits of marriage !  
He that's wise will live alone !
- CONTRA, CR.
6. Oh, what joys from woman spring,  
Source of bliss and purest peace ;  
Eden could not comfort bring,  
Till fair woman show'd her face.
  7. When she came, good, honest Adam  
Clasp'd the gift with open arms,  
He left Eden for his madam,  
So our parent prized her charms.
  8. Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure,  
Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek :  
Happy prelude to a treasure  
Kings have left their crowns to seek.
  9. Lovely looks and constant courting,  
Sweet'ning all the toils of life ;  
Cheerful children, harmless sporting,  
Lovely woman made a wife !
  10. Modest dress and gentle carriage,  
Love triumphant on his throne ;  
These the blissful fruits of marriage—  
None but fools would live alone !

## LESSON XXXVII.

## ACCOUNT OF A BACHELOR.

(A PARODY ON ROMEO'S APOTHECARY.)

ANONYMOUS.

1. I do remember an old bachelor,  
And hereabouts he dwells; whom late I noted  
In suit of sables, with a care-worn brow,  
Conning his books, and meager were his looks :  
Celibacy had worn him to the bone ;  
And in his silent parlor hung a coat,  
The which the moths had used not less than he.
  2. Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk,  
Made up the furniture ; and on his shelves  
A grease-clad candle-stick, a broken mug,  
Two tumblers, and a box of old segars ;  
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute,  
Were thinly scattered round, to tell the eye  
Of prying stranger, this man had no wife.
  3. His tatter'd elbow gaped most piteously ;  
And ever, as he turned him round, his skin  
Did through his stockings peep upon the day.  
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,  
And if a man did covet single life,  
Reckless of joys that matrimony give,  
The sight of this most pitiable wight  
Would make him quick his aim give o'er,  
And seek forthwith a loving wife.
-



## LESSON XXXVIII.

## RHYME OF THE RAIL.

SAXE.

1. SINGING through the forests,  
Rattling over ridges,  
Shooting under arches,  
Rumbling over bridges;  
Whizzing through the mountains,  
Buzzing o'er the vale,  
Bless me! this is pleasant,  
Riding on the rail!
2. Men of different stations  
In the eye of fame,  
Here are very quickly  
Coming to the same;  
High and lowly people,  
Birds of every feather,  
On a common level,  
Traveling together!
3. Gentlemen in shorts,  
Looming very tall;  
Gentlemen at large,  
Talking very small;  
Gentlemen in tights,  
With a loose-ish mein;  
Gentlemen in gray,  
Looking rather green;
4. Gentlemen quite old,  
Asking for the news;  
Gentlemen in black,  
In a fit of blues;

Gentlemen in claret,  
Sober as a vicar ;  
Gentlemen in tweed,  
Dreadfully in liquor !

5. Stranger on the right,  
Looking very sunny,  
Obviously reading  
Something rather funny.  
Now the smiles are thicker—  
Wonder what they mean ?  
Faith, he's got the Knicker-  
Bocker magazine !

6. Stranger on the left,  
Closing up his peepers ;  
Now he snores amain,  
Like the seven sleepers ;  
At his feet a volume  
Gives the explanation,  
How the man grew stupid  
From "association !"

7. Ancient maiden lady  
Anxiously remarks,  
That there must be peril  
'Mong so many sparks ;  
Roguish-looking fellow,  
Turning to the stranger,  
Says it's his opinion,  
She is out of danger !

8. Woman with her baby,  
Sitting vis-à-vis ;  
Baby keeps a-squalling,  
Woman looks at me ;

Asks about the distance,  
Says it's tiresome talking,  
Noises of the cars  
Are so very shocking !

9. Market woman, careful  
Of the precious casket,  
Knowing eggs are eggs,  
Tightly holds her basket ;  
Feeling that a smash,  
If it came, would surely  
Send her eggs to pot,  
Rather prematurely.

10. Singing through the forests,  
Rattling over ridges,  
Shooting under arches,  
Rumbling over bridges ;  
Whizzing through the mountains,  
Buzzing o'er the vale—  
Bless me ! this is pleasant,  
Riding on a rail !

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## LESSON XXXIX.

### READING WITH SPECTACLES.

ANONYMOUS.

1. A CERTAIN artist, I've forgot his name,  
Had got, for making spectacles, a fame,  
Or "helps to read," as, when they first were sold,  
Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold ;  
And, for all uses to be had from glass,  
His were allowed by readers to surpa .

2. There came a man into his shop one day :  
"Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"  
"Yes, sir," said he, "I can in that affair  
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."  
"Can you? pray do, then." So, at first, he chose  
To place a youngish pair upon his nose :  
And book produced, to see how they would fit ;  
Asked how he liked 'em? "Like 'em—not a bit."  
"Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,  
These in my hand will better suit your eye."  
"No, but they don't." "Well, come, sir, if you please,  
Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these ;  
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter ;  
Now, sir!" "Why, now I'm not a bit the better."  
"No! here, take these that magnify still more ;  
How do they fit?" "Like all the rest before."  
In short, they tried a whole assortment through,  
But all in vain, for none of 'em would do.
3. The operator, much surprised to find  
So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind :  
"What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he,  
"Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."  
"Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball ;  
Pray, let me ask you, can you read at all?"  
"No, you great blockhead! if I could, what need  
Of paying you for any 'helps to read?"  
And so he left the maker in a heat,  
Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.
-

## LESSON XL.

## FRENCHMAN IN TROUBLE.

ANONYMOUS.

1. A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight,  
Passing to town from Dover in the night,  
Near the roadside an ale-house chanced to spy,  
And being rather tired as well as dry,  
Resolved to enter ; but first he took a peep,  
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.  
He enters : " Hallo ! Garcon, if you please,  
Bring me a little bit of bread and cheese.  
And, hallo ! Garcon, a pot of porter, too," he said  
" Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."
2. His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,  
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,  
Into his pocket put ; then slowly crept  
To wished-for bed ; but not a wink he slept ;  
For, on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,  
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.  
Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,  
Put on his cap, and bade the world good night ;  
But first his breeches, which contained the fare,  
Under his pillow he had placed with care.
3. Sans ceremonie, soon the rats all ran,  
And on the flour-sacks greedily began ;  
At which they gorged themselves, then smelling round,  
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found ;  
And while at this they regaling sat,  
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap ;  
Who, half awake, cried out, " Hallo ! hallo !  
Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so ?

Ah! 'tis one big huge rat!

Vat de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at?"

4. In vain our little hero sought repose ;  
 Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose ;  
 And such the pranks they kept up all the night,  
 That he, on end antipodes upright,  
 Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.  
 "Hallo! Maison! Garcon, I say!  
 Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay!"  
 The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,  
 Ten shillings was the charge: he scarce believes his eyes.  
 With eager haste he runs it o'er,  
 And every time he viewed it thought it more.

5. "Vy zounds, and zounds!" he cries, "I shall no pay ;  
 Vat! charge ten shelangs for vat I have mange?  
 A leetal sup of porter, dis vile bed,  
 Vare all de rats do run about my head!"  
 "Plague on those rats!" the landlord muttered out;  
 "I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout:  
 I'll pay him well that can." "Vat's dat you say?"  
 "I'll pay him well that can." "Attend to me, I pray:  
 Vil you dis charge forego, vat I am at,  
 If from your house I drive away de rat?"  
 "With all my heart," the jolly host replies;  
 "Ecoutez donc, ami;" the Frenchman cries.  
 "First, den, Regardez, if you please,  
 Bring to dis spot a leetal bread and cheese,  
 Eh bien! a pot of porter, too;  
 And den invite de rats to sup vid you;  
 And after—no matter dey be villing—  
 For vat dey eat you charge dem just ten shelang;  
 And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,  
 Dey'll quit your house, and never come no more."



## LESSON XLI.

SAM SMITH'S SOLILOQUY.

FANNY FEEN.

1. CERTAINLY—matrimony is an invention of ——. Well, no matter who invented it. I'm going to try it. Where's my blue coat with the bright, brass buttons? The woman has yet to be born who can resist that; and my buff vest and neck-tie, too: may I be shot if I don't offer them both to the little Widow Pardiggle this very night. "Pardiggle!" Phœbus! what a name for such a rose-bud. I'll re-christen her by the euphonious name of Smith. She'll *have* me, of course. She wants a husband—I want a wife: there's one point already in which we perfectly agree.

2. I hate preliminaries. I suppose it is unnecessary for me to begin with the amatory alphabet. With a widow, I suppose you can skip the rudiments. Say what you've got to say in a fraction of a second. Women grow as mischievous as Satan if they think you are afraid of them. Do *I* look as if *I* were afraid? Just examine the growth of my whiskers. The Bearded Lady could n't hold a candle to them, (though I wonder she don't to her own.) *Afraid?* h-m-m! I feel as if I could conquer Asia.

3. What the mischief ails this cravat? It must be the cold that makes my hand tremble so: there—that'll do: that's quite an inspiration. Brummel himself could n't go beyond that. Now for the widow; bless her little round face! I'm immensely obliged to old Pardiggle for giving her quit claim. I'll make her as happy as a little robin.

4. Do you think I'd bring a tear into her lovely blue eye? Do you think I'd sit after tea, with my back to her, and my feet upon the mantel, staring up chimney for three hours together? Do you think I'd leave her blessed little side, to dan-

gle round oyster-saloons and theaters? Do I *look* like a man to let a woman flatten her pretty little nose against the window-pane night after night, trying to see me reel up street? *No.* Mr. and Mrs. Adam were not more beautiful in their nuptial-bower, than I shall be with the Widow Pardiggle.

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5. *Refused* by a widow! Who ever heard of such a thing? Well; there's one comfort: nobody'll ever believe it. She is not so very pretty after all: her eyes are too small, and her hands are rough and red-dy: — not so very *ready* either, confound the gipsy. What amazing pretty shoulders she has! Well, who cares?

"If she be not fair to me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

Ten to one, she'd have set up that wretch of a Pardiggle for my model. Who wants to be Pardiggle 2d? I am glad she did n't have me. I mean, I'm glad I did n't have *her*.

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## LESSON XLII.

THE MAN AND HIS TWO WIVES.

LEFEVER.

1. It happened once a certain man  
 Adopted the illegal plan,  
 Which still 'mongst heathen men survives,  
 Of having ('stead of one) two wives;  
 But not with wisdom, you will say.  
 Two wives he took: the one was young,  
 And grace and beauty round her hung;  
 The other was an ancient bride,  
 And walking on life's down-hill side:

They lived together, in one house,  
And tried their best to please their spouse  
Each treated him with tender care,  
Prepared his food and combed his hair.  
These offices they shared, no doubt,  
In equal turns, week 'in, week out.  
The young wife blushed to have it said,  
That she had married a gray head ;  
So, when the combing was her share,  
She sily pluck'd out each white hair.

2. The elder dame was pleased to see  
Her husband look as old as she ;  
So sought, when dressing up his pate,  
The black ones to eradicate ;  
For much she feared each gossip scold  
Would call him young, and call her old.

3. The worthy man was sadly placed,  
His youth despised, his age disgraced ;  
He found (such things the best befall)  
He'd better have no wife at all ;  
For while each stood up for her right,  
He lost his hair, both black and white ;  
And ere an old man he had grown,  
He'd lost the honors of his crown.

MORAL.

Those who would a new wife wed,  
Should wait until the other's dead.

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## LESSON XLIII.

## THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

TAYLOR.

HONEST WILLIAM, an easy and good-natured fellow,  
 Would a little too oft get a little too mellow ;  
 Body coachman he was to an eminent brewer—  
 No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure.  
 His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses  
 Took that care of their babies he took of his horses,  
 He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more ;  
 But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er ;  
 So his master effectually mended the matter,  
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.  
 Now, William, says he, you see the plain case ;  
 Had you drank as he does, you'd kept a good place.  
 Drink water ! quoth William, had all men done so,  
 You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.  
 They 're soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,  
 That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

## LESSON XLIV.

## THE OLD HAT.

ANONYMOUS.

1. I HAD a hat—it was not all a hat—  
 Part of the brim was gone, yet still, I wore  
 It on, and people wondered, as I passed.  
 Some turned to gaze ; others just cast an eye,  
 And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt ;  
 But still my hat, although so fashionless,

In complement extern, had that within,  
Surpassing show ; my head continued warm ;  
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all  
The want (as has been said,) of brim.

2. A change came o'er the color of my hat.

That, which was black, grew brown, and then men stared  
With both their eyes (they stared with one before ;)  
The wonder now was two-fold ; and it seemed  
Strange, that things so torn and old, should still  
Be worn, by one who might —— but let that pass !  
I had my reasons, which might be revealed,  
But, for some counter reasons far more strong,  
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.  
Green spring, and flowery summer, autumn brown,  
And frosty winter came—and went, and came—  
And still, through all the seasons of two years,  
In park, in city, yea, in routs and balls,  
The hat was worn, and borne. Then folks grew wild  
With curiosity ; and whispers rose,  
And questions passed about, how one so trim  
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trousers, could ensconce  
His caput in a covering so vile.

3. A change came o'er the nature of my hat.

Grease-spots appeared ; but still, in silence, on  
I wore it ; and then family and friends  
Glared madly at each other. There was one,  
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said,  
A time may come, when I ——away——away !  
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal  
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds.  
Till then, the world shall not pluck out the heart  
Of this, my mystery. When I will—I will !

The hat was now greasy, and old, and torn ;  
But torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on.

4. A change came o'er the business of this hat.  
Women, and men, and children, scowled on me ;  
My company was shunned—I was alone  
None would associate with such a hat ;  
Friendship itself proved faithless, for a hat.  
She, that I loved, within whose gentle breast  
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death ;  
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.  
Of those, that knew me best, some turned aside,  
And scudded down dark lanes ; one man did place  
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered ;  
Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright ;  
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,  
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,  
Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.  
Thus, women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs,  
One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.
5. A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat.  
For lo ! at length, the circling months went round,  
The period was accomplished ; and one day  
This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture,  
(Time had endeared its vileness,) was transferred  
To the possession of a wandering son  
Of Israel's fated race ; and friends once more  
Greeted my digits, with the wonted squeeze :  
Once more I went my way—along—along—  
And plucked no wondering gaze ; the hand of scorn,  
With its annoying finger—men, and dogs,  
Once more grew doubtless, jokeless, laughless, growlless :  
And last, not least of rescued blessings, love—



Love smiled on me again, when I assumed  
A bran new beaver of the Andre mould ;  
And then the laugh was mine, for then came out  
The secret of this strangeness—'t was a bet.

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## LESSON XLV.

DOCTOR AND PUPIL.

ANONYMOUS.

1. A PUPIL of the Esculapian school,  
Was just prepared to quit his master's rule ;  
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,  
But that he then had learnt it seven years.
2. One morn he thus addressed his master :  
" Dear sir, my honored father bids me say,  
If I could now and then a visit pay,  
He thinks, with you, to notice how you do,  
My business I might learn a little faster."
3. " The thought is happy," the preceptor cries ;  
" A better method he could scarce devise ;  
So Bob," (his pupil's name,) " it shall be so ;  
And when I next pay visits, you shall go."  
To bring that hour, alas ! time briskly fled :  
With dire intent, away they went,  
And now, behold them at a patient's bed.
4. The master-doctor solemnly perused  
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mused ;  
Looked wise, said nothing—an unerring way,  
When people nothing have to say :  
Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,  
And paused, and blinked, and smelt again,

And briefly of his corps performed each motion ;  
 Manceuvres that for death's platoon are meant :  
 A kind of a make-ready-and-present,  
 Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

5. At length, the patient's wife he thus addressed :

"Madam, your husband's danger 's great,  
 And (what will never his complaint abate,)  
 The man 's been eating oysters, I perceive."  
 "Dear ! you 're a witch, I verily believe,"  
 Madam replied, and to the truth confessed.

6. Skill so prodigious, Bobby, too, admired ;  
 And home returning, of the sage inquired  
 How these same oysters came into his head ?  
 "Pshaw ! my dear Bob, the thing was plain ;  
 Sure, that can ne'er distress thy brain ;  
 I saw the shells lie underneath the bed."

7. So wise by such a lesson grown,  
 Next day Bob ventured out alone,  
 And to the self-same sufferer paid his court ;  
 But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,  
 Returned the stripling minister of death,  
 And to his master made this dread report :

8. "Why, sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under ;  
 Zounds ! such a man I never came across !  
 The fellow must be dying—and no wonder,  
 For ne'er believe me if he hasn't eat a horse !"

9. "A horse !" the elder man of physic cried,  
 As if he meant his pupil to deride ;  
 "How got so wild a notion in your head ?"  
 "How !—think not in my duty I was idle ;  
 Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed.  
 And there I saw a saddle and a bridle !"

## LESSON XLVI.

ADDRESS TO DR MOYCE, BY THE LADIES.

1. DEAR doctor, let it not transpire,  
How much your lectures we admire ;  
How, at your eloquence we wonder,  
When you explain the cause of thunder,  
Of lightning, and electricity,  
With so much plainness and simplicity ;  
The origin of rocks, and mountains,  
Of seas, and rivers, lakes, and fountains ;  
Of rain, and hail, and frost, and snow,  
And all the storms, and winds that blow ;  
Besides a hundred wonders more,  
Of which we never heard before.
2. But now, dear doctor, not to flatter,  
There is a most important matter ;  
A matter which our thoughts run much on,  
A matter which you never touch on,  
A subject, if we right conjecture,  
That well deserves a long, long lecture,  
Which all the ladies would approve—  
The natural history of love !  
Deny us not, dear Doctor Moyce !  
Oh, list to our entreating voice !  
Tell us why our poor, tender hearts,  
So easily admit love's darts.  
Teach us the marks of love's beginning,  
What makes us think a beau so winning ;  
What makes us think a coxcomb witty,  
A black coat wise, a red coat pretty !  
Why we believe such horrid lies,  
That we are angels from the skies,

Our teeth like pearl, our cheeks like roses,  
 Our eyes like stars, such charming noses!  
 Explain our dreams, awake and sleeping,  
 Explain our blushing, laughing, weeping.

3. Teach us, dear doctor, if you can,  
 To humble that proud creature, man;  
 To turn the wise ones into fools,  
 The proud and insolent to tools;  
 To make them all run, helter skelter,  
 Their necks into the marriage halter:  
 Then leave us to ourselves with these,  
 We'll turn and rule them as we please.  
 Dear doctor, if you grant our wishes,  
 We promise you five hundred kisses;  
 And, rather than the affair be blundered,  
 We'll give you six-score to the hundred.

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## LESSON XLVII.

### A DECEIVER DECEIVED.

#### HALL.

*Sir Christopher.* And so, friend Blackletter, you are just come from college?

*Quiz.* Yes, sir.

*Sir. Ch.* Ah, Mr. Blackletter, I once loved the name of a college, until my son proved so worthless.

*Quiz.* In the name of all the literati, what do you mean? You fond of books, and not bless your stars in giving you such a son!

*Sir Ch.* Ah, sir, he was once a youth of promise. But do you know him?

*Quiz.* What! Frederick Classic? ay, that I do, heaven be praised!

*Sir Ch.* I tell you, Mr. Blackletter, he is wonderfully changed.

*Quiz.* And a lucky change for him. What! I suppose he was once a wild young fellow?

*Sir Ch.* No, sir, you don't understand me, or I don't you. I tell you, he neglects his studies, and is foolishly in love; for which I shall certainly cut him off with a shilling.

*Quiz.* You surprise me, sir. I must beg leave to undeceive you; you are either out of your senses, or some wicked enemy of his has undoubtedly done him this injury. Why, sir, he is in love, I grant you, but it is only with his book. He hardly allows himself time to eat; and as for sleep, he scarcely takes two hours in the twenty-four. This is a thumper; for the dog has not looked into a book these six months, to my certain knowledge. (*Aside.*)

*Sir Ch.* I have received a letter from Farmer Downright this very day, who tells me he has received a letter from him, containing proposals for his daughter.

*Quiz.* This is very strange. I left him at college, as close to his books as—oh, oh—I believe I can solve this mystery, and much to your satisfaction.

*Sir Ch.* I should be very happy, indeed, if you could.

*Quiz.* Oh, as plain as that two and three are five. 'T is thus: An envious fellow, a rival of your son's—a fellow who has not as much sense in his whole corporation, as your son has in his little finger—yes, I heard this very fellow ordering a messenger to Farmer Downright with a letter; and this is, no doubt, the very one. Why, sir, your son will certainly surpass the Admirable Crichton. Sir Isaac Newton will be a perfect automaton, compared with him; and the sages of antiquity, if resuscitated, would hang their heads in despair.

*Sir Ch.* Is it possible that my son is now at college, making these great improvements?

*Quiz.* Ay, that he is, sir.

*Sir Ch.* (*Rubbing his hands.*) Oh, the dear fellow! the dear fellow!

*Quiz.* Sir, you may turn to any part of Homer, and repeat one line, he will take it up, and, by dint of memory, continue repeating to the end of the book.

*Sir Ch.* Well, well, well! I find I was doing him great injustice. However, I'll make him ample amends. Oh, the dear fellow! the dear fellow! the dear fellow!—(*with great joy*)—he will be immortalized; and so shall I; for if I had not cherished the boy's genius in embryo, he would never have soared above mediocrity.

*Quiz.* True, sir.

*Sir Ch.* I cannot but think what superlative pleasure. I shall have, when my son has got his education. No other man's in England shall be comparative with it, of that I am positive. Why, sir, the moderns are such dull, plodding, senseless barbarians, that a man of learning is as hard to be found as the unicorn.

*Quiz.* 'Tis much to be regretted, sir; but such is the lamentable fact.

—*Sir Ch.* Even the shepherds, in days of yore, spoke their mother tongue in Latin; and now, *hic, hæc, hoc*, is as little understood as the language of the moon.

*Quiz.* Your son, sir, will be a phenomenon, depend upon it.

*Sir Ch.* So much the better, so much the better. I expected soon to have been in the vocative; for, you know, you found me in the accusative case, and that's very near it—ha! ha! ha!

*Quiz.* You have reason to be merry, sir, I promise you.

*Sir Ch.* I have, indeed. Well, I shall leave off interjections, and promote an amicable conjunction with the dear fel-



low. Oh! we shall never think of addressing each other in plain English—no, no, we will converse in the pure classical language of the ancients. You remember the Eclogues of Virgil, Mr. Blackletter?

*Quiz.* Oh, yes, sir, perfectly; have 'em at my finger ends. Not a bit of a one did I ever hear of in my life. (*Aside.*)

*Sir Ch.* How sweetly the first of them begins!

*Quiz.* Very sweetly, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) Bless me, I wish he would change the subject.

*Sir Ch.* "*Tytere tu patulæ recubans*;" faith, 'tis more musical than fifty hand-organs.

*Quiz.* (*Aside.*) I had rather hear a jewsharp.

*Sir Ch.* Talking of music, though—the Greek is the language for that.

*Quiz.* Truly, it is.

*Sir Ch.* Even the conjugations of the verbs far excel the finest sonata of Pleyel or Handel. For instance, "*tupto, tupso, tutupha.*" Can anything be more musical?

*Quiz.* Nothing. "Stoop low, stoop so, stoop too far."

*Sir Ch.* Ha! ha! ha! "Stoop too far!" That's a good one.

*Quiz.* (*Aside.*) Faith, I have stooped too far. All's over now, by Jupiter!

*Sir Ch.* Ha! ha! ha! a plaguy good pun, Mr. Blackletter.

*Quiz.* Tolerable. (*Aside.*) I am well out of that scrape, however.

*Sir Ch.* Pray, sir, which of the classics is your favorite?

*Quiz.* Why, sir, Mr. Frederick Classic, I think—he is so great a scholar.

*Sir Ch.* Po! po! you don't understand me. I mean, which of the Latin classics do you admire most?

*Quiz.* Hang it! what shall I say now? (*Aside.*) The Latin classics? Oh, really, sir, I admire them all so much, it is difficult to say.

*Sir Ch.* Virgil is my favorite. How very expressive is his description of the unconquerable passion of Queen Dido, where he says, "*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo!*" Is not that very expressive?

*Quiz.* Very expressive, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) I wish we were forty miles asunder. I shall never be able to hold out much longer, at this rate.

*Sir Ch.* And Ovid is not without his charms.

*Quiz.* He is not, indeed, sir.

*Sir Ch.* And what a dear, enchanting fellow Horace is!

*Quiz.* Wonderfully so!

*Sir Ch.* Pray, what do you think of Xenophon?

*Quiz.* Who the plague is he, I wonder? (*Aside.*) Xenophon! Oh, think he unquestionably wrote good Latin, sir.

*Sir Ch.* Good Latin, man! he wrote Greek—good Greek, you meant.

*Quiz.* True, sir, I did. Latin, indeed! (*In great confusion.*) I meant Greek; did I say Latin? I really meant Greek. (*Aside.*) Bless me! I don't know what I mean myself.

*Sir Ch.* Oh, Mr. Blackletter, I have been trying a long time to remember the name of one of Achilles' horses, but I can't for my life think of it. You doubtless can tell me.

*Quiz.* O yes, his name was—but which of them do you mean? What was he called?

*Sir Ch.* What was he called? Why, that's the very thing I wanted to know. The one I allude to was born of the Harpy Celæno. I can't for the blood of me, tell it.

*Quiz.* (*Aside.*) Bless me! if I can either. (*To him.*) Born of the Harpy—oh! his name was—(*striking his forehead.*) Gracious! I forget it now. His name was—was—was—strange! 'tis as familiar to me as my A, B, C.

*Sir Ch.* Oh! I remember—'t was Xanthus, Xanthus—

I remember now — 't was Xanthus—plague o' the name! — that's it.

*Quiz.* Egad! so it is. "Thankus, Thankus" — that's it. Strange, I could not remember it! (*Aside.*) 'T would have been stranger, if I had.

*Sir Ch.* You seem at times a little absent, Mr. Blackletter.

*Quiz.* Dear me! I wish I was absent altogether. (*Aside.*)

*Sir Ch.* We shall not disagree about learning, sir. I discover you are a man, not only of profound learning, but correct taste.

*Quiz.* (*Aside.*) I am glad you have found that out, for I never should. I came here to quiz the old fellow, and he'll quiz me, I fear. (*To him.*) O, by the by, I have been so confused—I mean, so confounded—pshaw! so much engrossed with the contemplation of the Latin classics, I had almost forgotten to give you a letter from your son.

*Sir Ch.* Bless me, sir! why did you delay that pleasure so long?

*Quiz.* I beg pardon, sir; here 'tis. (*Gives a letter.*)

*Sir Ch.* (*Puts on his spectacles, and reads.*) "To Miss Clara."

*Quiz.* No, no, no—that's not it—here 'tis. (*Takes the letter, and gives him another.*)

*Sir Ch.* What! are you the bearer of love epistles, too, Mr. Blackletter?

*Quiz.* (*Aside.*) What a horrid blunder! (*To him.*) Oh, no, sir: that letter is from a female cousin at a boarding-school, to Miss Clara Upright—no, Downright—that's the name.

*Sir Ch.* Truly, she writes a good masculine fist. Well, let me see what my boy has to say. (*Reads.*)

"Dear Father:—There is a famous Greek manuscript just

come to light. I must have it. The price is about a thousand dollars. Send me the money by the bearer."

Short and sweet. There's a letter for you, in the true Lacedæmonian style—laconic. Well, the boy shall have it, were it ten times as much. I should like to see this Greek manuscript. Pray, sir, did you ever see it?

*Quiz.* I can't say I ever did, sir. (*Aside.*) This is the only truth I have been able to edge in yet.

*Sir Ch.* I'll just send to my bankers for the money. In the mean time, we will adjourn to my library. I have been much puzzled with an obscure passage in Livy. We must lay our heads together for a solution. But I am sorry you are addicted to such absence of mind at times.

*Quiz.* 'Tis a misfortune, sir; but I am addicted to greater than that, at times.

*Sir Ch.* Ah! what's that?

*Quiz.* I am sometimes addicted to an absence of body.

*Sir Ch.* As how?

*Quiz.* Why, thus, sir. (*Takes up his hat and stick, and walks off.*)

*Sir Ch.* Ha! ha! ha! that's an absence of body, sure enough—an absence of body with vengeance! A very merry fellow this. He will be back for the money, I suppose, presently. He is, at all events, a very modest man, not fond of expressing his opinion—but that's a mark of merit.

## LESSON XLVIII.

CAPTAIN TACKLE—JACK BOWLIN.

ANONYMOUS.

*Bowlin.* Good day to your honor.

*Captain.* Good day, honest Jack.

*Bowl.* To-day is my captain's birth-day.

*Capt.* I know it.

*Bowl.* I am heartily glad on the occasion.

*Capt.* I know that, too.

*Bowl.* Yesterday your honor broke your sea-foam pipe.

*Capt.* Well, sir booby, and why must be I put in mind of it? it was stupid enough, to be sure, but hark ye, Jack, all men at times do stupid actions, but I never met with one who liked to be reminded of them.

*Bowl.* I meant no harm, your honor. It was only a kind of introduction to what I was going to say. I have been buying this pipe-head and ebony tube, and if the thing is not too bad, and my captain will take such a present on his birth-day for the sake of poor old Jack——

*Capt.* Is that what you would be at—come, let's see.

*Bowl.* To be sure it is not sea-foam; but my captain must think when he looks at it, that the love of old Jack was not mere foam neither.

*Capt.* Give it here, my honest fellow.

*Bowl.* You will take it?

*Capt.* To be sure I will.

*Bowl.* And will smoke it?

*Capt.* That I will. (*Feeling in his pocket.*)

*Bowl.* And will not think of giving me anything in return?

*Capt.* (*Withdrawing his hand from his pocket.*) No, no. You are right.

*Bowl.* Huzza! now let mother Grimkin bake her almond cakes out of her daily pilferings and be hanged.

*Capt.* Fie, Jack! what's that you say?

*Bowl.* The truth. I have just come from the kitchen, where she is making a great palaver about "her cake," and "her cake," and yet this morning she must be put in mind that it was her master's birth-day. Hang me, I have thought of nothing else this month.



*Capt.* And because you have a better memory, you must blame the poor old woman. Shame on you, Jack.

*Bowl.* Please your honor, she is an old——

*Capt.* Avast!

*Bowl.* Yesterday she made your wine cordial of sour beer, so to-day she makes you an almond cake of——

*Capt.* Hold your tongue, sir—hold your tongue.

*Bowl.* Aint you obliged to beg the necessaries of life as if she were a pope or an admiral? And last year when you was bled, though she had laid up chest upon chest fell of linen, and all yours, if the truth was known, yet no bandage was found till I tore the square canvas from my Sunday shirt to rig your honor's arm.

*Capt.* You are a scandalous fellow. (*Throws the pipe back to him.*) Away with you and the pipe to the dogs.

*Bowl.* (*Looking attentively at his master and the pipe.*) I am a scandalous fellow?

*Capt.* Yes!

*Bowl.* Your honor will not have the pipe?

*Capt.* No; I will take nothing from him who would raise his own character at the expense of another old servant. (*Jack takes up the pipe and throws it out of the window.*) What are you doing?

*Bowl.* Throwing the pipe out of the window.

*Capt.* Are you mad?

*Bowl.* Why, what should I do with it? You will not have it, and it is impossible for me to use it, for as often as I should puff away the smoke, I should think, "old Jack Bowlin, what a pitiful scamp you must be, a man whom you have served honestly and truly these thirty years, and who must know you from stem to stern, says you are a scandalous fellow," and the thought would make me weep like a child. But when the pipe is gone, I shall try to forget the whole business, and say



to myself, "my poor old captain is sick, and does not mean what he said."

*Capt.* Jack, come here. (*Takes his hand.*) I did not mean what I said.

*Bowl.* (*Shakes his hand heartily.*) I knew it, I knew it. I have you and your honor at heart, and when I see such an old hypocritical bell-wether cheating you out of your hard-earned wages, it makes my blood boil—

*Capt.* Are you at it again? Shame on you. You have opened your heart to-day, and given me a peep into its lowest hold.

*Bowl.* So much the better; for you will then see that my ballast is love and truth to my master. But hark ye, master, it is certainly worth your while to inquire into the business.

*Capt.* And hark ye, fellow, if I find you have told me a lie, I'll have no mercy on you. I'll turn you out of doors to starve in the street.

*Bowl.* No, captain, you won't do that.

*Capt.* But I tell you I will, though. I will do it. And if you say another word, I'll do it now.

*Bowl.* Well, then away goes old Jack to the hospital.

*Capt.* What's that you say? hospital? hospital, you rascal? what will you do there?

*Bowl.* Die.

*Capt.* And so you will go and die in a hospital, will you? Why—why—you lubber, do you think I can take care of you after I have turned you out of doors, hey?

*Bowl.* Yes, I dare say you would be willing to pay my board, and take care that I did not want in my old days; but I had rather beg than pick up money so thrown at me.

*Capt.* Rather beg! there's a proud rascal!

*Bowl.* He that don't love me must not give me money.

*Capt.* Do you hear that? Is not this enough to give a sound man the gout? You sulky fellow, do you recollect

twenty years ago, when we fell into the clutches of the Algerines? The pirates stripped me of my last jacket, but you lubber, who was it hid two pieces of gold in his hair, and who was it that, half a year afterward, when we were ransomed and turned naked on the world, shared his money and clothes with me? Hey, fellow, and now you would die in a hospital.

*Bowl.* Nay, but captain—

*Capt.* And when my ship's crew mutinied, at the risk of his life he disclosed the plot. Have you forgotten it, you lubber?

*Bowl.* Well, and did n't you build my old mother a house for it?

*Capt.* And when we had boarded the French privateer, and the captain's hanger hung over my head, did n't you strike off the arm that was going to split my skull? Have you forgot that, too? Have I built you a house for that? Will you die in a hospital now, you ungrateful dog, hey?

*Bowl.* My good old master!

*Capt.* Would you have it set on my tombstone, "here lies an unthankful hound who let his preserver and messmate die in a hospital," would you? Tell me this minute, you will live and die by me, you lubber! Come here and give me your hand.

*Bowl.* (*Going toward him.*) My noble, noble master.

*Capt.* Avast. Stand off, take care of my lame leg; yet I had rather you should hurt that than my heart, my old boy. (*Shakes his hand heartily.*) Now go and bring me the pipe. Stop, let me lean on you, and I will go down and get it myself, and use it on my birth-day. You would die in a hospital, would you, you unfeeling lubber?

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## LESSON XLIX.

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD—SNACKS—VILLAGERS.

ALLINGHAM.

*(Robin Roughhead discovered raking hay.)*

*Robin.* Ah! work, work, work, all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks, the steward, always upon the look-out; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's a sixpence gone plump; (*comes forward.*) I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now, if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work; it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'em, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years. Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose. (*Enter Snacks, bowing very obsequiously; Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.*)

*Rob.* I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopt to rest myself a little. I hope you'll excuse it. I wonder what the dickens he's grinning at. (*Aside.*)

*Snacks.* Excuse it? I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who has come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

*Rob.* Lordship! he, he, he! Well, I never knew I had a hump before. Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

*Snacks.* No, my lord, I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

*Rob.* What lord? Oh, you mean the Lord Harry, I suppose. No, no, must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very deuce with you.

*Snacks.* I say I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

*Rob.* Dig—dig—what! Why, now I look at you, I see how it is; you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Dickens! how your eyes do roll! I never saw you so before. How came they to let you out alone?

*Snacks.* Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

*Rob.* Why, what gammon are you at? Don't come near me, for you have been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

*Snacks.* If your lordship will be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship. Will your lordship condescend?

*Rob.* Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, that I can't read.

*Snacks.* I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

*Rob.* Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks—let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here: my name's Robin Roughhead, and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I shan't answer you, that's flat.—I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes. (*Aside.*)

*Snacks.* Why then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend whilst I read this letter. (*Reads.*)

"Sir,—This is to inform you, that my lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate: the woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the

name of Roughhead : she was poor and illiterate, and through motives of false shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife : she has been dead sometime since, and left behind her a son called Robin Roughhead : now this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command,

KIT CODICIL, Attorney at Law."

*Rob.* What !—What all mine ? the houses, the trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks, and the hens, and the cows, and the bulls, and the pigs, and the—What ! are they all mine ? and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate ? Don't keep me a minute now, but tell me—is it so ? make haste, tell me—quick, quick !

*Snacks.* I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

*Rob.* Huzza ! huzza ! (*Catches off Snacks hat and wig.*) Set the bells a ringing ; set the ale a running ; set—Go get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with ; call all the tenants together. I'll lower their rents—I'll—

*Snacks.* I hope your lordship will do me the favor to—

*Rob.* Why, that may be as it happens ; I can't tell. (*carelessly.*)

*Snacks.* Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day ?

*Rob.* Yes.

*Snacks.* What would your lordship choose for dinner ?

*Rob.* Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

*Snacks.* Beef-steaks and onions ! What a dish for a lord ! He'll be a savory bit for my daughter, though. (*Aside.*)

*Rob.* What are you at there, Snacks ? Go, get me the guineas—make haste ; I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

*Snacks.* Dolly ! pray, my lord, who's Dolly ?



*Rob.* Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you are honest enough to keep you in my employ.

*Snacks.* He rather smokes me. (*Aside.*) I have a beautiful daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

*Rob.* Hang your daughter! I have got something else to think of; don't talk to me of your daughter; stir your stumps, and get the money.

*Snacks.* I am your lordship's most obsequious—zounds! what a peer of the realm. (*Aside and exit.*)

*Rob.* Ha! ha! ha! What a work I will make in the village!—work! no, there shall be no such thing as work; it shall be all play. Where shall I go? I'll go to—no, I won't go there; I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him—no, I'll not go there; I'll go—I'll go nowhere; yes, I will; I'll go everywhere; I'll be neither here nor there, nor anywhere else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

(*Enter villagers, shouting.*)

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads! Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. (*They all get round him.*) First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I am your landlord?

*Vil.* We are all glad of it.

*Rob.* So am I; and I'll make you all happy; I'll lower all your rents.

*All.* Huzza! long live Lord Robin!

*Rob.* You shan't pay no rent at all.

*All.* Huzza! huzza! long live Lord Robin!

*Rob.* I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. (*Villagers shout.*) I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter—that's all.

*All.* Huzza! huzza!

Q\*



(*Enter Snacks.*)

*Snacks.* I have brought your lordship the money. He means to make 'em fly, so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light. (*Aside.*)

*Rob.* Now, then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you. (*Throws the money; they scramble.*) Now you've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your mouths for you. (*Villagers carry him off, shouting. Snacks follows.*)

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## LESSON L.

OLLAPOD—SIR JOHN CROPLAND.

COLMAN.

*Ollapod.* Sir John, I have the honor to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here; sore throats were plenty—so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple, one morning in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir John. Hope you come to sojourn. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. Do you take, good sir, do you take?

*Sir John.* Oh, yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

*Olla.* My dear Sir John, I have now the honor to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop on a sudden, like the going-off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

*Sir J.* Explain.

*Olla.* Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter.

You know my shop, Sir John—Galen's head over the door—new-gilt him last week, by the by—looks as fresh as a pill.

*Sir J.* Well, no more on that head now ; proceed.

*Olla.* On that head ! That's very well, very well, indeed ! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork, at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt intensely inoculated with a military ardor.

*Sir J.* Inoculated ! I hope your ardor was of a very favorable sort.

*Olla.* Ha ! ha ! That's very well—very well, indeed ! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. We first talked of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir John. I told him, the day before, I had killed six brace of birds—I thumped on at the mortar. We then talked of physic—I told him, the day before, I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients—I thumped on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while ; for he looked mighty flashy, to be sure ; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know—so 'twas natural. Do you take, good sir—do you take ?

*Sir J.* Take ? oh, nobody can miss.

*Olla.* He then talked of the corps itself ; said it was sickly—and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

*Sir J.* Well, you jumped at the offer.

*Olla.* Jumped ! I jumped over the counter—kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant

Grain's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel; embraced him and his offer, and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the association corps of cavalry, at your service.

*Sir J.* I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distill water for the shop, from the laurels you gather in the field.

*Olla.* Water for—oh! laurel water. Come, that's very well, very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

*Sir J.* A mistake?

*Olla.* Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field day, clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet drink into one of my holsters; intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jallaped—galloped, I mean—wheeled and flourished with great eclat; but when the word "fire" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a horrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the villanous diet drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

*Sir J.* A mistake, indeed!—ha! ha! ha!

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## LESSON LI.

PRINCE HENRY—FALSTAFF.

SHAKSPEARE.

*Prince Henry.* Welcome Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Falstaff.* A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance, too! marry, and amen! (*To an attendant.*) Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nethersocks,

and mend them and foot them, too. A plague on all cowards. Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? (*Drains the cup.*) You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man! Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grown old—a bad world, I say! A plague on all cowards, I say still!

*Henry.* How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You—Prince of Wales!

*Henry.* Why, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me that.

*Henry.* Ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward? I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

*Henry.* Oh villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drankst last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. (*He drinks.*) A plague on all cowards, still say I!

*Henry.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? here be four of us have taken a thousand pound this morning.

*Henry.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*Henry.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet: four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, ecce signum. (*Shows his sword.*) I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague on all cowards!

*Henry.* What, fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye call all; but, if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

*Henry.* Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them!

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them: two I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward. (*Taking a position for fighting.*) Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

*Henry.* What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal! I told thee four. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Henry.* Seven! why, there were but four, even now.

*Fal.* In buckram.

*Henry.* Ay, four in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.



*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

*Henry.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—began to give me ground ; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

*Henry.* Oh, monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

*Fal.* But, as ill luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me ; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Henry.* These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knotty-pated fool ; thou greasy tallow-tub.

*Fal.* What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

*Henry.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? Come, tell us your reason ; what sayst thou to this ? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion ?—no. Were I at the strap-pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason upon compulsion ! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

*Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish ! Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee ! you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

*Henry.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again ; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me



speaking but this: Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your paunch away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Fal.* Ha! ha! ha! D'ye think I did not know you, Hal? Why, hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules. But beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you; and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*Henry.* Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal.

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## LESSON LII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

KENNEY.

*Jeremy Diddler.* Tol lol de riddle lol—eh! (*Looking through a glass at Sam.*) The new waiter!—a very clod, by my hopes! an untutored clod. My clamorous stomach, be of

good cheer ! Young man, how d'ye do ? Step this way, will you ? A novice, I perceive. And how d'ye like your new line of life ?

*Sam.* Why, very well, thank you. How do you like your old one ?

*Did.* (*Aside.*) Disastrous accents ! a Yorkshireman ! What is your name, my fine fellow ?

*Sam.* *Sam.* You need n't tell me yours—I know you, my fine fellow !

*Did.* (*Aside.*) Oh, fame ! fame ! you incorrigible gossip ! But *nil desperandum*—at him again ! (*To Sam.*) A prepossessing physiognomy, open and ruddy, importing health and liberality. Excuse my glass, I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.

*Sam.* Yes, I can see as far as most folks.

*Did.* (*Turning away.*) Well, I'll thank ye to—oh, *Sam*, you have n't got such a thing as a tenpence about you, have you ?

*Sam.* Yes—(*They look at each other, Diddler expecting to receive it,*)—and I mean to keep it about me, you see.

*Did.* Oh—ay—certainly. I only asked for information.

*Sam.* Hark ! there's the stage coach comed in. I must go and wait upon the passengers. You'd better ax some of them—mayhap, they mun gi' you a little better information.

*Did.* Stop ! harkye, *Sam* ! you can get me some breakfast, first. I'm very sharp set, *Sam* ; you see I came a long walk from over the hills, and—

*Sam.* Ay, and you see I come fra Yorkshire.

*Did.* You do ; your unsophisticated tongue declares it. Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honor you for it, for I'm sure you'll bring me my breakfast as soon as any other countryman.

*Sam.* Ay ; well, what will you have ?

*Did.* Anything !—tea, coffee, an egg, and so forth.

*Sam.* Well, now, one of us, you understand, in this trans-

action, mun have credit for a little while. That is, either I mun trust you for t' money, or you mun trust me for t' breakfast. Now, as you 're above vulgar preju-prejudizes, and seem to be vastly taken wi' me, and, as I am not so conceited as to be above 'em, and a'n't at all taken wi' you, you'd better give me the money, you see, and trust me for t' breakfast—he! he! he!

*Did.* What d'ye mean by that, Sam?

*Sam.* Or, mayhap, you'll say me a bon-mot.

*Did.* Sir, you're getting impertinent.

*Sam.* Oh! what—you don't like the terms? Why, then, as you sometimes sing for your dinner, now you may whistle for your breakfast, you see: he! he! he!

### LESSON LIII.

#### THE LITTLE REBELS.

ANONYMOUS.

GENERAL HOW—HIS AID—SENTINEL—GEORGE—JAMES—BOYS.

SCENE 1—*Boston Common—A crowd of boys assembled near the skating pond.*

*George.* Here it is again, boys. The ice is all broken in by the red-coats. We shall have no fun to-day.

*James.* I wish we were not boys. If I were big enough to carry a sword and a musket, I would drive 'em out of the land, faster than neighbor Tuft's dog ever went out of father's store.

*George.* And what if we are boys? I, for one, have no mind to bear this treatment any longer.

*All.* Right, George, right!

*James.* But what can we do, boys?

*George.* I'll tell you. Form a line of march, and with drum, and fife, and colors, wait upon General Howe, at his tent, and tell him we will not be insulted by British soldiers, nor any other soldiers.

*All.* Hurra! hurra! hurra! (*Exeunt. A short pause, and then again ringing without.*) Hurra! hurra! hurra!

SCENE 2—*General Howe's head-quarters—A sentinel pacing before the door, with a musket over his shoulder—Noise of fife and drum at a distance.*

*Sentinel.* What in the name of wonder can that be? Are they up in arms again in this rascally town? A troop of a hundred boys, as I live. An Indian painted on their flag, and no sign of the English cross. Oh, the land is full of rebellion. It is full of it, and running over. (*The boys halt in front of the tent, and George approaches the sentinel, with the standard in his hand.*)

*George.* Is General Howe at home?

*Sentinel.* Who are you?

*George.* We are Boston boys, sir.

*Sentinel.* And what do you want here?

*George.* We come for our rights; and we wish to speak to the British general.

*Sentinel.* The British general has better business than listening to a parcel of ragamuffin little rebels; I shall do none of your messages.

*George.* As you please, sir; but here we wait till we see General Howe. We *will* see him; and he shall do us justice.

*All.* Hurra! hurra! hurra!

*Sentinel.* That, you little rascals, would be to hang you and your cowardly countrymen. I suppose you are making all this fuss about the little dirty pond on the common, that

don't at the best hold water enough to fill a sizeable Dutch milk pan.

*All.* Cowards, do you call us! Say it again, if you dare.  
(*General Howe and one of his aids step out.*)

*General.* What is the matter here? Why is this disturbance?

*George.* General Howe, we come to complain of the insults and the outrages of your soldiers. They break our kite strings, and ruin our skating pond, and steal our drums from us. We have spoken more than once, to no purpose; and now we have come to say, that we cannot, and we will not endure it any longer.

*General.* (*Aside to his aid.*) Good heavens! liberty is in the very air, and the boys breathe it. (*To the boys.*) Go, my brave lads; you have the word of General Howe that your sports shall never be disturbed again, without punishment to the offender. Does that satisfy you?

*George.* Yes, General Howe; and in the name of my country I present you thanks.

*General.* No thanks; you are brave boys; you are English boys; I see plainly, you are English boys.

*All.* No, sir: Yankees — Yankees — Yankee boys, sir. Hurra! hurra! (*The drum strikes up, and the little band march off with flying colors.*)

## LESSON LIV.

## CANUTE'S REPROOF.

AIKIN.

CANUTE, *King of England*—OSWALD, OFFA, *courtiers*.SCENE—*The sea-side, near Southampton, the tide coming in.*

*Canute.* Is it true my friends, what you have so often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs?

*Offa.* It is true, my liege; you are the most powerful of all kings.

*Oswald.* We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

*Offa.* Not only we, but even the elements, are your slaves. The land obeys you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

*Canute.* Does the sea, with its loud, boisterous waves, obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding?

*Offa.* Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.

*Canute.* Is not the tide coming up?

*Oswald.* Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

*Canute.* Bring me a chair, then; set it here upon the sands.

*Offa.* Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

*Canute.* Yes, set it just here. (*Places himself in the chair.*)

*Oswald.* (*Aside.*) I wonder what he is going to do!

*Offa.* (*Aside.*) Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us!



*Canute.* O, mighty ocean! thou art my subject; my courtiers tell me so; and it is thy bounden duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my scepter over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

*Oswald.* (*Aside.*) I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

*Offa.* See how fast the tide rises!

*Oswald.* The next wave will come up to the chair. It is folly to stay; we shall be covered with salt water.

*Canute.* Well, does the sea obey my commands? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it swells, and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person. (*Rises.*) Vile sycophants! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies?—that I believed your abject flatteries? Know, there is only one being whom the sea will obey. He is sovereign of heaven and earth, king of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only he who can say to the ocean,—“Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.” A king is but a man; and man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him? Take away this crown, I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace!

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## LESSON LV.

## CHOICE OF HOURS.

MRS. GILMAN.

*First Speaker.*

1. I LOVE to walk at twilight,  
When sunset nobly dies,  
And see the parting splendor  
That lightens up the skies,  
And call up old remembrances  
Deep, dim as evening gloom,  
Or look to heaven's promises,  
Like star-light on a tomb.

*Second Speaker.*

1. I love the hour of darkness,  
When I give myself to sleep,  
And I think that holy angels  
Their watch around me keep.  
My dreams are light and happy,  
As I innocently lie,  
For my mother's kiss is on my cheek,  
And my father's step is nigh.

THE END.

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